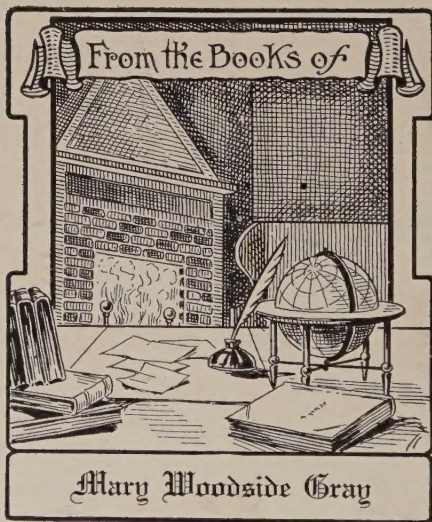


BOSTON

A novel by
Upton Sinclair





Mary Woodside Gray

BOSTON

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A Novel by
UPTON SINCLAIR

VOLUME I



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PREFACE

The decision to write this novel was taken at nine-thirty P.M. (Pacific Coast time), August 22nd, 1927: the occasion being the receipt of a telephone message from a newspaper, to the effect that Sacco and Vanzetti were dead. It seemed to the writer that the world would want to know the truth about this case; and his judgment proved correct, because there began a flood of cablegrams and letters from five continents, asking him to do the very thing he had decided upon.

A "contemporary historical novel" is an unusual art-form, and may call for explanation. So far as concerns the two individuals, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, this book is not fiction, but an effort at history; everything they are represented as doing they actually did, and their words have been taken from their letters, or from the dictation of friends and enemies. All others who played important parts in this drama likewise appear as they were, and under their own names.

Paralleling the Sacco-Vanzetti case throughout the book is a story of business and high finance which will be recognized as a famous law case recently carried to the United States Supreme Court. I have used the incidents of this case as material for my fiction; but the characters which I have invented to enact this story are wholly fictitious, and bear no relation whatever to the real persons in the case, who are entirely unknown to me. There is one simple rule for guidance in reading the novel: the characters who are real persons bear real names, while those who bear fictitious names are fictitious characters.

The writer has been visiting Boston off and on for twenty-five years. The first visits had to do with the novel "Manassas," and involved meetings with the city's old-time heroes, such as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank B. Sanborn, Julia Ward Howe. The later visits, having to do with "The Brass Check," "The Goose-step" and "Oil!", involved a change of view-point not without its interest to students of our history. Nevertheless,

it should be said at the outset that what is great in Boston finds due recognition in this story. Those who have made the city's glory have never been its rulers, but always a "saving minority," and that minority is there to-day, and it is active.

The task has not been approached in a spirit of grudge; on the contrary, the writer regards with a mixture of gratitude and amusement those Boston officials who provided for "Oil!" an advertisement which went around the world several times. To them he owes the fact that he is almost out of debt to his printer, for the first time in twenty-five years as publisher of his own writings. An honest effort has here been made to portray a complex community exactly as it is. The story has no hero but the truth, and its heroines are two women, one old and the other young, who are ardently seeking the truth.

The complete legal record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is soon to be published in six volumes. I would have checked by this record every statement having to do with legal proceedings, but unfortunately a few documents were not accessible at the time of writing. I had the 3,900 pages of the Dedham trial testimony, but the Plymouth trial testimony, of which only one copy existed, was withheld from me. I have checked my narrative by many documents derived from the record, and had the manuscript read by a dozen persons who have made an eight-year study of the case. I have omitted every statement concerning which doubt has been voiced, and the story contains no errors of any real significance. It so happens that the important thing in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti case is to know, not what a certain witness testified, but how he came to testify at all. Those who read my story attentively will get the meaning of this remark.

I wish to make clear that I have not written a brief for the Sacco-Vanzetti defense. I have tried to be a historian. What I think I know, I have told the reader. What is uncertain, I have so portrayed—and have let the partisans of both sides voice their feelings and beliefs. My book will not satisfy either side completely; both have already expressed dissent—which I take to mean that I have done my job.

I desire to acknowledge my great indebtedness to James Fuchs and Floyd Dell for valuable literary criticism, and to many Bostonians and ex-Bostonians for advice and help. So many of these prefer to have their thanks in private that I

confine myself to this general acknowledgment. Also I owe apology to persons active in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, whose letters and adventures I have purloined and assigned to my fictitious characters. Extraordinary adventures—let no one say that romance is gone from the world! Also, let no fiction-writer imagine that his powers of invention can rival those of the Great Novelist who makes up history!

I think I should add that "Cornelia," the heroine of this story, is a lady eighty-six years of age, an old friend of mine, who ran away from her family at the age of sixty as I have described. But this lady never had anything to do with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and my character, "Cornelia," bears no relation to any of the ladies who interested themselves in that case.

CONTENTS

VOLUME I

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE RUNAWAY GRANDMOTHER	I
II. PLYMOUTH ROCK	35
III. DAGO RED	68
IV. YOUNG AMERICA	91
V. THE SAVING MINORITY	128
VI. WHITE TERROR	156
VII. DEPORTATION DAYS	187
VIII. THE DETECTIVE MACHINE	219
IX. THE WEB OF FATE	247
X. THE LEGAL SYSTEM	280
XI. THE GRAFT RING	312
XII. SHADOWS BEFORE	346

VOLUME II

XIII. TRIAL BY JURY	375
XIV. JUDGE FURY	403
XV. THE WHISPERING GALLERY	445
XVI. THE LAW'S DELAY	478
XVII. THE MILLS OF THE LAW	510
XVIII. THE SUPERSALESMAN	540

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIX. ACADEMIC AUTOCRACY	573
XX. THE DECISION	605
XXI. DAYS OF GRACE	639
XXII. THE CITY OF FEAR	674
XXIII. THE LAST ENEMY	706
XXIV. THE TRIUMPH	730

BOSTON

CHAPTER I

THE RUNAWAY GRANDMOTHER

I

IT was the parlor-maid who found Old Josiah in the morning, seated at his desk, his head fallen forward upon his arms. He might have been asleep, but his dinner-coat told her that he had not been to bed. She stood in the door-way, whispering his name feebly; then she fled to Addicks, the butler, who was privileged to make intrusions. He touched his master's hand and found that it was cold. So Cornelia Thornwell was awakened and told of her release.

She had had a right to expect it many years ago. Now that it had come, it seemed too late. Fright seized her, an indescribable sense of loneliness. What would life be like, without a husband to direct it? How would her grandchildren know what to do, without Josiah to incarnate the Thornwell tradition?

But she must not show emotion to servants. She slipped into her dressing-gown and came down to her husband's study. "Call Dr. Morrow," she said to the man. "And then notify Mr. James or Miss Clara." Her youngest daughter, wife of James Scatterbridge, lived upon the estate, in a house just visible through the distant trees. At this hour Clara would be getting her brood of seven started on the day, and James would be dressing for his work at the mills. Both would drop everything and hurry over to relieve Cornelia of care.

The daughter arrived in three or four minutes; very emotional, as always—it seemed as if she had come to be one more of the large brood she was raising. She was growing continually in bulk, as they did; she was chattering as eagerly as they, and her mind, like theirs, would fly from one small topic to the next.

But she had a strong sense of what was proper, and was shocked to discover no tears in her mother's eyes.

James Scatterbridge came with her. He ordered the body taken upstairs and called up his two brothers-in-law and gave the news; then he came to Cornelia. "Now, Mother, you are not to worry about the practical details. We'll attend to it all." James was solidly made, both in body and mind; a plain-looking and plain-thinking business man, with nothing of what he called "frills." He ran the great cotton-mills in the valley below them, and a little thing like a funeral presented no difficulties to his mind. "I'll notify Hobson, the undertakers; also, there will be the press to see to." He moved away; and Clara, drying her tears, started off upon the subject of a dressmaker for her mother's mourning costume and her own.

Such things had to be attended to, Cornelia realized. "But, Clara, I'm not going to wear a veil."

"Oh, Mother! Whoever heard of such a thing!" Clara's large china-blue eyes grew even larger and rounder with dismay.

"I am not going to be a Hindoo widow and jump on the funeral pyre."

"Mother, don't start making jokes! You of all people cannot afford to be eccentric."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because everybody knows you weren't happy with Father—you didn't really love him."

"Because I didn't really love him, must I pretend that I did?"

"But Mother, we don't want to set everybody talking! Surely you owe him one last tribute!"

The telephone rang in Cornelia's room. It was her oldest daughter, Deborah. "Mother, Henry and I will be right over. We'll be there in an hour, and meantime I want to make sure nothing is done about practical arrangements."

"How do you mean, dear?"

"I mean the funeral."

"James said he would notify Hobson's."

"Oh, Mother, how perfectly atrocious! Don't you know that nobody has Hobson's?"

"I don't know anything about it, Deborah."

"Well, I do think we ought to be allowed to manage our own

father's funeral without having our in-laws take everything out of our hands! Clara has no more taste than a sack of potatoes, and she lets James run her, and put the stamp of his commonness on everything in our lives. Won't you please see to it that those undertakers don't get into the house?"

"My dear," said Cornelia, "I shall follow my usual policy of letting my children do their own disputing." And she hung up the receiver.

It was not merely a matter of the social standing of undertakers, she realized; it was a deep-seated, bitter quarrel among her children, never to be assuaged. Deborah and Alice, the two oldest, considered that the husband of Clara had robbed them of their patrimony, and that Clara had compounded the felony by failing to make his life miserable. Originally the Thornwell mills had been Thornwell; established by Josiah's father and extended by the son, with James Scatterbridge an employee of low standing. But James had forced his way to the front, and after the panic of 1907, when a reorganization had been necessary, it had been he who possessed the confidence of the directors and bankers. So now a great block of shares, instead of being a family inheritance, were tucked away in James's safety-vaults.

Nor had the ex-employee helped matters by marrying the youngest daughter; that was a scandal, which the world would never forget. Three generations from now, you would hear whisperings at Boston dinner-tables: "Oh, but, my dear, don't you know that story? The original Scatterbridge was a clerk in the plant and he got all the stock away from them, and they had to marry him to get it back!"

It was not as if the other two sons-in-law had needed the money. Rupert Alvin was a banker who counted the year a failure if he had not added a million to his fortune; and Cornelia had heard Henry Cabot Winters boast that his law firm never had less than twenty-five millions in litigation. But apparently this money game was one in which it was not possible to be satisfied. Rupert and Henry, who composed a team, would have liked to take in Jerry Walker's felt-plants and the Thornwell cotton-mills, each in one bite. They had their "lines" on so many other properties that Cornelia could not keep track of them; the names were to her like those of ancient battles, famous in story, but which she had never looked up on a map.

II

Dr. Morrow came; the pink of fashion, rosy-faced and silver-haired, with sharply trimmed, dapper white mustaches. His manner reminded you that good breeding asserts superiority to every weakness of mortality. He went to the big four-poster bed, felt the cold hands, listened for the non-existent heart-beats, and then turned to the widow. "Well, Cornelia, old Josiah had fourteen years more than the Bible promised him. So we can't complain." He knew there had been no love between them.

Hearing the verdict, the efficient James instructed Josiah's secretary to notify the papers. Some went to press early, and would need time to handle this important story. The secretary would begin with the *Transcript*, the family organ of all the families that "count" in Massachusetts. The mischievously-minded assert that mortality records show a great increase upon Fridays, due to desire of the socially elect to appear in Saturday's obituary columns.

Meantime the efficient James was closeted in Josiah's study with the efficient head of the Hobson undertaking establishment, and these two were learning to understand each other. It was to be a great funeral, a matter of state, which would mean prestige and advertising to the concern which secured the contract. The family was wealthy, and would pay for the best, but there must be a distinct understanding that they were to get what they paid for. Mr. Hobson listened politely and replied that he understood Mr. Scatterbridge's position perfectly. There was no reason why a funeral should not be dealt with as any other matter of business; and certainly his firm appreciated the importance of social prestige and would be prepared to adjust its price accordingly. After which he produced a portfolio about caskets, revealing that there were art-modeled items of burnished bronze for which it was possible to pay from twenty-five thousand up. James Scatterbridge gulped once and composed his features, and did not reveal his plebeian astonishment.

Meantime Deborah Thornwell Alvin was descending from her limousine, tall and stiff, always ready for a funeral, because she dressed in black, with only a touch of white at the neck and a double necklace of white pearls. She had her father's lean and

stern features, and had served as his deputy in keeping the family traditions in effect. As soon as she was in the house she began objecting in decorous whispers; and presently there arrived her sister, Alice, her ally in war on the Scatterbridge clan. Who had given James authority to bring those vulgar Hobson people into the case? Who had taken the responsibility to rush the family into print, from who could tell what cheap and sensational angle?

"Mother," said Deborah, "do you know anything about Father's will?"

"Nothing, my child; he never spoke of it to me in his life."

"We're going to find, of course, that James has got this house and the land. You know he took a mortgage on it when Father lost his money in the New Haven jam."

"Let me remind you, Mother," put in Alice. "Father promised me my pick of the old furniture. He knew I was the only one that appreciated it—he told me that again and again."

"Yes, my dear. I hope he put it into the will."

"I can only say this, if James and Clara get that Mayflower cradle that I was rocked in, they may bury me in it." Alice Thornwell Winters's fair blonde features were set in a look which her beauty-specialists would have deplored, because it made sharp lines on each side of her mouth. Alice was the adventurous one of the family, going in for costly culture, inviting poets and artists and people of that dubious sort to her home. She had been painted several times and hung in exhibitions, and had learned to regard herself as a work of art, a feature of the social landscape. The fact that she could appreciate the old treasures of the family was a moral reason for a family quarrel: something which Boston quarrels require.

III

If Cornelia had realized the previous night that she was hearing her husband's last words, no doubt she would have paid more attention. There is a certain importance attaching to finality as such, even when it applies to the words of a man who has been your husband for forty years, and whose every mental reaction is known to you in advance.

Cornelia had been reading about the destruction of the Rheims

cathedral; there was an engraving of it among the works of art she had brought back from her honeymoon, and she had gone into her husband's study, and seated herself upon a hassock, and begun rummaging in the drawers of a chest which had belonged to Great-grandfather Thornwell, holding the records of his ships in the East India trade. In a drawer bearing in faded gold letters the label, "Sylph of the Sea," she had found the portfolio of engravings and sat turning them over for an hour or two.

And meantime Josiah was conversing with Rupert Alvin,—oldest of his sons-in-law. They paid no more attention to Cornelia than if she had been a mouse. They were talking about Jerry Walker and his felt-business; and Cornelia, even while thinking about cathedrals, could not help catching the drift of their remarks. Jerry Walker had been an errand boy in an institution of which Cornelia had been a patroness; and now it appeared that he was on the way to monopolizing the felt-business of New England. Rupert Alvin, who ran the Pilgrim National Bank, objected to monopolies in the hands of other people, and was of the opinion that Jerry was dangerously impulsive—he had paid over a million dollars for the Atlas hat-works, while Rupert was in the midst of making up his mind whether the concern was good for a small loan.

Cornelia glanced at her son-in-law, who sat very straight, as he always did, in the big leather armchair; his dinner-coat bulging, his tucked shirt-front puffed out, so that he looked like a black and white pouter-pigeon. Rupert's face ran to bulges: his forehead a great pink bulge, with two minor ones over the eyes, his cheeks half a dozen rosy-red bulges, and his neck and chins a number of bigger and redder ones. To Cornelia there was something comical in his indignation that some one else had dared to think more quickly than he. But that was the kind of thought she had spent forty years learning to keep to herself.

Josiah gave his decision, in his old man's voice that was beginning to crack. Jerry Walker might break himself some day, but not now; these were the days to buy anything at any price; hats were necessary to armies and felt slippers were worn in hospitals. That led them to the subject which all men of affairs were discussing in this summer of 1915. Josiah repeated his well-known opinion that it would be a long war and that it was the part of wisdom to buy and buy. Cornelia sat thinking of human lives while they were thinking of money.

Rupert was of the opinion that the war couldn't last over the year, because the warring nations were heading for bankruptcy. But Josiah told him not to worry; we would lend them the money, provided they spent it for our goods. How would we get the money back? And Josiah said we wouldn't have to get it back—it would be like Jerry Walker's felt-business. "When Jerry can't pay what he owes us we'll take over his plants."

Cornelia got up, carrying her engraving. "Good-night," she said, and they answered in a perfunctory way; and that would have been the end of it if she had been the right sort of a wife. But she could not resist the impulse to stop in front of her son-in-law and remark, "It'll be fine, Rupert, when we can bring Europe up to date." Rupert, a practical-minded man, assented; and Cornelia held up the picture of the cathedral. "We can widen out this Angel Tower and make it the branch office of Jerry Walker's felt-plants."

For forty years, even during the two that Josiah Quincy Thornwell had been governor of the Commonwealth, Cornelia had been saying things like this, and some people had found it roguish. But never Josiah; always he would frown, and remark, as now, "Your sense of humor is untimely, Cornelia." She put her hand lightly on the top of his white wig and said, "Some day, my husband, you will tell me the proper time for my sense of humor."

So she tripped out, the little old lady who had seen so much that was funny in this big household that the wrinkles around her eyes had got set in a pattern of laughter. Not even the destruction of the Rheims cathedral, not even the thought of the peasant-boys in the trenches, could wipe out her amusement at the moral impulse of Boston, which was driving Rupert Alvin to take charge of Jerry Walker's felt-business, and likewise of the geography and finance of Europe. Her last thought was "He'll do both those things." And, in his own time and at his own convenience, he did.

IV

In the offices of half a dozen evening papers the "rewrite" men had dug out a column or two of copy which had waited for thirty years, being brought up to date every year or two. They

inserted at the top the information that Josiah Quincy Thornwell, twice governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, leading manufacturer and philanthropist, for twenty years a member of the Republican State Committee, had been found that morning dead at his desk in the family home in the town of Thornwell, the probable cause being heart failure. The more sensational papers added how the body had been found by a parlor-maid; the sort of thing for which Deborah would hold James Scatterbridge responsible. Also they said that the funeral services would be held at Trinity Church, Boston—whereas Deborah and Alice were determined that they should be at the family home, so that the undesirables might be excluded.

Upstairs in the ex-governor's apartments Mr. Hobson's shirt-sleeved assistants were spreading their rubber-sheets and placing two tables end to end, at the same time listening to their employer set forth his conviction, that "ninety percent of this business is psychology. You meet a hard-boiled guy like that one downstairs and you have to let him talk himself out, and then he's ashamed of himself and you can do what you want with him. After all, what does he know about funerals and how a swell one ought to be conducted?"

And at the same time in Cornelia's sitting-room Deborah and Alice had brought up the subject of the Shah of Persia's rug. "It really is my property," Deborah was saying. "I only left it in the house because I knew Father liked to have the heirlooms all together. For years I have seen to the cleaning of it every spring and sent a servant to make sure it was safe. You know that is true."

"Yes, of course," said Alice.

"And now if James and Clara think they are going to move in and let their children trample it—"

Cornelia went downstairs and met Great-uncle Abner, Josiah's youngest brother; Abner Quincy Thornwell, burly and slow-moving, stoop-shouldered and very deaf. Like many thus afflicted, he considered it necessary to hear his own voice. "Well, Cornelia," he boomed, "well, well—so it has come at last! A hard day for you, I know! We'll stand back of you, my dear. Anything I can do?" There was a look of concern on his bland and rosy countenance—something that happened rarely, for he

gave most of his time to chess and would sit for hours lost in a problem.

Clara appeared, and greeted her uncle. When he asked her what he could do, she shouted into his ear, "Make Mother wear a veil."

"Veil?" said Abner. "Of course she'll wear a veil! Aren't veils made for widows?"

"Mother doesn't care, she wants to advertise to the world that she isn't grieving. I don't believe she has shed a single tear."

Said Cornelia, "I have read that moving picture actresses make tears out of glycerine. Perhaps I may do that for the funeral."

"Oh, Mother, how can you say such horrid things?" Clara began wiping real tears from her nose and her uncle peered from one to the other, with the uneasiness of the deaf. "Glycerine?" said he. "I hear it cures cancer, but I don't know if it's true. What did Josiah die of?"

"Dr. Morrow called it heart failure."

"Heart failure, hey? Well, that's respectable enough. Where is he, up in his room? Poor old boy! But he had a long life, and he got what he wanted."

He ambled off, and Cornelia found herself escorted into the library for a formal conference with James Scatterbridge. This son-in-law did not possess the worldly art of concealing his purposes, but had to come directly to the point, like a business man. "Mother, I suppose you haven't had time to think what you are going to do, but I want to be the first to tell you that you'll be welcome to live with Clara and me. Nothing will give us greater pleasure, and we'll do everything we can to make it the same as your own home. Things will stay just as the governor loved to have them."

The meaning of that was plain enough: Deborah and Alice were right in their fears! "I suppose, James," she said, "this house will come to you?"

"It is already mine, Mother. The governor gave me a deed several years ago. You know how his New Haven stock went all to pieces; and the money I advanced to him was more than the place was worth. The governor felt a little nearer to me because I had so much to do with managing the mills."

"Yes, of course, James. But the girls are going to be vexed. Does the deed include the furnishings?"

"Yes, Mother; but Clara and I will do our best to satisfy the others. What I want to make clear to you is, it will be your home just the same. You need never know that anything has been changed."

"That is kind of you, James." She said this with her lips, but at the same time her mind was flying on. Clara would bring her brood of seven to this stately old house and they would possess it; she could hear their shouts resounding through the halls, their heels clattering on the stairs; she could see them sliding on the polished floors, using the Shah of Persia's rug to play marbles on. Against the wall of the library in front of her was a book-case some ten feet tall and seven feet wide, of French walnut, hand-carved over every inch of its surface with rose-vines and blossoms; the morning sun streamed upon it, and a thousand facets shone like burnished gold. There was a companion-piece farther down the wall and Cornelia knew that the last dealer who had inspected her husband's treasures had mentioned eight thousand as a price for that pair.

"There are some valuable things in this house, James."

"I know, Mother, and don't you worry. We'll add a wing back of the conservatory and keep the children there till they've learned manners. I haven't been used to fine things, but Clara has and she's the boss of this family. You stay and help her."

"I don't know, James. I am sixty years old, and all that time I have done what other people have told me. Now I might want to please myself."

A troubled look appeared behind the large round spectacles of James Scatterbridge. He had a literal mind, adjusted to the production of seventy million yards of low-priced cotton goods per annum; this production was the real religion of his life, and, for the rest, he left everything to his wife, satisfied that he had done the best possible in the matrimonial line. And now here was this little old lady with the laughing eyes, bearing the sacred name of Thornwell, hinting at the revolutionary idea of pleasing herself. In his heart James was afraid of this great family, with its implacable pride and dignified cruelty; they were sons of pirates and privateersmen, while James was a farmer-boy, whose ancestors had worked and produced.

V

He had no chance to question Cornelia. The bell rang and through the wide double doors of the library he saw Addicks in conference with several well-dressed youngish men. Presently the servant came with a message which, repeated from one dinner table to another, became a standard jest of the inner circles of Boston. Addicks had been with the family more than fifty years and understood all possible social relationships. Now, after due meditation, he came to his master with a formula precisely adjusted: "Mr. James, there are three reporters and a gentleman from the *Transcript*."

James went out, took the three reporters and the gentleman into the privacy of the governor's study, and proceeded to enjoy the fruits of his own distinguished marriage. He reminded them that the Thornwell line went back to the Mayflower; there was in the mansion a cradle which had been brought over in that greatest of ships. He reminded them that there had been two colonial governors in the line, and two governors of the Commonwealth. He reminded them of the deeds which Josiah had performed in office, how he had sent the public thieves to jail. He verified the names of the ex-governor's children and gave the names of the grandchildren, not forgetting the seven of James, all of whom carried the blessed name: Josiah Thornwell Scatterbridge, Cornelia Thornwell Scatterbridge, James Thornwell Scatterbridge, Quincy Thornwell Scatterbridge—and so on. He was in the midst of telling them how the Thornwell mills were to be closed for a half day during the funeral, when a tap was heard on the door of the study, and there entered in full majesty Mrs. Rupert Alvin, *née* Deborah Quincy Thornwell.

"James, do I understand that these are representatives of the press? Good morning, gentlemen, I am Mrs. Alvin, the governor's oldest daughter. You will wish to know that I have been in communication over the telephone with the Reverend Doctor Wolverhampton, rector of St. Luke's Church here in Thornwell, which the governor built and endowed. He has agreed to officiate at the funeral services, which will be held in the family home. I understand that some of the papers have a report that the funeral will be held in Trinity Church, Boston, but that is a mistake; they will take place in this house on Friday afternoon at two

o'clock, and be sure you get it correct so that our friends will be under no misapprehension. Yes, the name is pronounced Woolton, but spelled W-o-l-v-e-r-h-a-m-p-t-o-n—the Reverend Doctor James Lowell Wolverhampton, rector of St. Luke's Church, Thornwell. He will be assisted by the Reverend Mr. Quincy Adams Thornwell, a cousin of the governor's. The interment will be in the family vault at St. Alston's Cemetery."

After which Mrs. Rupert Alvin, *née* Deborah Quincy Thornwell, seated herself firmly upon the sofa, knowing that so long as she was there not even her plebeian brother-in-law would dare to contravene her. It was a legend of the family that in one of Deborah's disputes with her own husband she had said: "Take me into the closet and spit on me if you will, but when we are in public show me the respect that is due to my station."

The three reporters and one gentleman took their departure in a taxi-cab which they had hired jointly and were whirled down to the village, where each annexed himself to a telephone receiver and spelled out these details, which were first rushed out on a typewriter and then upon a linotype machine and then upon a printing-press. So in less than an hour after James had spoken and Deborah had revised him, the newsboys were crying the second edition of the afternoon papers, with all possible particulars about the life and death and impending funeral of the ex-governor of the Commonwealth. They had a generous-sized picture of him on the front page; a lean face with thin, tight-shut lips and a long thin nose tapering to a point; a face that had reappeared continuously in the course of three centuries. In panels on the walls of his music-room were four oil paintings, life-size, of four different governors, in four different costumes, but unchanged in soul; personally incapable of wrongdoing and merciless to all wrong-doers. Statesman, manufacturer, philanthropist, said the newspapers in their editorials: a model to posterity, an exemplar of all things dignified and worthy of emulation—

And meantime, up in the big room with the four-poster bed and the windows shrouded with dark curtains, Hobson, the psychologist, was remarking to one of his assistants, "If you don't stop pumping on that carotid you'll have this old gent's face discolored and have to paint him."

VI

Rupert Alvin arrived, having stopped at the Pilgrim National Bank just long enough to glance at his mail and order his engagements postponed. Now he emerged from his purring limousine, drew himself up to his full height of six feet, composed all the bulges of his face, straightened his waistcoat and went in. He listened with politeness to James's account of the arrangements made, and then, in a room apart, he listened to his wife's emphatic opinions of Hobson, and rugs, and the determination of James to become the Thornwell family.

Finally he sought out Cornelia. "Mother. I want to tell you that Deborah and I will be more than glad to have you make your home with us and will do everything in human power to make you happy."

"Thank you, Rupert. I really can't say yet; I haven't had time to get myself together."

But her mind was quick, and was busy picturing life with Rupert and Deborah. They had a big house on Commonwealth Avenue, where they lived three months of the year; the rest of the time they occupied a castle on the rocks of the North Shore. Deborah had the lean face and thin nose of her father and held herself in the same stiff manner; for her that variety of chair is made, of which the backs go up in a straight vertical. She would be her father's successor in understanding and preserving the Thornwell traditions. She was very devout, and gave her spare time to the management of charities—certain special ones; she did not like other people to make contributions to them, because they would then expect to meddle with her administration. It was her complaint that there was no such thing as an efficient subordinate to be hired; impossible to delegate any responsibility, so she managed everything.

As for Rupert, he was running a great banking industry which carried a general supervision of other industries and the gradual taking over of many of them. In between times he would advise about his wife's charities and their religious affairs. His hobby was church architecture; the rectors of parishes in eastern Massachusetts would come to him for advice about the proper proportions of an apse. Cornelia realized that if she went to live

with them she would indeed feel "at home"; she would be told what to do, exactly as if Josiah were there.

Rupert was summoned to help his wife revise the list of the guests to be notified of the funeral; and Cornelia wandered into the music-room, where the services would be held. But she could not stand those four life-size governors, each with the same lean face and tightly shut lips and nose tapering to a point. She went into the conservatory, where there were beautiful plants and flowers, and benches for young lovers listening to music—even in the suburbs of Boston they did that. Cornelia's children had been young here and now her grandchildren were at the age of love, yet she had never felt at ease in the house; she had never been able to have her way, it always had to be the Thornwell way. A public career had not been enough for Josiah; he had insisted upon managing his household and had had the support of brothers and sisters, a whole phalanx of righteous people. Great-aunt Deborah had lived in the home until her death, quite recently, and had been the real mistress of the family, with the duty of teaching the daughters what Thornwell daughters ought to know and think.

For Cornelia there had been a little music and a little painting, a rose garden and some books, a few friends, a play now and then and symphony concerts. Gradually the family got used to the fact that they could expect no more of her than this—that she should conceal from them the fact that she found any element of fun in their sober traditions. They did not understand her smile, and it never occurred to them to want to understand it; what made them "Boston" was the fact that never by any possibility would it cross their minds that they had anything to learn from what was "not Boston." Cornelia's father had been a professor in a small college, which was decent enough, but his father had been a common immigrant; and three generations from now at Boston dinner-tables people would still be whispering to their neighbors, "Oh, yes, but, my dear, her grandfather came over in the steerage; they say he was a bog-trotter—the name was Irish, anyhow."

Nor had there been any fun in being the wife of a governor. Let those who wanted fame and prominence help themselves to Cornelia's share! It had meant long speeches to listen to, bores to talk to, indigestible dinners to eat. It had meant never speak-

ing a natural word, never laughing a merry laugh; everything calculated, everything a matter of policy, to enhance a career which loyalty required a wife to believe in. Cornelia put her hands to her ears to drown out the roaring of crowds shouting victory on election night. She could hear a nasal drawling voice pledging zeal for the public interest. "Fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth, upon this solemn occasion when you have summoned me by your suffrages—" and so on. Nowhere any charm, or humor, or touch of simplicity! Nothing but heavy pageantry and play-acting, from the cradle to the coffin!

Even now, when in the darkened bedroom the psychological Mr. Hobson had charge of Josiah's affairs. Said the assistant, "How shall I get this old buster's wig to stay in place? Can I ask one of the servants for some glue?" Said the psychologist, "No, you can't ask for glue in a house like this—what would they think? Look on that bureau for a couple of safety-pins."

VII

The news had spread, the telephone was ringing, messages of condolence were arriving—a constant coming and going and whispering in the house of death. The dressmaker to consult Cornelia about her costume; also the old lady who sold bonnets in the town and was patronized as a matter of charity. Cornelia was willing to be charitable—but Clara was using this old lady to persuade Cornelia to don a veil. A dozen other questions: who was to provide the flowers, and what kind? What was to be the music, and who was to play it? Should the mill-hands be given an opportunity to look upon the features of their employer and just how was that to be managed? Two keys of the organ failed to sound and must be seen to. Such details served to break the monotony of mourning.

Also there were relatives arriving: Quincy Thornwell, Great-uncle Abner's son, a clubman of fifty or so, prematurely white-haired, his wizened face full of gossip; he had the reputation of a ladies' man, in a decorous Boston way, and Cornelia liked him because he was not so proper as the others and would tell her funny stories about the city. Quincy had grown rich by using the family information on the stock-market. He spent his days in board rooms, watching the prices of stocks chalked upon a

wall; and in the evening, when he was not visiting the ladies, he was playing chess with his deaf old father. They talked about poor Josiah for a while, and then Abner could not keep off his hobby. He tried unsuccessfully to whisper: "The fellow that won the last round is a Jew, but they say he's French—kind of funny, ain't it?"

And then Priscilla and Elizabeth, the daughters of Deborah. Priscilla, the elder, was a perfect replica of her mother and planning at the age of twenty-one to devote herself to settlement work. Betty, the younger one, gave Cornelia thrills; a little round face, a nose trying its best to turn up, soft brown eyes that shone with tenderness, and little puckers when she laughed. She sat in the councils of the women, demure and silent, as became a miss of seventeen, whose right of entrance might be challenged. Later, when Cornelia left the room, she followed. "Oh, Grannie, I wish they didn't have to quarrel so!"

"So do I, Betty."

"Sister is just beside herself over that old Shah of Persia's rug. Of course it's interesting to know that your grandfather traveled in Persia and had the Shah give him presents; but after all, there are plenty of rugs you can buy. But Mother says if Aunt Clara doesn't let us have it, she'll never speak to her again. Do you suppose she means that?"

"Such things have happened, dear. Your Great-uncle Abner has not spoken to your Great-uncle Ahab for fifty years."

"Oh, Grannie! What extraordinary things in a family! Will Great-uncle Ahab come to the funeral?"

"Of course."

"And he won't speak to Great-uncle Abner?"

"In public he will, but not otherwise. Abner married the girl that Ahab was engaged to, so Ahab has stayed a bachelor all his life. Don't you remember that big house down at the shore that they sawed in half?"

"Oh, was that it?"

"They quarreled and divided it exactly, and Ahab moved his half to another part of the town."

Said Betty, "I'm so glad you're not going to cover yourself with a horrid black veil. It wouldn't become you a bit. And I'm glad you're not crying when you don't feel like it. I say for you to do what you want to."

"Thank you, Betty dear."

"It's a fact that Grandfather never felt the need of personal affection—or at least he never showed it—so why should other people show it?" Betty stopped for a moment, and then caught the old lady's hand. "Oh, Grannie, you're crying now! I've hurt your feelings!"

"No, dear, not that! It's just that I was thinking how much unhappiness I'd have saved if it had been the fashion for people to say what they mean."

"Well, Mother is cross with me; she says I'm an unnatural child, and she can't understand me. Do you find me so?"

"No, dear." And Cornelia smiled through her tears. "Don't mind me, I was really looking for a chance to cry. It's a great strain when you break the habits of forty years, no matter what they are."

"Oh, Grannie dear. I wish you'd come and live with us, and wake up the family. I wish Mother wasn't so terribly strict with me. I wish I had a car of my own. Dear me," said Miss Betty, "what a lot of things I wish!"

VIII

There came Henry Winters, husband of Alice; later than the others, because he had had to appear in court. It is not customary to adjourn court for the death of fathers-in-law, but when it was Governor Thornwell the case was different. Henry had been conscious of doing a distinguished thing when he asked for adjournment and the judge of doing a distinguished thing when he granted it, with a gracious little tribute to the eminent departed.

As Alice Thornwell Winters was a model of social elegance, so Henry Cabot Winters was a model of legal insouciance; a lawyer who was also a man of the world and of fashion. Four years in Harvard and three in the law-school had not sufficed to suppress his sense of humor and for this reason he was the nearest to Cornelia of her sons-in-law. He was a slender and rather dark man, fastidious, dressed in the pink of fashion, his graying hair combed in a picturesque wave. He commanded enormous fees for his inside knowledge of the financial affairs of New England; and after business hours he became the man

of pleasure, yachtsman, fox-hunter, favorite in the ballrooms. He knew the right people and brought in the business; and left it for his partners to do the tiresome work of looking up the law and winning cases.

Henry now had need of all his urbanity. First he had to listen to his wife raging in whispers on the subject of the Mayflower cradle; and immediately afterwards he was trapped in the drawing-room by his sister-in-law, Deborah. "Henry, there is something that some member of the family simply has to speak to you about. I hope you understand that I have no wish to intrude upon your private affairs, but I have spoken to Alice and it seems that I can accomplish nothing—she absolutely insists that she will let Joyce Edgerton attend the funeral if he wishes."

"Why shouldn't she, Deborah?"

"Henry, the way you and your wife work out your marital problems is no affair of mine—"

"Exactly, Deborah!"

"—until it threatens to become a public scandal. Don't misunderstand me, I am not casting any doubts upon my sister's virtue—she assures me that her relationship to Joyce Edgerton is innocent and maybe it is—but there is a limit to what you can expect the world to believe—and when Alice continues to have some young man tagging after her everywhere she goes—and when she changes them so frequently—and they all go to the devil afterwards—you know what I mean, Henry! And of course it may be true that Joyce Edgerton is a great poet—or that he is going to be some day, and all that—nevertheless it seems to me that this is one time when the family has some rights and when the sacredness of our grief ought to be respected—and I really think we have a right to ask you to use your authority and see to it that Joyce Edgerton finds some other way to amuse himself on Friday afternoon—surely he can find an unmarried woman to go somewhere with him—just this one day, that's all I am asking—"

And so on; until Henry Cabot Winters got up and excused himself and went up to his mother-in-law's sunny rooms, where none of the curtains had been drawn, and he could sink into an easy chair and laugh. Cornelia knew about it, of course; Deborah had not failed to put the problem up to her. They discussed it for a while and Henry remarked that Alice deserved

much more admiration than any one man could supply. Later on he made the same little speech as the others, offering Cornelia a home and assuring her that everything they had would be at her disposal. The Winters had a great deal: a town house and a suburban estate and a camp on a lake up in New Hampshire. They had only one son, a lad who was preparing to enter St. Mark's school, so there would be plenty of space and freedom for Cornelia. She could laugh about life with Henry; but what would she do about Joyce Edgerton and about the young man who had preceded him and the one who would follow him?

Alice had her side, of course; it was pretty generally known that Henry was keeping a woman in an apartment in the Fenway. Also, Alice was "virtuous"—meaning that she never gave herself to any of her adorers. But living in the house with Alice meant that you had to know the details of these emotional entanglements; just what the new young genius found in the soul of Alice that was so especially wonderful and why he preferred it to what he found in any of the available unopened buds who had not been beaten upon by the storms of experience. You had to know whether these young geniuses were happy or unhappy, whether they were coming or going; and after they were gone, you had to know just why they had been so disappointing to Alice, so unworthy of the high faith she had placed in them.

"Henry," said Cornelia, "I suppose I'm going to have a little money left me out of the wreck of Josiah's fortune?"

"I hope so."

"I suppose James will tell me about it in due time. If it's enough, maybe you'll advise me about renting an apartment in the Fenway, where I understand things don't have to be so proper." And Henry laughed—he couldn't help laughing, of course; but at the same time he was somewhat shocked. How much did his mother-in-law know about such matters? How much should he admit to her that he knew that she knew? He had an impulse to glance behind him at the open door.

"Henry," said Cornelia, suddenly, "I am ashamed of the way this family is behaving. But, you know, the Thornwells have not been exactly what you call 'nice' people."

"No," said Henry, "they have been 'great' people."

"Which means," countered the woman, "they have been greedy—and with a streak of insanity."

The heavens, regardful of the dignity and standing of the late governor of the Commonwealth, sent rain on the night before the funeral to wash the air and make every blade of grass to shine. They sent the sun especially early to chase away the clouds, all but a few fleecy ones, setting off the deep blue of the sky. The expanses of lawn that stretched out on every side from "Hillview" were smoother and cleaner and brighter than any rug that a Shah of Persia ever trod. Under the great dark oaks a flock of sheep were feeding, and behind a steel fence a herd of deer. On the opposite slope in the distance were the white columns of the Scatterbridge home, and at one side the cottages of the tenants who worked the thousand acres of farmland. To the east, underneath the newly risen sun, were glimpses of the great mills, red brick stained with coal smoke; also of the river through the trees, and day and night came the music of water pouring over the dams.

The mansion had tall columns in front, going up over the second story, covering both the veranda and the graveled driveway. The house was painted white, the paint, like everything else, being decently old. Wings had been added on each side, and in the rear the music-room, and beyond that the conservatory: nothing regular, because the architects had had to adjust themselves to the elm trees which bowered the structure.

All morning there was the sound of wheels on the driveway, and delivery men and chauffeurs in uniform ringing the bell, bringing wreaths and floral designs. "Say it with flowers," ran the formula; and every saying had a card attached, to identify the sayer: the Governor of the Commonwealth and his lady, the Bishop of the Diocese and his wife, the members of the Republican State Committee, the Society of the Sons of St. Andrew, the Society of Colonial Dames, the Class of '58 of Harvard University, the employees of the Pilgrim National Bank, the executives and managers of the Thornwell Mills Company, the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, the Board of Trade of Thornwell—so on through a long list. Addicks, the perfect family servant, received each offering with grave thanks, deposited the cards on a silver tray and handed the flowers to the

footman, who took them to the music-room and placed them under Deborah's direction.

The room had been made into a church, the "highest" possible. There was an altar with a large cross made of white roses and at each side a seven-branched candle-stick, with tall candles burning. The casket was in place, holding the lean body of Josiah, his face upturned to the light for his last few hours, the long thin nose seeming longer and thinner than ever could have been possible in life. The skin was a pale waxy color, tinted with great skill—since Mr. Hobson was not merely a psychologist but a "cosmetologist" also. In his advertisements he said "Every funeral is *my* funeral"; which was why Deborah considered him so vulgar. Boston—the real Boston—does not wish its advertisements "peppy."

The three reporters and the gentleman from the *Transcript* came again; and this time there had been an understanding between James and his sister-in-law. It was like the case of the man who said that he and his wife had worked out a solution of the domestic problem; on all major issues he was to have his way and on minor issues she was to have hers; and so far, no major issues had arisen. The three reporters and the gentleman were received by James and Deborah, and James got the cards from the silver tray and dictated the names of those who had sent floral tributes; while every now and then Deborah would say, quietly, "Omit that name, if you please." Not every one was entitled to send tributes to a Thornwell funeral!

The organist from St. Luke's Church arrived, and Addicks knew exactly what to say to him. "This way, if you please, sir. The choir will robe itself in the little room back of the governor's study. The ceremony will begin promptly at two." Attired in a flowing white day-gown, the visitor proceeded to test the organ, and mysterious vibrations crept up and down the timbers of the building. "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly," whispered walls and ceilings; and at the same moment Deborah Thornwell Alvin was standing with her two hands clenched, addressing Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge: "I wish to say once for all, I consider one-third of the family heirlooms are my property; and if they are taken from me because of any mortgage I shall regard the taker as a pawn-broker for the rest of my days."

X

Members of the family arriving. The ladies went upstairs to put their hair and complexions in order, while the men stood about, exchanging phrases in soft whispers: a beautiful day, yes, ideal for the occasion, most fortunate; a fine editorial in the *Transcript*, the press had been dignified; a great man was gone, we don't have that kind any more; a very convincing tribute from the party, yes, they would find it hard to replace him; looked as if the Germans might get to the channel; amazing the way the market continued to boom.

There came John Quincy Thornwell, another son of Abner, with his father's heavy frame and his uncle's long nose; soft-voiced, semi-bald, president of the Fifth National Bank. And Grandfather Porter Alvin, father of Rupert, and Andrew Alvin, his younger son, a polo player and sport, tanned as brown as a Kanaka, with a puffy checked necktie and every shiny strand of his black hair in exactly the right position. He stood in the library, listening to Great-uncle Abner shouting "Who will read Josiah's books now?" Andrew ran his eyes over the shelves of heavy works on political science and history and economics and law, and knew that he was not the one.

Two automobiles deposited six pairs of choir boys, subdued in voice but eager of eye; they were herded into the robing room by the Reverend Mr. Quincy Adams Thornwell, the cousin who was to assist in the ceremony; tall, flat-footed, with large bunion shoes and black suit and flat black hat like an English curate—its ugliness excused for the reason that it had ritual significance. Also came the rector and his lady; the Reverend Dr. James Lowell Wolverhampton, pronounced Woolton, physically and phonetically equipped to become a bishop; he gathered up the letter "rs" which the Boston Brahmins all drop, and saved them and rolled them out two or three at a time in his sermons.

He received the final advice from Deborah: "The family will descend at one-fifty-five." After which he retired into Josiah's study, to instruct his assistant concerning the service. "First I recite, 'Lord, let me know mine end,' and you make the responses. The choir sings, 'Lord, Thou hast been our refuge,' and

then, before the Lesson from the Epistle of St. Paul, we intone the anthem—”

“Then I will need both books?” broke in the Reverend Mr. Thornwell.

“No, no! You don’t understand.” And with Christian patience the rector said it all over again, but more slowly, pointing out the passages. He would have added the word “Dunce!” but that would not have been a Christian thing to say to a cousin of a governor.

XI

The guests arriving. They stepped onto the veranda and the chauffeurs parked the cars in a long line down the driveway. There were three policemen in blue uniforms stationed in front of the house, but in this well-trained community they had only to confer dignity. The guests did not chat, merely murmured a few greetings, after which they went to the music-room, which most of them knew well; walking softly, on padded feet, and not permitting their eyes to show signs of animation. They were old people for the most part; gentlemen with white heads or gray, flesh-colored or rosy; they wore black broadcloth, some with black stripes of braid down the side of the trousers. The ladies were in black, with now and then a touch of white at the collar and cuffs; many of them wore black-dotted veils and fur neck-pieces even in summer weather. They were much wrinkled and the older ones had hanging mouths; they let themselves carefully down the three polished steps into the music-room and took their seats, seeing only what it was possible to see without moving the eyes.

The place was open and airy, full of sunshine; divided into four sections by an aisle down the center and a cross aisle with open doors at each side. It had white Doric columns set in the walls, and panels with the stern ancestors painted. There were tall windows, with dark red curtains at the side, and seats upholstered in red velvet to match. The front of the room had a bower of flowers and in the center, where the two aisles crossed, stood the casket with the body of the great man, white carnations at his head and white roses at his feet; if you looked down through the glass, as a few did, you saw his thin nose of pale waxen color, and his white wig, resting securely in position with no trace of safety-pins.

Across the aisle was stretched a purple ribbon, marking the seats reserved for the family and the family servants; in this solemn hour class distinctions were abolished, there was only Thornwell or not-Thornwell. The governor of the Commonwealth—the living one—came in with his lady, but no one did them special honor; they seated themselves among the guests. So with the lieutenant-governor and his lady, and the senator who represented the Commonwealth in Washington; a “scholar in politics” with a very famous name, a dapper little gentleman with sharply trimmed mustaches and beard. If you knew the “blue-bloods” of this community, you would recognize great bankers and lawyers, the presidents of two universities and several scholars of fame. You would not know the timid old ladies dressed in rusty black, who had got out of cars some distance down the driveway and walked about for a while so as not to get there too early; poor relations, who had been in receipt of pensions from Josiah, and were trembling with anxiety until the will should be read.

Through the side door you saw a throng of humble people; the employees of the mills, which were shut down for the afternoon. They came streaming up the path from the road below, dressed in their pathetic best; they would stand patiently for an hour or two, listening to the strains of the organ and waiting their time to file through the room. A rare occasion for them; one might work in the mills another generation and gaze up at the white-painted castle amid its sheltering elm trees and never climb the path to glimpse the splendor. The rest of the village, which did not work in the mills, was clustered along the roadside to stare at the shining limousines and their stately occupants. It was feudalism in frock-coats.

The grandfather’s clock at the head of the stairs pointed to one-fifty-four, and the organ was pealing a magnificent heavy tune. Every person in the room knew the words, and beheld the same magnificent picture—

*Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Stream up the steeps of light:*

*'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.*

At which sublime moment, with all heaven thundering in her ears, Alice Thornwell Winters, black of dress and white of face, was confronting Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge, demanding, "Once more and for the last time, do you admit that the Mayflower cradle is my property?"

Said Clara: "I think this a most unsuitable moment—"

Said Alice: "There could be no moment more suitable. It marks the break-up of our family, if you so decree. That Mayflower cradle has been the cradle of our destiny, and the symbol of our position. I was rocked in its arms, and the generations before me. I bore the first man-child—"

Said Clara: "Well, I have borne five boys and two girls, even though a little bit late."

Said Alice: "I have Father's pledge and I stand on that. Give me your answer!"

Said Clara: "It is a matter about which James must be consulted—"

Said Alice: "You have had opportunity to consult James, and you have done so. If you do not answer my question, I understand that your answer is no."

The clock had moved one minute, and Cornelia came, saying, "It is time to descend. I hope my children are not going to advertise our family shame to the world."

XII

The procession of men and women and children was formed in the proper order, and down the stairs, two by two, they went: Cornelia first, with no veil over her features and no tears in her soft brown eyes; her gray hair was smoothed flat, and her little round face was solemn, her little nose facing straight ahead, her gaze fixed upon nothingness. One hand rested upon the arm of Great-uncle Abner; and behind her came Great-uncle Ahab, escorting Great-aunt Priscilla. Then Deborah, the oldest daughter, with her husband, Rupert Alvin; then Alice, the second daughter,

with her husband, Henry Cabot Winters; then Clara, with her husband, James Scatterbridge; then the son of Alice, and the two daughters of Deborah and the seven children of Clara tapering to a small pair with a governess between them. The miscellaneous uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces and cousins had already been seated inside the magic purple ribbon, so the procession ended with the personal servants; Addicks, with his venerable black suit showing slightly green in the bright sunlight; the governor's private secretary, and his Negro valet, and Cornelia's Negro maid, and the handy man, and the gardener, and the cook—all persons who had been with the family so long that they alone knew the dates.

The six pairs of white-robed choir boys came down the center aisle, their cherub voices proclaiming, "Now the laborer's task is o'er; Now the battle day is past." The last and tallest bore a high jeweled cross and behind it strode the two clergymen, robed in white and black. All found their proper places, and the rector lifted his hands and pronounced, "Peace be upon this house." And, truly, whatever spells he might command were in order at this moment, with Clara Scatterbridge sitting with her teeth clenched on the thought, "They are ours and we shall keep them!" And Alice Winters glaring before her at the sentence, "They got it by a mortgage, like pawnbrokers!" And Priscilla Alvin, elder daughter of Deborah, shutting her fists tight upon the conviction, "When it comes to a show down, Mother will give up, but I will never give up!"

"I am the r-r-r-esur-r-ection and the life!" proclaimed the Reverend Dr. Wolverhampton; and then, exactly as if he had known about Mayflower cradles and Shah of Persia's rugs, he added, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." The choir chanted, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another"; and then the clergyman began to read the extract from the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. It is very long and somewhat involved, so there was no matter for surprise if here and there a member of the congregation found his attention straying. Rupert Alvin had seen, as he came down the aisle, the face of Jerry Walker gazing from one of the side seats; thus it was inevitable that Rupert should be thinking about the felt-plants and the hat-works which Jerry had bought, and would

he be able to meet his notes, and how far should the Pilgrim National Bank lead him on? And Great-uncle Abner, who in the next match was to meet the French Jew, and could not help wondering about the fellow's tricks. And young Josiah Thornwell Winters, the infinitely precious son of Alice, who had a date with a girl and wondered how soon he would get off. And Betty Alvin, who sat behind her grandmother, thinking, "If only she'd come stay with us and liven things up!"

The voice of the rector was wrestling with the complicated Pauline metaphysics. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." Cornelia was thinking "Can all that really be true? Shall I really ever see Josiah again? Is he alive somewhere now, and does he know what I am thinking? If he does, am I really free?"

In the casket, within three feet of her, lay what St. Paul called the "natural body" of her husband. For three days it had been preserved by formaldehyde solutions; but an hour or two more and it would be shoved into a vault, and there would begin a process extremely unpleasant to think about. Cornelia had been reading Fabre, and had come upon the details, which now forced themselves upon her shuddering thoughts. St. Paul, thinking the same thoughts, had said, "This corruptible must put on incorruption."

XIII

The clergyman was praying; and Cornelia, down upon her knees, said a prayer of her own, "Oh, Lord, let my children stop quarreling!" Then she was back in her seat, listening to a eulogy of the great departed. "When the state was in peril, he was as a rock of refuge . . . to every need, public or private, he gave freely . . . the greatest of his generation . . . we of the new time call in vain for his like—" and so on, a discourse that was Boston in every tone and accent. But Cornelia's mind was occupied with the realities of this household, to whom the glory of Josiah was not a crown to be worn but a carcass to be rended. For years she had prayed "O Lord, take worldliness

out of their hearts." But something must have been wrong with her technique of prayer; it had failed entirely of effect.

"The services will be continued at the place of interment," said the rector; and the six pairs of choir boys marched out, singing "The church's one foundation," and the guests moved slowly into the library and the drawing-room, or to the front lawn, to await while the mill-hands filed across the room. The executives of the company were in charge of this, but Cornelia considered it her duty to remain, and her daughters, not to be outdone in ceremony, stood by her side.

The workers came in single file, slowly and hesitatingly: men and women, old and young, foreigners for the most part, pathetic figures, the more so because of their efforts to look proper. It was not often, under this system of feudalism in frock-coats, that the two kinds of people met in the same place; but here they were, the masters, tall and elegant, and the toilers, stunted in form and scarred in features, with shoulders bowed and limbs crooked and hands knotted and calloused. They had stood upon weary feet for hours in order to see this splendor, but now they were too timid to look at it; all but a few of the young ones kept their eyes straight ahead. A few saw Cornelia—persons whom she had visited in sickness—and these made faint signs of recognition, which she acknowledged.

Then came the pall-bearers; the honorary ones, whose names were in the papers, walking honorably alongside. The casket was slid into the hearse; the relatives entered their cars and so did those guests who cared to follow, and the long line of vehicles set out, with two motorcycle officers at the head and all traffic waiting respectfully. So they came to the family mausoleum, with the costly bronze receptacle waiting for its tenant. The group stood about with heads bowed, and again the choir sang and the Reverend Dr. Wolverhampton lifted up his rolling voice. "Man that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." The casket was set in place and sealed, and the doors of the vault were shut and locked; the blessings of the Lord were conferred upon those present; and all was over. The hearse went back to its garage to await the morrow's passenger and the guests scattered to their homes; the members of the family returned to "Hillview" for a ceremony which concerned them alone—the reading of Josiah Thornwell's will.

XIV

Behold them waiting in the library: every one, from the highest to the lowest, the richest to the poorest—even the older servants, who were certain of being remembered. Every one—save two. Clara, looking about, missed her sister Alice and, becoming suddenly suspicious, went into the entrance hall. There, coming down the broad staircase, was a sight the like of which had never been seen by any Thornwell since the days—well, a long time ago, when the ancestors had been privateersmen. Alice was marching, her cultivated features set in grim defiance and her deep-souled eyes staring before her; behind her a French maid, and between them a piece of furniture of brown varnished wood, much scarred and scratched.

Clara stood, all but paralyzed. "Alice Thornwell! What are you doing?"—as if it were not evident enough! Then, seeing Alice go straight by without a word: "If you take that cradle out of this house, I will never speak to you while I live!" And then, "I will denounce you for a thief to the world!" And when even this most dreadful of maledictions failed of effect, Clara could only stand with fingernails dug into the palms of her hands and face white with fury, whispering over and over, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

They went through the front door and Clara rushed into the library, whispering to her mother "Alice is stealing the cradle!" Cornelia hurried outside in time to see the heirloom being loaded onto the Winters limousine. It would not go through the door, but the two women set it on the running-board on the right-hand side, away from the chauffeur; the maid sat on the front seat and held it through the front window and Alice sat on the rear seat and held it through the rear window; and the car rolled away down the drive, leaving the Thornwell family like a nest of ants which has been stepped on.

And even that was not the end! A dreadful idea flashed through the mind of Clara, and she rushed into the rear reception room, which the ladies of the family used for their tea-parties. In the center of this room, upon the seldom-trodden floor, had reposed the Shah of Persia's rug; and now it was gone! Clara gave one glance, and fled back to her older sister. "Deborah Thornwell, you have stolen my rug!"

Deborah drew herself up to her utmost height of amazement. "I have not touched my rug!"

"But it's gone!"

"It has not been taken by me." Still whispering, of course.

Clara looked, and saw that Deborah's elder daughter, Priscilla, was missing. She asked no more but turned to Addicks, the perfect servant, who never in his fifty years of devotion had encountered an emergency like this, nor in his maddest nightmare had dreamed it. "Addicks, Miss Priscilla has taken the Shah of Persia's rug. Search for it and bring it to me. Run!"

In the two hundred and eighty-five years of Boston's history, no such un-Bostonian thing had ever been known to happen, so there could be no Bostonian way of dealing with it. Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge became an ordinary woman in a rage. With tears in her china-blue eyes she appealed to her husband, to her mother, even to her older children and the governess. Ignoring her husband's efforts to restrain her, she ran from room to room, flinging open doors and looking into cupboards and behind sofas. As it occurred to her to look outside, she rushed through the doorway, breathless, red of face, forgetting her stoutness, her laboring heart, her varicose veins, forgetting even that institution which through so many generations had stood inviolate, the Thornwell dignity. A civilization in ruins!

The mystery was solved at last. Word spreading among the servants, a chauffeur reported that he had seen Miss Priscilla with the rug in her arms, going towards the apple-orchard. So across the fields marched Clara, followed by Deborah, at Clara's insistence. The other members of the family, suddenly realizing that this was a scene which must not be admitted, ordered the lawyer to begin the reading of the will.

Out under an old apple-tree, in the exact geographical center of the priceless Persian rug, sat the new generation, "young Boston," which was going to think and act for itself—and bring back the days of the pirates and privateersmen.

"Priscilla!" commanded Clara. "Get up!" And then: "Priscilla, you hear me speak to you! Get up off that rug!"

Silence. And Clara turned to her sister. "Deborah, will you order your child to obey?"

Would she? There was a pause, while history hung in the

balance. "Priscilla, I disapprove of what you are doing. Please get up."

And so the rug-sitting sphinx revealed a voice. "Mother, I am the person who will inherit this rug and I have made up my mind what to do. I shall sit here until Grandfather's will has been read. If he gives it to us, as he promised, all right. If not, Aunt Clara may call the police to remove me from it."

"Priscilla! You defy your mother?" Clara's voice was trembling. "Deborah, make her obey you!"

"Priscilla, obey me," said the mother. Was it possible that the voice lacked just a little of its usual firmness? Anyhow, Priscilla Alvin continued to sit, her eyes fixed on space.

"Obey your mother!" commanded Clara.

"Priscilla, obey me!" echoed Deborah.

"Mother," said the rug-sitter, "I was twenty-one years of age last week and I have taken legal advice and learned that I am no longer compelled to obey any one but the law. I am here and I shall stay here, and I serve notice now that if any one but a policeman removes me I shall get a warrant for the person's arrest."

"Oh!" cried Clara. "What is this new generation coming to?"

"Aunt Clara," said the rug-sitter, "you will save time if you go back and hear the will, because you won't accomplish anything meantime. Do not worry, I shall stay right here till the question is decided. I could have gone farther if I had wanted to, but I like this orchard, which you got away from us."

XV

And meantime Cornelia had gone to her rooms and locked the door behind her; and then into her bedroom and shut that door, to make doubly certain. She was pacing up and down, beset by a storm of emotion. As they say a drowning man lives over the experiences of his whole life, so she was living the repressions of forty years. All the rages she had felt and never voiced! All the disappointments, the despairs! The experiences she had longed for, and never dared to have, and now could never have, because it was too late! She had been caught, a wild young thing in a trap; she had lived, a prisoner in a cell. She had had dreams, and seen them suffocated; she had had

children, and seen them taken from her, and made into strangers. Forced into the mold of this family—this solid phalanx of iron people—with iron souls, iron wills which broke you!

This crowning indignity, this outbreak in the very presence of death—this was an accident, Cornelia told herself. They had never done anything like this before, nothing so open, so undignified. They would repudiate it themselves, they would be ashamed of it to-morrow. This was not "Boston"! But to Cornelia, who had been on the inside of "Boston," it seemed an outbreak of reality, a revelation of hidden natures. Petty jealousy, petty greed, masked with dignity, and wearing the solemn costumes of historical tradition! Other people, living people, would quarrel over real things; the Thornwells quarreled over the dead rags and relics of their ancestors!

Once there had been real people in this family! Once there had been men and women who had acted, who had dared to think for themselves—and to care about something else than rags and relics! Memories surged into Cornelia's mind, of the old days when the Thornwells had been smugglers and privateers—not thinking about the proprieties then! There had been revolutionary leaders among them—men who had gone into the "pot-houses" and incited mobs! There had even been women who had dared to think, and to act, instead of obeying the men! Didn't they worship the memory of a Great-great-aunt Deborah, who had been one of the anti-slavery pioneers? Not frightened by the horrible name of "Black Abolitionist"—no indeed, she had made her home one of the stations in the "underground railway" which had carried fugitive slaves to Canada! She had taught Negroes to read and write—not only black women, but black men! Such was the tradition they thought they worshiped; but really they only worshiped the rags and relics of it!

Suddenly this storm of emotion culminated, and Cornelia, who had been pacing back and forth in her room, suddenly stopped still. What was the reason women were always bound by fear? Because they were afraid! Why were they obedient? Because they obeyed! When they wanted to act, they did not know enough; and when they knew enough, then they were too old! But who could say you were too old to act, if you acted?

Cornelia, trembling with excitement, but at the same time calm

inside, went to her desk and sat down, and took pen and ink and began to write.

"My dear Children:

"For forty years I have been doing what other people wanted me to do, and I have never had any fun. Now I think I have done everything I can for you, and that you can get along without me. I hope that I am old enough to take care of myself. I am going away for a while, to remain until I choose to return, if ever. I am not taking any property, because there has been too much of it in my life, and I believe I shall be happier without it. I am going to prove to myself, for my own satisfaction, that I can take care of myself, without any advice or assistance from any one. I have only one request, that you will waste no time or money in efforts to find me. It will only irritate me and do no good whatever, because I shall continue to do exactly what I please. I have heard of runaway children; I am going to be the runaway grandmother.

"With best wishes,

"Mother.

"P.S. I enclose a respectable letter which you may show to our friends."

And the second letter:

"My Dear Children:

"Your father's sudden death has shocked me deeply, and after the strain of the funeral I realize that I am run down and in need of rest. I have received a telephone call from an old school friend who is starting on a camping trip and begs me go along. I think such a complete change will help me, so I am taking a night train, and write this to explain and leave you my dearest love and wishes for a happy summer.

"Affectionately,

"Mother."

Having sealed these two letters in one envelope and marked it "For Deborah, Alice and Clara," Cornelia laid it in the middle of her bed. She then changed her mourning garb for an ordinary

street-dress, and took her handbag with some ready money in it, and unlocked the two doors, and slipped down a back stairway, and out by a rear door, and down the path which led to the main road. There was a trolley stop, and a car labeled "Boston," and she stepped aboard.

CHAPTER II

PLYMOUTH ROCK

I

THE "jitney bus" from Boston came speeding down the highway, and when it got into North Plymouth it stopped in front of the cordage company's plant. There climbed out a little old lady, carrying a straw suitcase, and dressed in humble working-woman's clothing, with a worn gray shawl over her head. From beneath the shawl peered a pair of twinkling brown eyes, and these remained, taking in the landscape, after the bus had rolled on its way.

There was a two-story brick building, seeming to extend forever along the bay-front; built in the fashion of a fortress, with a steel fence in front, and a pond which had been turned into a moat in medieval style. High up in the blue sky floated an American flag, to let you know that this was not a Rhine castle of the middle ages, but a center of industry in the land of the Pilgrim's pride. The old lady stood wondering what to do next. Finally she approached the steel gates and inquired of the keeper, "Please, Mister, where I go for job?"

The man pointed to a building on the other side of the highway. "There's the employment office," he said. "But you're too late; we're closing in five minutes. Come to-morrow."

The old lady looked at the red brick walls and the blue sky and the white clouds and the starry flag, all made to go upon a picture postcard. The windows of the long factory were open, and she heard the roar of spinning-machinery, and saw the figures of men and women moving about. Suddenly a siren boomed; and as if by magic, the various buildings began to belch human figures. Apparently they had been lined up just inside the doors, like runners at the start of a race; they behaved as if the building were on fire, or full of poison gas. More and more dense grew the throngs of escapers, until the roadway was gray and blue with the shirts of men and the multi-colored

dressess of girls. For the most part they were foreigners, Italians, Portuguese, and other dark peoples. They were small and stunted, the older ones bent with toil, walking mechanically, looking neither to right nor to left. The younger ones chatted in twos and threes, and some had a friendly smile for the little old lady with the brown eyes peering from under the shawl.

Two thousand or more came through the gates, and then gradually the procession thinned out, and the old lady turned back to the highway and along the tree-shaded street. Smaller streets went off it, lined with the homes of workers, four-family wooden tenements, square and plain, with dingy worn paint or none at all. The old lady found herself walking beside an Italian boy, seven or eight years old, a slender child with bright black eyes; he whistled cheerfully, and was reasonably clean. So the old lady said, "Hello, little boy; what is your name?"

"My name is Beltrando." He spoke in good English.

"Do you know anybody who would like to take a boarder?"

The boy thought, and then said, "Come see my mamma." He led her down a street labeled "Suosso's Lane" to a two-story house of unpainted shingles. They went in by the rear door, and Cornelia Thornwell found herself in the kitchen of Mrs. Vincenzo Brini.

"I come from Boston," she said. "I look for job in cordage plant. You know anybody got room for boarder?"

Alfonsina Brini was a young woman, small but strongly made, with kind motherly face and quick intelligent eyes. She examined her visitor with some curiosity, and said, "You Yankee lady?"

"Why, yes," said Cornelia Thornwell—her pitiful effort at concealment collapsing at once.

"Why you talka lika foreign?"

"Well, I thought maybe you understand better." Her smile was friendly and disarming, and won the other's heart.

"Me no onderstanda good," said Mrs. Brini. "Trando, here, he talka like Merican boy, he tella me." Mrs. Brini was in working clothes, and had not yet taken off her hat. "Me joosta get home," she said. "Me worka by woolen mill. You gotta job by cordage?"

"I want to ask for one," said Cornelia. "Do you think I can get it?"

"Shoore, plenty jobba now. Plenty shippa get—how you say, Trando, afondato—shippa sunk, maka new rope, plenty cordage job. But harda work, you very olda lady for cordage job."

"Oh, I won't mind hard work," said Cornelia, with the serenity of complete ignorance. "What will I get?"

"You no skilla work, you getta six dollar week. Some day you learn skilla work, you getta maybe eight, nine dollar week. My osband he work by cordage, getta twelve dollar half."

"And what will I pay for board?"

"You boarda maybe two dollar half, maybe t'ree dollar. You boarda by me, you go in room wit' my big girl, I make it two dollar quarter. You take little rooma for self, I maka two dollar half."

"I think I'd like to have room to myself," said Cornelia, timidly.

Mrs. Brini escorted her into the parlor. It was perhaps twelve feet square, with one of those plush-upholstered sets of furniture which are advertised at special bargains—\$38.50, and you sign a blank on the dotted line, and once a month the agent collects three dollars, with interest on the unpaid portion. Also there was a phonograph, bought in the same way; and before Cornelia had been in the house half an hour, Beltrando had produced the big red record which had cost a week of Cornelia's board, and took the place of an icon or shrine in this family. "You listen to Caroots," said the little boy; and Mrs. Brini stopped washing the vegetables for the salad and stood with hands wet and rapture in her eyes, while a mighty voice spread its wings and bore her soul to Italy.

II

The room assigned to Cornelia was five feet by eight, and held a wire cot and a chest of drawers. Her straw suitcase would go under the bed, and her clothing would hang on hooks behind the door. There was a window with home-made curtains in front of it, and on the chest of drawers a hand-woven lace cover, held in place by two figures in tinted glass, one a shepherd, the other his sweetheart, in Italian costumes. "This is lovely," the boarder said, gallantly; "it will seem like home."

And now, with the door shut, Cornelia Thornwell stood in the

midst of her empire, trying to grasp what her new life would be like. She wanted to bathe her hands and face, and realized with dismay that she would have to use a bathroom in common with half a dozen other persons. No doubt she could replace the Italian shepherd and his love with a tin washbasin and pitcher. But would she be able to afford such luxuries on six dollars a week? And especially when she had not yet earned the six dollars, nor even the chance to earn them!

She put the contents of her straw suitcase away in the drawers and started to shove the suitcase under the bed, but discovered that the way was blocked by a couple of boxes containing books. This surprised her, and she sat on the bed and examined them. "Manzoni," was the first name, and she had heard it somewhere; but the title "I Promessi Sposi," told her nothing. The next was "A. O. Olivetti: Azione Diretta e Mediazione"; and that told her nothing either. The next was "Le Scuole Clericali," and she judged that must be a religious book; the next, "G. Most: La Peste Religiosa," must be the same. These people would probably be devout, and would they expect a "Yankee lady" to go to church with them? The next was "Ernesto Renan: La Vita di Gesu." She had heard of that, but had the impression that it was an agnostic book; surely her rector had spoken of it as taking Jesus for a man pure and simple. However, these people would not expect her to know about their authors.

She went outside to enjoy the evening. There was a vegetable garden in back of the house, all green and shiny after recent rains. A man was working here, with his coat off; a big fellow, with long arms flying vigorously as he threw the dirt. Cornelia was pleased by his diligence, because it promised fresh food for the table. She walked down the path and said, "Good evening," and he stopped his labors. She had given her name as "Mrs. Cornell," and now he greeted her as "Miz' Cornella." Just as the London working-classes drop the "h" where it belongs and put it where it does not belong, so these Italians did with vowels; they would say, "You lika da spagett'?"

"I am Mist' Brini," said the gardener; and Cornelia said, "I am glad to know you"—which was true enough, for she had been timid on the subject of foreign men, and this one, her future landlord, was reassuring. He was of middle age, and sometimes his face would be puzzled, and sometimes it would

be amused, but always it was honest. His arms were hairy, and his large head set on a long neck. "Plenty gooda vegetable," said he. "You lika da minestrone?" He waved his arm with a gesture which seemed to sweep the whole garden into a pot, and offer it for her evening meal. Cornelia was to observe, as time passed, that Vincenzo Brini would never lose a chance to make a gesture; he would invent a whole pantomime to convey the meaning of a single word, and there was no trouble too great to be taken in these demonstrations.

"You lika da cipolla?" he inquired, pointing to another row.

"Onions?" inquired the other.

"You teacha da Eengleesh, I teach Italian." Brini grinned like a boy, and pointed to another row. "Ravanelli."

"Radishes," said Cornelia.

"Bietola," said Brini.

"Beets," said Cornelia.

This educational game went on until it was interrupted by the appearance of another man; a laborer arriving from his day's toil, with his coat over his sweat-stained arms, and a dinner-pail in his hand. Brini forgot his rows of vegetables and called, "Hello, Bart!" He added a torrent of words in Italian, evidently explaining the strange lady. "You meeta my frienda, Bart, he boarda by us, long time board."

The newcomer was a tall and somewhat stooped man; Cornelia was puzzled, because he seemed to be young, yet his face had many lines of care. He wore a brown mustache, which was left to nature, and drooped to a long point on each side of his mouth, giving him the appearance of a grave and amiable walrus. He was a dignified person, and did not indulge in the Brini fervors. "I pleased to meet you, lady," he said. "My Eengleesh ver' bad, I shame for heem."

"She teacha da Eengleesh!" put in Brini. "You teacha heem plenty, Miz' Cornella, he learna queeck, a bigga studént, got plenty book, read all time."

"Oh! Those must be your books under my bed!" said Cornelia.

"I taka heem out, lady," said the newcomer, at once, and started towards the house. Cornelia, with her woman's intuition, noted that this young laborer thought about others before he thought about himself.

"Fermati!" exclaimed Brini. "You no go in lady's room, you waita!" He grinned, and explained to Cornelia, "He no onderstand politess, he reada da book, molto studioso, all day. Getta da job, maka da little mon', give up job, reada book. He greata man, my frienda Bart—" and Brini's hairy arm went around the other's shoulders in a hug—"he gooda man—besta man—you ask all Italian in Plye-moot'—dey tella you—never soocho gooda man in all state Massachusett like my frienda Bartolomeo Vanzett'."

III

The family sat down to supper. It was not a big kitchen and they were crowded, with elbows touching: Papa Brini at the head of the table, Mamma at the foot, the three children on one side and Cornelia and her fellow-boarder on the other. She had been wondering what she would eat among these foreign people; she found a big bowl of salad with plenty of oil and vinegar, a chunk of parmigiano cheese, a loaf of bread in Italian fashion, shaped like a letter H, and finally a bottle of red wine, of which the children had a little and the women had one glass; the men were supposed to finish the rest. But she learned that Vanzetti would take no wine; out of the books he had got ideas about health and was a vegetarian most of the time. He explained to the new guest in his struggling English: "Poor people molto fortunato—how you say, lucky—no can buy richa food. You eata simple t'ing, you keepa da healt' all lifa long." After which ensued an argument with Papa Brini, who made it clear both by words and action that he looked upon the wine when it was any color whatever. He laughed gayly and explained to Cornelia the most elementary of Italian puns, "divino da vino."

It is customary in Italian gatherings for the women, and especially old women, to keep in the background; but these humble people were showing especial honor to their guest, including her in the conversation and making her feel at home. They had to struggle with strange words and call upon the children; and Cornelia was interested to observe these latter and their behavior. The oldest was about ten, small, dark-eyed, quiet and pretty; her name Lafevre, which they shortened to "Fay." She was going to public school, as was her brother Beltrando,

and it was curious how completely Americanized they were, with the quiet reserve of the New Englander and even the broad "a" and the murdered "r." Boston was having its way with them!

"Fay" served as the dictionary for their conversation; an abridged one, needless to say. She was teaching Vanzetti English, he explained, and he was teaching her Italian—that is the Tuscan dialect, the Italian of literature. The Brinis came from the neighborhood of Bologna and spoke the dialect of that region; Vanzetti spoke as a Piedmontese, but since he had begun to educate himself he had learned the classical language and wanted Fay to know it too. It would be a poor exchange for a child to acquire American newspapers and magazines and give up Dante.

Cornelia had come among these foreign people with no little trepidation. It was the common phrase among her social set that the Italians, or "wops," as they were called, "lived like pigs." She had been prepared for dirt, degeneracy, brutality, even crime. Would she be able to stand it? Would she be physically safe in the midst of it? And now she sat, nibbling a clean salad and good bread and butter and cheese, and sipping an acceptable claret, listening to an Italian ditch-digger, who had washed at least his hands and face and put on a clean dry shirt in her honor, and now was holding forth upon the subject of the "Divina Commedia"!

Cornelia stated that she had read the poem—in Longfellow's translation; and from that moment he and she were friends. "Oh, da greata poet, da greata man! You reada heem, you know Italia, you lova da people! He was frienda da people, Miz' Cornella, he was—what you say it—ribello." He turned to little Fay, but she did not know long words, and he had to explain a "ribello" by frowning and shaking his fist. "De reecha men drive heem out, he live long time esilio, he suffer, he speaka da trut'. I no read heem till I come America. I younga man, worka by cloobba New York—great reecha cloobba, I washa da deesh. And such filt' I see, it mak a you seek; you no eata da suppa if I tell it you what I see in soocha place. Beeg dining room, granda—marmoreo, how you say it? All reecha, much light, bigga men all dressa beeg shirt"—the speaker made signs to indicate an open shirt-front, and puffed himself out so that

Cornelia decided her son-in-law, Rupert Alvin, must have been to dinner in that "cloobba"!

"Evening dress," said she, helping him along.

"Joosta so—aristocratico, eccelso! And in pantry, in place for wash da deesh, soocha filt'! I gotta little room, alto, high up, povero. Come home, I moocha tired, go sleepa queeck. But I come by Italian book-store, I see Dante, ver' cheap for poor man. I say, greata poet, for shame I be sooch—what you say it—ignoranza. So I take heem home, I read, forgetta da sleep, forgetta da greata reecha cloob, da padrone maledirante—I live wit' da greata soul in olda time, I fighta da priest, clericali, I see heem in da hell—scusa me, lady—we say it in Italia more polito, l'inferno."

The speaker paused long enough to gulp a mouthful of bread and cheese; then he began again: "I say Fay, I say Trando, not forgetta greata poet of old country. You reada heem, you have greata soul, you be strong, never 'fraid, you bear it—what you say it—infortunio, calamita. I go by Italian book-store, I say, You give me ever'ting Dante, I read heem all. I reada book—not poem, how you say?"

"Prose?"

"'Il Convito.' That is, you sitta down for suppa, lika dis, but gooda suppa—plenty friend come—maka feast."

"The Banquet?" said Cornelia.

"So," said Vanzetti, and he recited a passage, and then, with many gestures, and mixing of Italian words with English, he conveyed to the Yankee lady what his great teacher had to say on the subject of riches. The widow of Josiah Quincy Thornwell, mother of three millionaires' wives, now learned upon authority of one of the world's great seers that it is the amassing of wealth which imperils and slays cities and nations; that riches do not come to the good man, because his mind is upon weightier matters; that the man of right appetite and true knowledge never loves them.

"You learn little bit," said Vanzetti, "I maka you onderstand heem Italian. No can make Eengleesh, spoil beautifool sound. You hear heem—listen, Miz' Cornella." He began to recite, lingering over every syllable, sounding all the vowels broad and long, as the Italians do:

*Per me si va nella città dolente;
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore.*

"He sadda man," said Vanzetti; "never soocha sorrowful man live on eart'. He call it l'inferno—lika you say American, 'hella,' but not for curse-word, Miz' Cornella, you know what da priesta teach, da place for punish badda men."

"I understand."

"But you no believe da priest, it is all same hella here, what badda men maka for poor man, killa da people in war. You reada Dante, you no t'ink l'inferno, you t'ink Italia, you t'ink America, here, now. So he say"—and the speaker repeated the verses, and painfully worked out their English equivalent:

*By me you go into da sadda city;
By me you go into da endless sorrow;
By me you go among da losta people.
Joostice it mov-èd him, my greata maker.*

It is a fact that much great poetry has been written in the dialects of the poor and humble; it is a fact that Dante's own dialect was that, until he made it a world-language. But Cornelia did not know this, and did not realize that the Italian ditch-digger was making good poetry of his own. She only knew that she was managing to understand what his teacher meant to him: "Perduta gente, Miz' Cornella—it is not people what have deny da priest and go hella, it is people what is poor and no got friend, go for be shot, and kill-èd in bigga war. Dat is perduta gente, losta people; for soocha people it maka me tears in da heart."

IV

The family was stirring early. Brini did an hour's work in the garden before he went to his job, and his friend Bart insisted upon helping. Mrs. Brini made the coffee and "frittata" for breakfast and would not let Cornelia help, but instead made her listen to good advice. "You no try be foreign woman, dey glad for have Yankee lady worka by cordage. You tella heem osband

die, you harda luck, musta get job. But you no be 'fraid, plenty coraggio, plenty odder job. You say got to have day work, no letta heem give nighta job. Wartime maka plenty job, you no be 'fraid."

Vanzetti was working for the cordage company, "—worka picka shov," was the way he phrased it; digging a ditch for a pipe-line they were laying. So he walked with Cornelia, and gave her more advice. "You have harda time, Miz' Cornella, olda lady, no giovane, molta affaticata—harda work. You go easy, no be scare of boss, he no die hungry if you no killa self for heem. You worka slow, taka time. You losa job, we help, no let gooda lady hungry."

So Cornelia went boldly into the employment office and looked the clerk in the eye and said, "I would like employment."

It was the first time she had offered herself for sale, and it was a new sensation to be looked over from the market point of view. "Ever worked at cordage?"

"No, sir."

"What have you done?"

"I taught school. Then I married. Now I am a widow, and must support myself."

"This work is pretty hard for an old lady."

"I'm not afraid of hard work. I'll take care of that. But I want a daytime job."

"You might do wrapping," said the clerk. He consulted a chart. "We have no vacancy, but we might move somebody on."

"Thank you," said Cornelia. "Arrange that, if you please." She was trying a little "psychology" on him, and it appeared to work. He asked her questions and entered her replies on a card; and presently she found herself in charge of a messenger, passing through the high steel gates.

It was a long walk to her destination; this greatest cordage plant in the world extended three-quarters of a mile along the bay-front, with a covered dock to which the ships came to unload their cargoes of sisal, and railroad tracks and switch-yards for the cars which carried away rope and binder twine. The roar of machinery was everywhere, and men hurrying about like busy ants. Cornelia stayed close to her guide, who knew his way through the labyrinth of labor, and would deliver her safely to her little niche.

The ceiling of the wrapping-room was low—no space was wasted. The coils of rope came through upon an endless platform and a row of women sat sewing burlap covers with long needles and hempen thread. Cornelia's escort spoke to the foreman, who took another woman off the job, gave her seat to Cornelia and showed her the work. She had to turn the coil of rope a certain distance, take up a threaded needle, turn in the edges of the burlap cover and sew a certain number of stitches; all this within a calculated time, before the motion of the platform took the coil of rope out of her reach and brought a new one to her.

It took an intelligent person above five minutes to learn all there was to the job; after that it was just the same motions over and over. At first it was agreeable; Cornelia's problem was solved, and she could take glimpses at the other women in the line and at the room and the machinery. But after an hour or two the unaccustomed muscles and nerves began to make protest; she was tired and her hands were trembling. The hempen thread was long and so was the motion of her arm; if you think it is not tiresome to wave your arm for several hours—try it! She began to feel dizzy, and the coil of rope which had at first moved normally, now seemed to be glued to the platform and refused to turn. She had no way to tell the time; she was at the mercy of this enormous machine which had run wild and forgotten the clock, and would go on until the row of arm-waving women were paralyzed!

But at last the siren sounded; and then Cornelia understood, without any sociological discussion, why it was that the workers leaped up in a flash and hurried outdoors. For herself, she did not move; all she wanted was to lie back against the wall and close her trembling eyelids and let her tired hands drop. She had brought lunch in a little box, but she did not want it; she only wanted to be still. She answered faintly the other women who sat near and expressed their sympathy. They knew how it was at first and sought to reassure her; it would be easier by and by, her fingers and back would get used to it. But she was an old lady, to be tackling a job like this.

Yes, Cornelia was old; she had never felt so old in her life before. She had been foolish to attempt such a thing; she might have known she couldn't see it through. But then she shut her

tired fists and clenched her teeth. She had made up her mind to get a job and stick to that job, whatever it turned out to be. Now this was it, and it was do or die. People in New England did things like that—strange, eccentric, and terrible things, because their consciences drove them to it, or just because they had said they would, and were too stubborn to change.

V

The siren sounded again and the great machine started to rumble. Cornelia picked up the threaded needle with her shaking fingers, and began making the motions against which her being rebelled. She saw her future stretching out to infinity; every morning from seven until twelve she would sit and make these motions; then she would rest an hour and make them again from one until six. And those ten hours would be ten hours, and no nonsense about them, no fine sentiment. Cornelia recalled her reason for selecting the Plymouth Cordage Company as her first employer. Old Mr. Perry—J. Lawrence Perry, a director of the company—was such a kindly old gentleman; she had heard him talk so much about the "welfare work" they were doing and what a beautiful plant it was and how happy and contented the workers were. It had sounded quite idyllic and Cornelia had swallowed it whole. Mr. Perry gave money to various charities, and also gave time to running them, and everybody admired him so. But now it came to Cornelia in a flash that she didn't care in the least what he did with the money he got by selling these coils of rope; what she wanted was for his machinery to stop for a few minutes! All the love and fine sentiment in the world didn't matter a particle, so long as you had to sit here ten hours out of twenty-four making the same motions over and over!

Nor did it matter that rope was clean and even romantic, having to do with ships! Cornelia had pleased herself by that vain imagining; but now she realized that she wasn't going to see any ships, nor have anything to do with the rope, except to take eighteen or twenty stitches around the edges. She wasn't going to know what became of the product after it left her fingers; she wasn't even going to know, except by hearsay, how it came to be what it was. The dear, gentle, white-haired old

Mr. Perry hadn't provided any system for escorting his employees through the plant and showing them the process. Each one went to his own appointed spot and was standing there when the siren blew and stayed there until it blew again five hours later. One job was the same as the next—except for one difference, the amount of money in the pay envelope when it was torn open. Some day Cornelia would point that out to dear old Mr. Perry and see the shocked look on his placid face. The idea gave her satisfaction, helping to drive from her consciousness the clamor of aching muscles and nerves.

When at last the siren blew again, one of the other women had to help Cornelia from her seat. She was the last to escape from the building, and the last to reach the gates. Brini and Vanzetti were waiting for her and they ran quickly and put their strong arms under her feeble, trembling ones—and what dear, good, honest, kind Italian laborers they seemed! They could read in her face how exhausted she was and they half carried her along the street. All the way, Vanzetti was murmuring, "Poor Miz' Cornella! Too harda job for olda lady! You no keep so harda job!"

And when they had got home and she said that she did not want any supper, but just to lie down on the bed, it was the disciple of Dante who brought her a glass of milk and forced her to drink it, whether or no. While he watched her, he said, "Miz' Cornella, you no go back for cordage jobba. You do little housework, you helpa da seeck little bit, no try mill work, you too olda lady, no usèd so harda work! I got little money in bank, I helpa you little bit, we all help, you get little job wit' Yankee family—"

But Cornelia said "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm not going to give up my place."

VI

Cornelia had hoped to find it easier the next day, but was disappointed. She slept badly and woke up with every muscle in her back and arms and fingers sore. It was a continual effort of the will to make these aching muscles do their work, and each hour of labor was a new ordeal. It was many days before these pains began to diminish and she paid for the effort by a

sensitiveness in the shoulders and back for the rest of her life. The doctors called it "articular rheumatism" and were satisfied when they had given it such an impressive name. The patient was expected to be equally satisfied with the achievement.

Cornelia ought to have been flattered by her social success in Suosso's Lane. Each morning she had two able-bodied men to escort her to work, and the same two and a small boy to bring her home in the evening. The whole family would baby her, putting her to bed, insisting upon bringing her supper, and refusing to let her do any sort of work. She could eat lying back on a pillow, and they could talk to her from the kitchen where they ate. They made a regular function of it, with no end of fun and laughter.

Why did they do it? Was it the innate kindness of the poor? Would any Italian family have done the same for an elderly woman who was in trouble? Cornelia hoped it was true; but she began to suspect that there were special factors in her case. She was a "Yankee lady" and these people knew themselves for "wops" to the rulers of a strange rich land. It must have been evident to them that this mysterious elderly person with the slight frame and soft muscles, the gentle voice and sensitive feelings had been used to a different kind of life. She had come out into the cold world at the age of sixty, alone and friendless, to fight her own way. And why? She told them she had been left a widow, and their imaginations had done the rest. She had been thrown into destitution; cruel relatives had deprived her of her inheritance! Some such simple and naïve story they had made up for her and so she stood for romance to them.

Vanzetti insisted upon heating a glass of milk hot for Cornelia because it was nice and soothing that way and easy for a tired lady to digest. Later, when he went outdoors, Mrs. Brini remarked, "He so kinda heart, no can let anybody hurt. One time we got baby cat—how you say, kitten—poor little kitten getta seeck. He molto seeck, my osband he say, no good for suffer, he sure die, I keela heem. So he taka kitten by neck, for go outside and hitta heem on head. And Bart, he near go crazy. 'No, by Godda, you no keela kitten?' 'Buttalo giu!' say my man. 'What you t'ink, I gotta time for seecka kitten all time?' 'You giva heem me, I got plenty time,' say Bart, and he taka da kitten, he maka little box, he put heem in wit' grass for soft, he

maka heem bed, and joosta soon he come homa night, he feeda da kitten wit' warm milk."

Cornelia laughed. "So that is where he learned it! I am his sick kitten!" And when Vanzetti came back, she called herself that and it gave great glee to Fay and Trando, who told her the Italian word, "gattina," and it would have become her nickname, only their mother made them stop because it was not dignified.

To help them out, Cornelia told them that at home she had gone by the name of "Grannie," and they told her the Italian equivalent, which was "Nonna," and began to call her that. Everybody had nicknames in this family and wanted Cornelia to call them by these, so that she would really belong. Alfonsina Brini was "Cicadet," the meaning of which was not clear. The youngest child was called "Dolly," because of the rag-doll she was never without. Vanzetti had a special name for Beltrando, a high-strung little fellow, who frequently did not get along with the boys outside; he would come in crying, and Vanzetti, to tease him out of it, would call him "Magoon," the Bolognese word for "sorry."

Papa Brini did not understand his sensitive child very well, so the boarder had taken over the task of his moral guidance; Vanzetti would sometimes romp with him and sometimes scold him, and sometimes explain life to him in serious discourses. The boy adored him and would follow him about, watching his every move. Vanzetti liked to go for long walks after his supper, to lose himself in thought; when it was stormy, he would walk back and forth in the kitchen, four steps of his long legs one way, and then four steps the other, completely oblivious to everything in the house. Perhaps because of the shortness of the space he would now and then take little steps, as if he were dancing; and Trando would follow behind him, back and forth, doing his best to reproduce each motion. The others would smile, but Vanzetti never seemed to know about it. What was he thinking at these times? What were the guiding ideas of this unusual Italian ditch-digger?

VII

One evening Cornelia sat on the steps of the porch, drinking in the soft breeze, watching the fire-flies and listening to the

crickets. In the garden of the next house a woman was working and she came to the fence and said, with a substantial Irish brogue, "Good evenin', mum."

"Good evening," said Cornelia, politely; then to her surprise the woman said, "Would ye come over here, mum? I have somethin' to say." So Cornelia moved her stiff joints and limped over to the fence. "My name is Mrs. O'Dowd," said the neighbor, and Cornelia said, "I am Mrs. Cornell."

"Pleased to meet ye, Mrs. Cornell." She lowered her voice as she went on: "I have been watchin', and 'tis evident to me yez are an American lady, and perhaps ye do not know these Eyetalians. So, no offense, but I thought it might be good to give a bit of warnin'."

"Of what, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"Likely ye did not know these Brinis before ye come to board with them—is that so?"

"Yes, it is."

"Sure, and I knowed it; says I to me man, 'She's picked them up on the street or somethin'.'"

"I met the little boy on the street."

"Sure I was of it. 'Tis a good lad he is, I've nothin' agin him, barrin' that now and then his ball will bounce into me garden. Well, Mrs. Cornell, ye'd ought to know that ye have fell into a bunch of dangerous people—the worst there is in this town or many another—arnychists, the lot of them."

"Arnychists?" said Cornelia, puzzled.

"The very bad kind, mum, the Eyetalian kind, the murderin' and bomb-throwin' arnychists."

"Oh, Mrs. O'Dowd! You really think they do that?"

"I've never saw them do it, mum, but 'tis what the neighbors say, and the priest he is forever preachin' agin them, warnin' us that we shall not speak to them for any reason. For, ye see, 'tis not only the bombs, but 'tis atheists they are; they do not go to any church at all, mum, and their childer have never been baptized, they are lost souls the lot of them."

"Lost souls," said Cornelia, "how terrible!" And in the back of her consciousness was an echo of a melodious phrase—"Per me si va tra la perduta gente!"

"Mrs. O'Dowd," she said, "you surprise me. They have been so kind to me!"

"Yes, mum, but a lot of us would be that if we had a chance. 'Tis easy to know a lady when ye see one, and when she's in trouble, and tryin' to make her own way, 'twould be no great thing to give her a helpin' hand. But we would do it in the Blessed Name, mum, so it would count for somethin'."

"Well, I thank you very much," said Cornelia. "I am glad to know, of course."

"I hope ye will not say that 'twas me that told about it, because I have childer of me own, and I'd not like to find meself blown out of bed by no bombs."

"I'll surely not mention it," said Cornelia. "I'll need time to think what to do. It may be the kindest thing would be for me to stay with them and help convert them from their bad ways."

"'Twould be a blessin' for fair," said Mrs. O'Dowd, "for 'tis a sore disgrace to Suosso's Lane to be havin' such a family in it. But be careful, mum, while ye argue, for ye might be the one to be converted yeself."

"Are they as dangerous as all that?"

"Well, Mrs. Cornell, 'tis somethin' I do not know of meself, because I don't know a word of their lingo and never hope to. But Father O'Brien says they have the divil in their hearts, and that makes them hard to deal with, so ye had best take warnin' and be careful."

"I will, Mrs. O'Dowd, and you may pray for me if you don't mind." So Cornelia went back to her seat on the porch.

After a while she went inside, and there was Brini, with a twinkle in his eyes and a wide grin on his good-natured face. "You talka wit' Miz' O'Dowda—what she tella you? She say, no live wit' anarchista, badda people, maka di bombe, t'rowa heem in da church"—and Brini made a violent upward motion with his hands—"blow uppa da Sancta Trinità and Benedetta Vergine!" Then he lowered his voice to a whisper. "Molto secreto—no tella heem—he putta di bombe nella mia casa, he blow bambini alla hella!"

Seeing from the expression of Cornelia's face that his guess was correct, Brini burst into uproarious laughter. "Ho, ho, ho! You tella Miz' O'Dowda, Vanzett' he moocha badda man—diavolo—furfante—maka di bombe, molte bombe, sicuramente! Bombe di zucchero"—and Brini made motions of sucking his fingers and finding delight in the sweet taste—"bombe di pis-

tachio—di crema—bombi di gelati—What you say it?—ice crema—di pasticceria—in Italia he what you call pastry-cook—granda gooda pastry-cook!"

VIII

The end of the week came; and very surely Cornelia did not fail to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. It was a day of rest—and for remembering the old hymn about every day being Sunday by-and-by.

But then came Vanzetti. "Very gooda day, beautifool sunshine, Miz' Cornella. You come wit' me, see somet'ing molta bella."

"I'm too tired to walk, I'm afraid."

"No walka far—little way, I help. Show bella campagna, maka happy, gooda sentimento. You come, I carry."

At the foot of Suosso's Lane was a round knoll, blocking the view; Castle Hill, it was called, and beyond it, Cornelia realized, must lie the bay. They stooped under a fence and there was a little path and Vanzetti put his strong arm under her weak one and half lifted her up the slope. Bushes and a few pine trees grew upon it, but not enough to interfere with the view when you got over the rise. "Oh, lovely!" she exclaimed, and Vanzetti was delighted. "Shoore, moocha pretty!"

The bay was sparkling blue in bright sunshine; bounded by a long sand-spit, and a couple of rocky islands. In the distance ran the low misty line of Cape Cod and close at hand on both sides was the town, white-painted houses in a setting of green. One shore-line was occupied by the long brick buildings of the cordage plant, with tall chimneys out-towering the hill. Cornelia did not care for that, so they seated themselves on the other side, facing the monuments of Plymouth.

"Somewhere on that shore is Plymouth Rock," said she.

"I show you!" said Vanzetti, and pointed out the landmarks. "I worka one time by heem, bringa feesh from boat. Plenty people come for see all time. He looka same like any rock."

"You know what happened there?"

"Shoore, I read in schoola-book, Fay got heem. People come in ship for liva here, maka state Massachusett."

"That was nearly three hundred years ago; not so long ago as your Dante, but it seems long to us."

"Plenty long for make istoria," said Vanzetti. "Sometime I t'ink it mistake for teach istoria. People study tempo passato, make conservativo, timido—you onderstand?"

"Yes; but it depends on how you study it. The Pilgrim fathers were really quite wonderful. They came in little boats—so little you could hardly believe it. Perhaps you've seen the bones of that old boat in Pilgrim Hall."

"Shoore, I see ever't'ing."

"There was nothing here but a wilderness, full of wild Indians, savages. A stern and rock-bound coast, the poet described it; and winter coming, they had to hurry and build huts for shelter. They had poor food—only what little grain they had brought and the game they could kill, and the fish. That first winter was frightful, half of them died; yet they stayed on—when the next ship came, the following summer, not one of the survivors would go back to England. That showed the kind of people they were."

"Shoore," said Vanzetti, "greata people—ribelli—fighta priest, fighta king—come for joostice, come for liberty. But get liberty for self, no give for odder. I say liberty for all."

"Of course," replied Cornelia; "but that is not so easy. How can everybody have liberty, when maybe there are some who won't play fair?"

"Is no soocha people, signora."

"You don't think there are bad people?"

"Some badda, sure, seecka people, must helpa soocha people, teach, put in—what you say—ospedale, 'ospital for seecka men. But mosta people be good, wanta joostice, you give heem chance. No, no, Miz' Cornella—" the speaker became eager, the Italian in him came to life, he began to make gestures and raise his voice—"what is trouble wit' people is not badda heart, it is badda teach', badda sistema—it is power, it is go-vernment"—he accented this word on the second syllable. "It is priesta, king, capitalista, padrone—taka men, maka fight, maka war for profit."

"You think that explains the war in Europe?"

"No t'ink—I know, signora. I live Europe, I see come dissa war, I come America for evitare—how you say—get away. It is war for padrone, for master—for bigga capitalista!"

"You don't think the people's hearts are in it?"

"Shoore, some—but why? Is it not teach in school? Who maka da school? Who maka giornale, da newspaper? Always padrone, he teacha da war, he wanta da profit, he maka da people for slave, for machine—what he care for worker life? What he care for poor lady here by cordage? You liv'a wit' worker, you see heem! You t'inka for self, you reada book I geeva you!"

And suddenly Cornelia remembered Mrs. O'Dowd and her warning! "Be careful, mum, while ye argue, for ye might be the one to be converted yeself."

IX

White sail-boats dotted the bay in front of them, and majestic clouds sailed overhead, making slow sweeping shadows on the water. Church-bells sounded and little birds sang in the trees about them and wild flowers bloomed; so much peace and beauty—yet Cornelia had to remember that men were slaughtering one another by the thousands, using hideous machines they had spent years in building and generations in learning to build. She closed her eyes and whispered, "Let's be happy for a few minutes!"

The controversy died out of the other's voice. "I know, signora! I say, be happy, I no t'ink war no more, no t'ink rivoluzione, politica laida! I go picka flower. Soocha sweet flower grow here—you know heem? Màflower—it is not only ship, it is flower. I learn time of year, I looka for heem. I taka Fay, Trando, odder piccoli, go looka flower, getta moocha bigga—what you say—gobba—bunch. I taka heem home, give Alfonsina, she happy, make home so nice, pretty. I say, get gooda book—roman—what you say, lova story—reada nice, be happy. I come here, Sunday morning, quiet, church-bell—gooda place for read, nobody here. I come holiday, all day; sometime I got no job—no needa so moocha work, so moocha money, no got family—I what you say lonely man. Alla right, I reada book, look outa for self. I healt'y man, stronga man, plenty time, gooda life—I laugha, say, war no get America—I no care Italian, let heem look outa for self. You onderstand?"

"I understand. Most men take it that way."

"I say, No be crazy, Vanzett', you no maka da world, no

can changa heem. I say, You no maka da war, Vanzett', you no stoppa heem. But Miz' Cornella, no can t'ink, no can forget. T'ink alla time fossi—what you say it—digga place in ground for fight war."

"Trenches?"

"Joosta so, I see alla time trench, see men killa brodder, see men die orribile, wounda, scream, agonia. I say, Vanzett', you no do somet'ing, you traditore, you—how you say, betray somet'ing?"

"Traitor."

"Trait'! I say, Vanzett', you no be trait', you speaka da trut', you maka da protest, da propagand', you getta da meeting, you calla da men, getta da speaker. No can speak self, Miz' Cornella, joosta lavorante, workman, molta ignoranza, povero. But we got speaker for denounca da war, Italian speaker, he come—Galleani—you know heem?"

"I never heard of him."

"All Italian man know heem—olda man, granda man, he speaka for poor man, maka da propagand'. One time I helpa heem for speech in Plye-moot'. He come, bigga meeting, molto popolo. My boss—I worka for contractor—he no like, he say 'Abbastanza for anarchista propaganda, no more jobba for you, getta da hell!' So I looka for new job, but I feela moocha good, I helpa da cause."

"What is it you expect to do?"

"Teacha da people! Maka heem no fighta da war, no fighta for padrone, for capitalista! Say people, fight real nemico, fighta capitalista! He maka war for heemself, for hees money, bigga money—allla right, let heem fighta hees war, workman no fighta hees war, giammai, never! When capitalista no can maka fight workmen, so queeck you see stoppa da war, signora, is it not so?"

"I don't know," said Cornelia, sadly. "Sometimes I think men like to hate, they get a thrill out of it. The capitalists send their own sons to the war and they get killed, a lot of them."

"And de women—you t'ink dey lika war?"

"Some of them do—they cheer for it, and hate—even worse than the fighting men. There are women in Boston who want to get America in this war the worst kind of way."

"It is propagand', Miz' Cornella—capitalista propagand'.

Why for could we not live happy in dis bigga countree—why for moosta we go fight odder countree? You go Italia, you hear say, countree too moocha people, moosta have rooma, more land, taka from odder people. You t'ink, too moocha people, too moocha bambini—allla righta, no hava so many bambini—what you say it, baby. Scusa me, signora, you olda lady, I talka plain for you—you know what I mean, no have so moocha baby?"

"We call it birth control," said Cornelia, smiling.

"Shoore, birt' control, alla right. Now, you say birt' control Italian woman, no have so moocha baby. Butta come priesta, he say, diavolo, inferno, moosta have baby, you no have baby you go to hell! He no letta you teacha da people, he driva you out, putta jail, maka propagand', calla name, scare people, no listen. For why? Priesta say he talka for God. God, he say moosta have baby, maka beega popolazione! Den God he say, no got rooma for popolazione, moosta taka land, moosta maka war! You understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Sooch imbecillità! Follia! Moosta have war for maka room, moosta have baby for filla room! More war for maka more room for more baby! E la donna, woman, what for is woman? Animal for maka more baby for war-man, militarista, kill. Keepa da woman for slave, for ignoranza, for priesta, for superstizione—for maka da plenty baby for soldier! Soocha countree is Europe, signora, and soocha like America if capitalista have way. But anarchista say, No have way! Anarchista say, No die for soldier, fighta for worker, for self! Anarchista say to woman, Stand up, no be fraid da priesta, he no can hurt! Is no soocha god lika priesta preach, is gooda God, lova da people, lova da baby, no wanta heem kill-èd in war! Is it not trut', signora? Is it not joostice?"

And Cornelia realized how wise had been the warning of Mrs. O'Dowd, concerning the subtlety of the devil, and the perils of entering into contest with him! For here the devil was managing to present what appeared to Cornelia a quite reasonable argument; nor did his propagandist appear at all devilish, but rather a dreamer of dreams, so simple of mind as to have no conception of the odds against him, the forces of

colossal cruelty that would sweep him away as a leaf before a hurricane.

X

Time passed, and Cornelia became a completely established member of the Brini family; also a completely disciplined worker for the Plymouth Cordage Company. Now and then she lifted her eyes from the task of needle and thread and got to know the people about her—their faces, their names, their nationalities and modes of speech. She would chat with them during the noon hour and hear the gossip of their lives, the hopes which moved them and the fears which held them back.

Also she became aware of the plant, the gigantic complex of labor which surrounded her. She learned the names of different buildings and picked up an idea of what went on inside them; the "hackling," the "cleaning," the making of the "sliver," the spinning of the yarn, the "forming" and "laying" of rope. Technical terms began to take on the shadow of a meaning; she got glimpses through door ways of "spinning-rooms" with hundreds of "flyers," as far as the eye could see down a vista, and of powerful "laying-machines" which took a hundred threads of yarn and wrought them into a heavy four-strand rope at a single process. Little by little there soaked into her mind a realization of the technical complexity of an industry whereby trainloads of hemp from the Philippines and shiploads of sisal from Yucatan evolved into cordage of every size from wrapping and binder-twine to towing-lines and sixteen-inch cables for battleships.

The human cogs who made up this machine were—at least in the lower ranks with Cornelia—very slow of wit; they labored under a load of handicaps—poverty, ignorance, a foreign language, new and bewildering customs. There were agencies supposed to lift them up, such as public schools and night schools, but it seemed to Cornelia these were countered by forces far stronger, interested to hold them down. Landlords and loan-sharks, peddlers of shoddy goods, fake patent medicines and adulterated foods, smooth-tongued agents inducing them to put their savings into non-existent gold-mines and oil-wells—there were few among these workers who managed to escape such plunderers.

And chief among the agencies of exploitation was, of course, the great rich concern under the administration of the benevolent Mr. J. Lawrence Perry. The company owned most of the houses in which the workers had to live; it owned most of the land about, and was, of course, not entirely without influence upon the government of the town. It paid six dollars a week to its unskilled women workers and nine to the men, and manifestly a family could not be supported on such a wage; the tacit assumption was that the women of the family would work, and the children as soon as they could pretend to be old enough. The home would be kept by the old people and the young children and the invalids and cripples. It would not be a well-kept home, nor very attractive; and the ladies and gentlemen whose incomes came from cordage stocks and bonds would remark, some with pity, some with contempt, "Dagos, wops, hunkies—they live like pigs!"

XI

Now something more than ordinarily maleficent was befalling these humble wage-workers. It was happening all over the world, but they did not know that—they only knew Plymouth. The cost of everything they bought was going up day by day. Because of the war in Europe, the allied nations were borrowing money in America, and spending it for American goods. Exactly as Josiah Quincy Thornwell had foretold on the night of his death, it was making enormous and incredible prosperity for American manufacturers and stock-speculators; but also it was making higher and higher prices for the poor. And there was no corresponding increase in the wage, so close to the border-line of want; there was no authority charged with the task of calculating living costs, and adjusting earnings to them. The great industries which owned and rented tenements to their workers would raise the rents a dollar or two a month and tell the tenants that this was necessary; but they would overlook what might be necessary to the tenants.

The cordage-workers were slow of wit, yet they did know whether they had any money in their pocket-books at the end of the week. Pay-day was Thursday and when the money ran out on Tuesday night instead of Wednesday night they grum-

bled to one another and speculated about it; and gradually an understanding spread, a kind of crude mass-consciousness, a thing as it were separate from the individual minds, with a life of its own. These workers were entirely unorganized; cordage was one of the "open shop" industries, having the sacred "American plan" in its full and ideal perfection. The fact that the workers had no way to voice a grievance was a matter without significance, because in a land so great and prosperous it was impossible for a grievance to arise. Any one who went to the foreman and complained was obviously a "sorehead," and the foreman would tell him to take his troubles somewhere else. That would be the end of him for the cordage industry; whatever skill he might have acquired he could throw into Plymouth Bay.

Cornelia knew little about labor matters, but the elementary thought came to her that these ill-paid workers ought to have a union. She said it to the Brini family and greatly to her surprise discovered that her words gave distress to Vanzetti. "No say sooch a t'ing!" he cried. "Organizazione is trappa for worker, make heem slave! Union is joosta same as go-vernment! Bigga, reech offeesh', putta feet on desk, smoka bigga cigar, tella worker go hella!"

Now Cornelia knew that Vanzetti had helped to unload fish and in her efforts to understand his torrent of words she had a vision of a "feesh" which had feet and put them on desks and smoked cigars. She asked an explanation, and the family burst into laughter and with Fay's help it was made clear that Bart was talking about not "a feesh," but "offeesh," the officials of labor unions. There were hordes of them in New England and they paid themselves good salaries and did nothing for the workers, so Vanzetti declared; therefore the workers not yet organized must be saved from their snares.

"But then what are you going to do?" asked Cornelia, greatly perplexed.

"Moosta teacha worker—t'ink for self—no need offeesh' t'ink for heem. Can all stand togedder, all lika one, but no offeesh', no salary, no graft."

Cornelia had thought that a labor union was an elementary idea, upon which every kind of radical would agree. She asked and it was explained to her, with the translation of long words,

that Vanzetti's kind of anarchists did not permit organization. There were other kinds, who called themselves "comunisti anarchici," and would support revolutionary unions like the I. W. W., and even back the old-line unions in time of strikes. But Vanzetti called himself "anarchico individualista," and would have no kind of organization, except a purely temporary kind to manage a strike—a "comity," as he pronounced it, to represent the strikers, and not be paid any salary, and be changed at any time the strikers saw fit.

Moreover, it was apparent that he was distressed because his friend, whose education he had taken so earnestly in hand, was dallying with the evil thought of a union. "Who talka soocha t'ing wit' you?" he demanded; and when she assured him that the notion had come of itself, he was not comforted. Cornelia laughed—it seemed to her deliciously funny; she told him he was just like "Mrs. O'Dowda," afraid she might imperil her soul by taking up with dangerous new ideas!

Censorship of course exercised upon Cornelia's mind its customary effect of awakening curiosity. She pressed her teacher for more facts, and so learned of the existence of obnoxious characters known as "riformistas"; persons who believed it possible to improve the present social system, or to change it little by little. This kind of thinking was a trap for the wage-slaves, because it led them into politics. "Politica ẽ un perditempo!" declared Vanzetti, and the way he said the word and the expression on his face made clear that it was something very bad. "Riformista is traditore," he went on, and repeated the English word which Cornelia had taught him, "Riformista is trait'!"

"Traitor," corrected Cornelia, and Vanzetti said, "Shoore, trait.' He is trait', because he get elect' butta no do notting, he is offeesh', he got salary, he liva by graft, he maka da promessi, he tella da bigga lie, he keepa da capitalismo. No, no, mia frienda, have notting do wit' riformista, wit' socialista, he is giallo—how you say it, color of flower—not red, not blue, what you call heem, golden-rod—yes, yellow! Socialista is yellow, he is badda frienda for worker."

XII

Soon afterwards Cornelia made actual contact with one of these dangerous characters. On Saturday evening there came a

caller: a short, solidly-built young Italian, marble-cutter by trade, introduced as "Compagno" Culla. He had come to see the two men upon a matter of business and they discussed it in their own language, while Cornelia and Alfonsina sat placidly sewing. Cornelia caught several times the word "picanic," but did not realize that this was an English word, until Mrs. Brini whispered that this Culla was one of the socialistas of Plyemoot', and that they were getting up a picanic. Cornelia saw that the talk was becoming more and more animated; the three men were gesticulating and raising their voices, and presently she heard a familiar word, that wicked word "riformista." Vanzetti pronounced it in a tone of scorn and lest Compagno Culla should fail to understand to whom it was applied, the speaker pointed at him, and exclaimed, "Riformista e giallo e traditore—"

Now Compagno Culla had a newspaper in his hand, partly opened; he lifted it and with sudden vehemence hurled it to the floor. In the course of the journey it came all the way open and made a great racket. "Eh via, puh!" he exclaimed. "Parlate sfacciatamente!"

Whereupon Vanzetti started to his feet, with a sweep of his arms embracing the surrounding atmosphere. "Riformista e traditore!" he shouted.

"Diffamazione!" protested Compagno Culla.

"Traditore di lavoratori!" persisted Vanzetti. They began pouring out two torrents of vehement Italian, which met in the middle and formed a whirlpool of words, with four waving arms in the vortex thereof. The arms were coming nearer and nearer and must inevitably have met, had not Brini stepped between, shouting louder than both the orators put together. At the same time Mrs. Brini sprang up and caught Vanzetti by the sleeve, saying something which contained the word "Nonna!" Cornelia had got out of her chair with a frightened look on her face—not being used to Mediterranean methods of conducting political discussion. Vanzetti glanced at her and then turned sharply on his heel and walked into the kitchen; while Brini and Culla exchanged a few laughing words and the latter went away.

Vanzetti came back and sat down, looking not a little embarrassed. "I shame-èd for bad temper, Nonna," said he—he

was calling her now by the children's pet name, and she was calling him Bart. "I try for not getta so angree, but riformista is soocha badda fellow."

He explained what it was that Compagno Culla had wanted—the list of names of the anarchists of the vicinity, so that they could be invited to the socialista picanic. Some time ago the anarchists had given a picanic with an anarchista speaker and all the socialistas had been invited and many of them had come; now they thought the favor ought to be reciprocated—quite overlooking the difference in the situation. For the socialistas, being riformistas and gialli, were let alone by the polizia; but the anarchists, being real and true rivoluzionarii, were always fearing trouble with the polizia and naturally could not give the names of their friends and supporters to any gialli riformisti. So now Compagno Culla was angry and thought his party was not getting a square deal.

The discussion that followed brought out a further point—that the socialistas of Plymouth had a great advantage over the anarchists, because they believed in organizations and had a good and lively one, with perhaps fifty members; whereas the anarchists, not believing in organizations, had a weak one, in fact little more than a list of names. Therefore the socialistas could do things which the anarchists could not do, they were distributing their literature regularly every week and seducing members away from the anarchists. Vanzetti said this without seeing anything humorous in it and was perplexed when Cornelia began to tease him, suggesting that it sounded like an admission that organization was sometimes useful. Her teacher would laugh and joke about all other matters except his doctrine; that was sacred, that was a way of escape from slavery, war and horror for the workers, and about it he was fanatical, implacable—he who was so gentle and soft-hearted in all other relations of life!

That was a Saturday evening; and next morning Cornelia and her teacher went for a walk in the woods and coming out met a group of four children who had been gathering flowers. Each had a bunch which they offered for sale—two cents apiece. Vanzetti bought all four and the children went off happy. Then he said, "Too many flower, I giva you one bunch, taka one for Cicadet, no wanta more." He threw two bunches into

the bushes. "Why did you buy them all?" asked Cornelia, interested in his reaction; and he was a little shocked by her lack of perception. "No could buy joosta two, make odder children onhappy, dey worka so hard, da money is like so moocha more for dem."

XIII

The bright days of summer passed quickly, and the bracing days of autumn, and then came the first threats of winter. It is nothing to joke about on this stern and rock-bound coast, where icy gales blow in from the ocean and snow piles up and blocks the streets, and the temperature goes to considerably below zero. Cornelia found that she had to take every cent of her savings to buy herself a warm coat, and then it was not so warm; she learned to live in it all day while she worked in the factory, a good part of the time in the home, and at night she made it into a bed-cover.

There came days when the trip to her work and back again were infernal experiences, recalling those regions of Dante where the lost souls are frozen solid in ice. But in the great poet's story it is possible to see the damned, while here they stumbled through pitch darkness, at half past six in the morning and the same hour in the evening. Cornelia would get her coat buttoned tight over a sweater and the family would pin her shawl fast over her head and ears, leaving just a peep-hole for the eyes and nose. Then with her hands in mittens, and these tucked under the shawl, she would start the long journey, with Brini's big hand grasping her under the arm. They would go staggering through snow-drifts, sliding on the ice and packed sleet; her hands would be half frozen, yet she would have to jerk them out to catch Brini and keep from breaking her bones. The pitiless winds would howl and buffet her and stab through her flimsy garments: the whirling snow would blind her—yet there was not much danger of getting lost, there being a stream of bundled figures plodding to the same goal. It was January of 1916, and out across the storm-lashed ocean the ships were being sunk, so there must be more cordage to keep the world at war. Any woman who failed to complete the journey twelve times per week would not have her pay-envelope with the six

dollars on Thursday night; and how then would she pay for food and bed and shawls and coats and mittens and rubber shoes and cough medicines and dentistry and surgical operations and opera-tickets?

Cornelia was changing not merely her ideas but her appearance and personal habits. She no longer took a bath every morning before she dressed. Getting up at a quarter before six, by the light of an oil-lamp and in rooms where she could see her breath, she found that her one thought was to get into the warmest clothes she had, and as many of them as possible; her second thought was to get two cups of the hot boiled chicory which serves for coffee in the homes of the poor. Thereafter she had no impulse to take off her clothes until she got into bed—and not all of them then, because her bed-covers were made of cotton, and even with all her clothing piled on top there were nights when she could not sleep for the cold. And now and then she would remember the formula she had heard the prosperous ladies repeat—that at least the poor might keep clean!

Another principle of hygiene which had been taught to her was plenty of fresh air at night. It was easy for the doctors to say it, sleeping in rooms with heat, and layers of woollen blankets and eider-down quilts. But now Cornelia adopted the custom of the poor, to seal up windows at the beginning of winter and breathe such air as happened to get into the house. If this, combined with a poor diet, brought tuberculosis, it would be called the will of God. In Cornelia's case it would be the stubbornness of a woman who had made up her mind and would not admit defeat. She had signed a declaration of independence—and here was her Valley Forge!

The cordage workers lived in their dark holes, forgotten by the world except on rent day. They grumbled and complained, because the cost of living kept on going up and in winter it was so much worse—there were no gardens with fresh vegetables, nor trees with apples and pears on them, nor berries which the children could gather in the woods. Now everything had to be bought in stores and the housewives picked over the meager supplies; and when they could no longer make ends meet, what were they to do?

Some voiced their complaints to their bosses and were told to go elsewhere; and every time that happened the pot of anger

boiled faster. Brini and Vanzetti came home at night, voluble and gesticulating; sometimes they would hurry off after supper—"meeting by Giuseppi," they would say, or whatever name it might be. Several times Cornelia went to such meetings, and a mass of people packed themselves into a little parlor, with overflow into the kitchen, and complained and argued and gesticulated for an hour or two. Such was Vanzetti's solution of the labor problem, the workers to gather in little groups—"gruppi autonomi," was his phrase; each of these gruppi would decide what it wanted and appoint a representative to meet with others from the Portuguese, the French-Canadians, the Germans, the Irish.

The believers in politics and organization, the socialistas, held a meeting in a hall, with more than a thousand workers, and a speaker in English, one in Italian and one in Portuguese; those who did not understand any of these languages understood the excitement of the rest. Also came the I. W. W. with their speakers, and their program of "direct action," the taking over of the industries by the "one big union." They were strong among these New England mill-workers, having the prestige of a great victory in the woollen mills of Lawrence three or four years ago.

And of course that stirred Vanzetti and his anarchists. They too must have a meeting and summon their leader, Galleani, to point out to the workers the dangers of organization, and how it was possible to win freedom from both capitalists and labor union "offeesh'." There was a gathering of the "gruppo autonomo di Plyemoot'," and money was subscribed to pay for the hall and for what Vanzetti called the "expensit." He contributed ten dollars himself, and explained to Cornelia that his share was greater for the reason that he was a "lonely man."

XIV

That was a Tuesday night; and next day, preceding pay-day, there appeared mysteriously at the cordage plant a force of two hundred and fifty "private police" to guard the property. Where did they come from, this hired army of capitalism, and where were they kept when they were not working? Did they

travel about the country, putting down labor troubles? Had the masters got trouble so systematized that they could count upon a regular supply of it to keep this army at work? Nobody knew; but here they were, big husky fellows, bundled in overcoats and arctics and fur-topped gloves, with clubs in their hands and revolvers in holsters at their belts—in plain sight, where nobody could miss their meaning. They paced before the gates and the doors of buildings, and to make them comfortable when they were off duty the town's most fashionable summer hotel sprang into activity.

The various "gruppi" had agreed upon their demands, eight dollars a week for unskilled women and twelve for the men. They appointed a committee to present the demands to the company, and the meeting took place, and the company explained that such an increase, twenty-five percent, would bankrupt it, and then no one would have any job. The company offered a raise of five percent, and the committee rejected this; there were more meetings, and crowds of people standing about stamping their feet in the snow, and the guards commanding them to move on, and getting surly answers. There were workers who said that if the company would pay the cost of these guards in wages it would help quite a little; they were even ungrateful enough to suggest that old Mr. Perry's "welfare work" be stopped, so that the people could have the money for food.

As usual, this big magazine was fired by a little spark. On Thursday morning, pay-day, one of the men in number three spinning-room got into a dispute with his foreman; the foreman told him to take his coat and hat and get out, and instead of obeying, the man turned and started yelling to his comrades. The foreman took him by the shoulder to put him out, and others came rushing to his help, and there was a tumult, and above it rose the word, "Strike!" It spread like wildfire down the long spinning-room; what had been at one moment an industry became in the next a mob. "Sciopero!" yelled the Italians. "Folga!" echoed the Portuguese. "Grève!" shrieked the French-Canadians. "Streik!" bellowed the Germans. And "Strike! Strike! Strike!" roared Americans and English and Irish and Welsh, and all others who had learned the word. A hundred Paul Reveres set out in every direction, spreading

the wildfire from room to room. The openers of the bales threw down their knives, and the feeders turned from the "breakers," and the spinners deserted their "flyers," and the engineers shut off the power, and the wheels stopped turning, and two thousand workers grabbed their clothing and tumbled outside, pouring into a few minutes' clamor the pent-up anger and misery of many silent years.

The storm reached Cornelia's wrapping-room, and the women had to quit whether they wanted to or not, because the platform stopped moving. She got her things and streamed out with the rest. The crowds were milling about, the frightened guards shouting, "Move along, keep moving there!" In various places impromptu meetings started, and the stream would be blocked. Cornelia saw a man leap upon the corner of a loading platform—a man in a worn blue "reefer," with a storm hat pulled over his ears, and a pair of brown walrus mustaches hiding half his face. "*Compagni! Lavoratori! L'ora della riscossa è scoccata! Essa darà la libertà agli oppressi*"—whereupon another man climbed upon the platform and gave the orator a shove which sent him flying. "Get out, you blankety-blank, and don't show your face in here again!" And the company detective sought out one of the foremen, inquiring, "Who is that wop they call Bart—the one with long mustaches like a walrus? We'll have to keep our eye on him, he's one of the trouble-makers."

CHAPTER III

DAGO RED

I

SNOW in the air, whirled here and there by unpurposed winds; snow on the ground, thrown back from sidewalks and turning them into trenches. Guards and policemen, pacing in front of the cordage company gates, making long puffs of steam as they breathed; and workers, huddled on the other side of the road, stamping their feet and dancing about, blowing on their fingers or tucking them under their arms. Sky lowering and light dim—it seemed a good time to be indoors, yet nobody went. In leather arm-chairs in the Union Club of Boston were comfortable old gentlemen who had agreed to pay the guards five dollars a day and board at the hotel, to stand in the cold and drive strikers back from the gates; while the strikers had the hope that by standing in sufficient numbers and with sufficient menace they might get a dollar more in their pay envelopes every Thursday; also the certainty that if they gave up and went away, some yet hungrier wretches would sneak in and take their jobs. So the two groups confronted each other, the living presence of the class struggle. “Get back there! Move along now!” “What’s the matter? Ain’t I got a right to walk on the street?” So it went, the ceaseless wrangling of the picket-line; the most perfect of all civilizations engaged in dividing the product of its industry.

Two thousand had gone out, men and women, a huddled mass, speaking a dozen different languages, and without guidance. Whoever had an impulse towards leadership, a theory as to how labor might be aided, now found his chance; the unorganized mass began to grow organs—a miracle of mutation while you watched. The socialists had a meeting-place in North Plymouth, Rispicci Hall, and this was thrown open, and was swarming with strikers. Impromptu meetings were held, and committees named, and speeches made. In the evening came

the sympathizers and propagandists, summoned hastily from Boston; Felice Guadagni, a journalist, orator of the socialists, and Paul Blanshard, a very young assistant clergyman from a Congregational church. There was a bigger meeting-place, Humberto Ferrari Hall, and this was packed to the doors, and the eager audience learned in several languages the meaning of solidarity, and the details of how to conduct a strike.

First of all they must get up a circular and mail it out to lists of names, and raise funds for support. The greater number of these workers lived close to the border-line of want, and their money would soon be gone. Those who had savings would contribute, and more would come from the labor movement outside. On the first day a hundred strikers put up five dollars each; which would pay for rent and telephone calls and telegrams, stamps and typewriters. The socialists and anarchists and I. W. W. brought their mailing-lists, and a feeble little machine of working-class publicity began to function.

Next day there was a parade; eighteen hundred workers marching the whole length of the main street of Plymouth, passing the cordage company's plant, despite all the guards and the "cops." Three days later came another parade, twice as big, with women and children carrying poles from which dangled clams and mussels, with the sign, "We are tired of living on these all the time!" That amused the newspaper reporters, and brought good publicity.

Organizers came: one representing the American Federation of Labor, the conservative union, which was ready to help them get shorter hours and higher wages; also one from the Industrial Workers of the World, which would help them to take over the cordage industry. The strikers listened to both, and were pulled and hauled between them; their minds being still further confused by the anarchists, who clamored that both organizations were traps for the workers, contrived by shrewd officials who wanted to live without working. Let the workers run their own strike, and let those who sympathized be content to raise funds and feed the children.

So thought and spoke Bartolomeo Vanzetti. In this crisis he forgot his timidity and humility, and developed into a full-fledged orator. So did many another worker, who found himself making a speech before he knew it. You would get into

an argument with some one, and others would gather to listen, and soon there would be a crowd. When the cops drove you off the picket-line, you would stop at the next street-corner and voice your indignation, and when they moved you on, you would stop at the corner beyond that. There were always plenty willing to listen; it was the process by which the workers got their education, and developed their solidarity. You would learn more in one day of idleness than in a month of labor. In this crisis realities were unveiled, and you saw them in their nakedness. If there was anything you could not understand, there were others willing to explain. In the day by day consulting among the workers, it was surprising how clear everything became.

II

Not so many years ago, though it now seemed ages to Cornelia Thornwell, there had been a strike in the Thornwell Mills, and it had been broken in the usual way. But Cornelia's husband had sent her away to the country-place of their daughter Deborah on the North Shore; so she had not heard the shouts of the mob and the crack of revolvers, nor seen the guards patrolling the family mansion on the hilltop. All she knew were newspaper accounts, and the pictures, drawn by Josiah and his son-in-law James Scatterbridge, of the desperate unreason of the strikers. One cause of her evolving into a runaway grandmother had been a lurking suspicion that their way of breaking a strike had not been entirely ethical.

And now here she was, in position to see with her own eyes; if she needed theories, here were A. F. of L. and I. W. W., socialists, anarchists, syndicalists, right and left wingers, even a few single-taxers and vegetarians. In the strike headquarters she met the young clergyman, Paul Blanshard; a new kind of clergyman, with a religion meant to work here and now. He was barely out of his teens, yet he saw the whole struggle so clearly that Cornelia felt herself his junior. He had got his training through the Intercollegiate Socialist Society; and as she watched the effect of his leadership upon the inert mass, a new vision dawned upon her. The idea of the workers taking over industry and running it for themselves had seemed a

fanatic's dream; but now she began to wonder, might it not after all be possible—some day in the far-off future?

To her friend Vanzetti it was a cause of grief that she was seen to be talking with this young clergyman. Vanzetti had taken her for his pupil and favorite, this unusual Yankee lady who was willing to learn from an Italian; and here she was falling into the snares of the "riformistas"! Again and again he explained to her what a waste of time it was to deal with "politeesh." He struggled with long polysyllables, half way between Italian and English. "Twenty year, t'irty year, worker go politica, elect deputati for parliament—get elect', do notting, traditor', sell out! Sama t'ing wit' union, worka hard, maka bigga union, grande, potente—never do notting—joosta graft! All rispettabilità, onorevole—you onderstanda me? Worker, he work joosta same—all time. Politeesh, he no work, liva good, dressa genteelman! He is like—I no can say Eengleesh, it is somet'ing in ocean, he get on ship, on shell of crab—" and Vanzetti resorted to his dictionary for the word "barnacool," so that he might apply it to the rosy-cheeked young Congregational clergyman. Yes, the Reverend Blanshard would find a place on the backs of the workers, and stay there like the rest! "You see, Nonna, he joosta sama priest—new kinda talk, but all sama for worker. Riformista is—what you call it—trait'!"

"Traitor," said Cornelia.

"Shoore, trait'," replied Vanzetti.

The State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation took up the grievances of the cordage workers, proposing to adjust them. And here was the trap in action—to lure the workers into the hands of "politeesh" and "offeesh." The more conservative strike leaders insisted upon presenting their case before this board, and Vanzetti opposed them with all his energies. He rushed about from one gathering to another, arguing, protesting; when he saw that the proposition was going to carry, he became frantic, and there was another row between him and Compagno Culla.

The socialist was trying to explain the wishes of the Italians to the English-speaking workers, when Vanzetti climbed onto the platform and thrust the speaker away. "Worker, have notting do wit' commish! It is trap! It is for breaka strike! It is for maka slave! It is for bringa you, for bringa wife,

bambini, for be slave for cordage companee! Why musta worker get politeesh for settle strike? Why musta get go-vérnment for settle strike? Why musta have owtoritee? Always owtoritee for worker! But let worker settle strika for self. Soocha man lika dis—" and Vanzetti pointed an enraged finger at Culla—"soocha man is trait' for worker—he is more bad as capitalista—"

There was a storm of controversy, some shouting on one side, some on the other. But the majority did not want to listen to anarchist propaganda just then; they called for Compagno Culla, and he got the floor again, and shook his fist at his rival and demanded: "Why for he talk owtoritee? Anarchista no like owtoritee, he tella you; but I tella you anarchista is heemself owtoritee! He taka da platform, he maka da speech, he musta have hisa way or he maka da vee-ólence! Is it not so, comradda?"

III

The great rich company, the biggest cordage company in the world, which now in the second year of the great war was doing more business and making more money than ever in its history before, sent its officials before the state board to argue that wages of six dollars a week for unskilled women and nine dollars for unskilled men were abundant and generous. It proved that this meant an average wage of twenty-five dollars a week per family, by the simple device of having fathers and mothers and half-grown children all at work—which was the best thing for them, because it kept them from idleness and dissipation. The strikers countered by putting on the witness-stand the head of one of these families, John Corsini, who had a wife and nine children, the oldest fourteen years of age; John was paid nine dollars a week, and the interpreter quoted: "He says they sometimes make a meal that would not be fit for a pig to eat. He is heavily in debt. Goes in debt about five dollars a week. Friends bring in food and stockings now and then to help out, otherwise the children couldn't go out in the street."

It was shown that in nineteen years past, the company had raised wages three times, each time only five per cent; while in ten years the cost of living had gone up more than fifty per

cent. This moved the company, out of the generosity of its corporate heart, to risk another five per cent increase; more than this would mean inevitable ruin. Its highly paid lawyers argued, and their eloquence was reproduced in the newspapers; smooth-tongued agents came among the workers repeating the arguments, and promising many sorts of favors to leaders who would be tractable. The most expensive secret-service agency in the world was at work. Dissension and doubt and fear spread among the pitiful bewildered masses. The company gave out the announcement that unless its terms were accepted at once, strike-breakers would be brought in. At the same time there appeared a number of head-breakers, the state police, who rode ruthlessly into the crowds.

Also there came autobuses from Boston and other places, with loads of ordinary policemen; they stood three ranks deep in front of the gates, and could have joined hands along the three-quarter mile of steel fence. Any time they saw a crowd gather, they would come at double-quick. "Move along there now—step lively!" If you tried to argue as to the rights of people to the use of the streets, they would not argue back, but jab their clubs into your stomachs or your backs and run you along. If you failed to run fast enough, you would get a thump; and next day in the police-court you would be sentenced as a rioter, and newspapers would tell how the mob was getting out of hand, and the company was requesting the governor to call out the militia.

But the strikers stood firm; they would not accept five per cent advance, and, urged on by the radicals, they requested the state board to withdraw its intervention. The company was worried, because the agents of other cordage concerns were in Plymouth, hiring away their best workers. Something must be done; so one or two hundred "scabs" were got into the plant, around the fence by the seashore, and an effort was made to start one department. The struggle became more tense; the picket-lines drew closer, and the rate of Cornelia Thornwell's education was speeded up.

A picket-line was no place for an old lady—so her Italian friends argued and pleaded; but she had come in search of experience, and insisted upon getting it. The first time she saw an unarmed worker struck down by a policeman's club,

she gave voice to her indignation: "Oh, you brute! How dare you!" And when he turned and came at her, there was a moment before she realized that she was no longer a lady, able to give orders to a policeman. Only when he thrust his club into the abdomen of a woman in front of her, and sent the woman reeling into a snow-bank, did Cornelia realize her danger, and turn and run. Yes, she, the widow of an ex-governor of the Commonwealth—she who had lived for forty years in a palace, and been waited upon by servants and honored by all the world—she ran! And in good earnest, as fast as she knew how, because the "brute" had heard her cry, and meant to get her if he could. That she escaped was only because her friend Brini and others crowded in and took the blows. Incidentally they took the club from the policeman, and got away with it, and were very proud of the souvenir!

But that did not comfort Cornelia. The ignominy of her experience had brought tears of rage into her eyes; she would never forget it, and for the rest of her life she would be an illustration of the fact, well-known in the labor movement, that members of the leisure class who take an interest in the cause are apt to become more radical than the workers themselves. Of two thousand participants in the Plymouth cordage strike, only one had ever thought of a policeman as a servant to whom she might give orders.

Cornelia had been born in Massachusetts, and had lived all her life there. She had really believed about her state, or commonwealth, as it prefers to call itself, all the fine things its leaders and rulers had told her. She had listened to orations about Pilgrim fathers and New England town-meetings, the cradle of liberty and the hub of the universe and all the rest. Here she was only forty miles from Boston, for practical purposes in its suburbs; within sight of Plymouth rock, a shrine so sacred that it had a miniature temple built over it; and to her consternation she found herself with no rights that any policeman or private detective was bound to respect. Unless, of course, she chose to declare herself, to cease to be a cordage worker on strike, and become a member of the ruling caste! She went to a police-court, and heard workers testify as to unprovoked assaults, and heard a judge give the police a mild rebuke for their conduct; and then she went back to the picket-

line, and saw the same thing going on, precisely as if no judges or courts existed.

And here was the significant thing—out of several thousand people, she was the only one who was surprised! The rest, no matter how angry and excited they became, always mentioned that much worse had happened at Lawrence and Lowell and Fall River and Milford and a string of other places! “My gosh, what you t’ink?” said Alfonsina Brini. “You t’ink dey let worker win strike if can help?” And when Cornelia wanted to know if the police belonged to the cordage company, her landlady’s response was, “Who else is it for belong?”

IV

Cornelia, of course, had been on the inside of her city’s affairs, and she knew the history of the Boston police force. The Irish-Catholics had carried an election and captured the city; whereupon the old New England element had passed a state law, taking control of the police away from Boston, and vesting it in the governor of the Commonwealth, who was still an Anglo-Saxon gentleman. It was the practice to rent out this force to neighboring towns; and they had developed a strike-breaking department, subject to call by all manufacturers and mill-owners. The force worked hand in glove with the private detective agencies, exchanging records and information. So had been evolved a complete technique of labor-smashing; and all in darkness—the newspapers proceeding upon the principle that what the public didn’t know wouldn’t hurt it.

Cornelia Thornwell, watching this system in operation, found herself crying out in bewilderment. How could the rich, her kind of people, be so blind? How could they overlook the consequences of teaching the workers such contempt for law? What was the use of talking about Americanization, when, in a time of crisis, you denied every right of citizens, and even of human beings? You herded them like cattle, you beat them like dogs—and then you were surprised and shocked if they turned and bit you in the back of the leg! Before this month’s strike was over, Cornelia had come to feel that she would never blame these working people for anything they might do.

The case of Vanzetti was before her day by day. This

dreamer-idealist was so built that he suffered more with other people's pains than with his own. When he half-carried a shuddering body off the picket-line, and washed a torn and bloody scalp with a basin of water and a rag, the tears ran down his cheeks, and his hands shook. And then, that evening, he turned up at the Brini home with a gun! He, the apostle of brotherhood—the tender-hearted one who had refused to let a sick kitten be killed—he was getting ready to kill policemen! To be sure it was not a very efficient weapon, a five-chambered revolver of an old type, much rusted; and Cornelia could see from the way her friend handled it that he hardly knew which end was which. When she tried to dissuade him from his course, Mrs. Brini laughed and told her not to worry, Bart would not shoot anybody; he had once gone hunting with another young fellow, who had shot a bird, and Bart had been so affected by the sight of the dying creature that he had been unhappy for days, and had never gone hunting again.

"But if he's not going to use it, why carry it?" protested Cornelia. "If they catch him with it, they'll send him to jail surely."

To which Vanzetti made answer, "When I go jail for worker, I helpa cause." Which seemed to Cornelia a dark and obscure saying. How could it help the cause of the workers, for a poor Italian ditch-digger, whom nobody had ever heard of, to be sent to jail?

V

The real meaning of the gun was the coming of Galleani. The anarchists were determined that the fallacious arguments of the "riformistas" must be answered, and they had summoned their great leader and teacher to state their side. There was opposition to this among the other strike-leaders, and at first they refused to have the Galleani meeting in their hall; they were trying to avoid provocation, not wanting the newspapers to portray them as extremists. It was only after Galleani had promised to tone down his utterances and to avoid incitement to violence that they agreed to let him be heard.

He came to the Brini home the afternoon of the meeting, so Cornelia got a good look at him: a benevolent and paternal figure, who might have been dressed up for Santa Claus; broad-

shouldered and stout, dressed in a long frock coat like a clergyman, with an "alderman" in front, and bushy white whiskers spread above it. He was at once hero and granddaddy to the Italian workers; they would gaze at him in awe and call him "Maestro," and then they would feed him on cakes and wine, and pat him on the sleeve, and call him "Nonno." He was their thinker, their great student, who read everything and knew everything, and told them about it once a week in their paper, "La Cronaca Sovversiva," the "Revolutionary Chronicle," which had a circulation of ten thousand, the fighting organ of the Italians of New England. Its elderly editor lived in honorable poverty, supporting a wife and four children upon a salary of eight dollars a week, eked out by gifts from those who had more. His overcoat was frayed, and fastened at the neck with a large safety-pin, but that did not keep him from being a very dignified gentleman.

In his train came a bodyguard of a score or so of Italian workers, some of them not yet out of their teens, but all in grim earnest. There were rumors that the police meant to break up the meeting and arrest the orator, and these young fellows were here to see about it—every one with a gun in his overcoat pocket, and some with two, and a dirk for good measure. Among them was a Jewish lad out of the slums of New York, at that time employed on a Boston newspaper, and later to be known as Michael Gold. He saw a dingy New England town, with dirty snow trodden underfoot and gray clouds overhead turning soon to night, and—so it seemed to the visitor—not less than a million of policemen. The little band of rebels came like Daniel into the lion's den; they were determined to fight, rather than let their leader be taken. Fortunately no trouble occurred—else America might have exchanged a proletarian playwright, a very scarce article, for a revolutionary martyr, of whom it has had far too many.

Cornelia went with her Italian friends to the meeting. She could not understand what the orator was saying, but she enjoyed the powerful vibrant voice, and shared the thrill of the audience; afterwards her friends would tell her what had been said, for as long as she cared to listen. Luigi Galleani advised them to build up their moral forces, opposing to the brutality of the police their iron will to brotherhood and solidarity. He

told them that they were the sole creators of wealth, and that some day, not so far away, they would take possession of their own. He told them to beware of self-styled leaders, persons who set themselves over the masses and presumed to control them. He told them to free their minds from superstition, reverence for gods and priests and judges and policemen; for they themselves were their own gods, their own judges, and the enforcers of their law; that was right which their conscience and sense of brotherhood justified to them. Once as a girl in Boston Cornelia had attended a lecture by a certain well-known Mr. Emerson; she had heard about a queer New England recluse, Mr. Thoreau, author of a pamphlet entitled, "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience." So there was nothing strange to her in these high-sounding ideas; the only trouble was, that the higher they sounded, the more difficult it was to bring them down to earth. One and all, the leaders in this strike preached solidarity, but they were not able to achieve it among themselves, and so their followers were scattered and their energies wasted.

VI

The state board was pleading with the workers to accept a ten per cent raise; and some wanted to say yes, and others no, and some said it was a trap, because the company had not offered ten and surely the offer should come before the acceptance! There was more wrangling in the meetings, and Vanzetti would leap upon the table and shout, "Traditore! Trait'!" and others would outshout him and drag him down. He would come home, heartsick, declaring that the spokesman for the Portuguese had sold out to the companee, and all the sufferings of the strikers were going for nought.

The strike had lasted a full month, and the workers' money was exhausted, and some were sneaking back to work, and the rest were desperate with fear. The police had come and broken up their meetings and closed their hall, and what more could they do? The Italians met secretly, here and there, to decide whether they should trust the board. All but a few extremists wanted to give up, and it was plain that these few could never get jobs with the cordage company anyhow.

Cornelia, exhausted by the long ordeal, went home and crept

into bed, and was just falling asleep, when she was disturbed by loud voices in the house. It was Vanzetti and Culla, with Brini trying to pacify them. Cornelia was going to sleep in spite of the noise; but suddenly she heard Vanzetti shout, "Spee-a! Spee-a!" Culla yelled something in reply, and there was a scuffle and a crash, and Cornelia leaped out of bed and rushed into the little parlor, to see Vanzetti lying on the floor, making desperate efforts to get up, but in vain, because the mighty Brini was on top of him, holding him down. All that could be seen of Compagno Culla was a pair of coattails disappearing speedily through a doorway.

Vanzetti promised to behave, and was let up. He was too angry this time to make apologies to Cornelia. But he told her volubly what that abbotminevole Culla had done; after voting to deliver the workers back into slavery, he had had the insolence to come here to the house, to ask for some fifty dollars of relief money, which Vanzetti had collected from the anarchists of a neighboring town, and which Culla, as a member of the strike committee, was supposed to take over. Vanzetti had refused to give the money up; never would he trust anything to gialli socialistas, riformistas and traditori of the working class! He would take the money back to those who had contributed it, or he would turn it over for the use of some other strikers. Culla, very angry, had threatened to brand Vanzetti for malversazione, embezzlement of the workers' funds; and thereupon Vanzetti shouted, "Spee-a! Spee-a!"—which is to say, "Spy," the most dreadful of all accusations.

Such was the ending of Cornelia's career as a striker. Next morning she got up at a quarter to six, and was duly pinned up in her shawl, and stumbled through the darkness to her place in the wrapping-room of the cordage plant. The bosses were very polite—good morning, glad to see you—it was almost like a social function, an extraordinary change. The workers had shown that they had some power after all, and the lesson would not be soon forgotten. And the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation set to work, and after two months of deliberation it succeeded in finding a formula which would save the face of the company officials, enabling them to do what they had declared was impossible. Cornelia would find more money in her pay-envelope thereafter, and it seemed quite wonderful—until

she stopped and figured that it would take nearly half a year for the increase to make up what she had lost during her weeks of idleness. It was the most perfect of social systems.

VII

There was no more work for Vanzetti in or near the cordage plant; his reckless agitation had cost the company a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year in extra wages, and so he was stopped when he tried to pass the gates. Some one set detectives to follow him everywhere he went. He managed to find himself a job cutting ice: a safe, outdoor activity, where he was in plain sight, and there was no harm he could do. So he remarked to Cornelia, with a twinkle in his eye, "I putta bombe da dinnameet under da ice, he freeze again nexta night queek!"

Ten hours a day he pushed a long saw on an ice-pond, and slid heavy blocks onto wagons. He liked the work because it was picturesque and lively, and gave him a chance to look about. He would come home exhausted, but with adventures to tell. He got himself a pair of rubber boots; they were expensive, and he was proud of them, and so was Trando, who could almost get into one of them, and was a comical spectacle staggering about the room in two. But three days later Vanzetti came back without these treasures, and at supper-table he said, "I must get nodder two boot."

"What's the matter?" Everybody asked at once. "You lost them?"

"No losta," said Vanzetti, "butta no got. I take heem off for go wit' wagon. I come back, see feller, Pietro, you know heem—Guasti, I t'ink he name."

"I know heem," said Brini. "No gooda feller."

"He poor feller. He got wife, four bambini. No can live soocha familee for what you get cutta da ice. I see he got my boota, putta heem on for work. I t'ink I go heem say, 'You giva me boot, you worka no boot.' But I senta shame for do it. I t'ink, Vanzett', you lonely man, no gotta bambini for buy suppa, you worka little bit more, get nodder boot."

Later on, towards spring, came another incident that Cornelia never forgot. The ice was gone now, and Vanzetti was back at "picka shov'," and one day he reported that he had lost his purse on the street. How much did he have in it? Not sure, but

he thought maybe thirteen dollars. That was a whole week of hard labor, and everybody was concerned. The family discussed it all through supper. Vanzetti said that he was sure there was plenty honest people in Plymouth, maybe one of them had picked up the purse; he would put up signs, the way they did in Italy. So Cornelia helped him to phrase a notice, "Lost, small purse," with his name and address; he went out that evening with a hammer and some tacks, and put up the notices on telegraph poles along his route.

This was while he was still being watched by detectives—in fact they did not entirely let up until eighteen months after the strike. So everybody was startled when, next evening after supper, there came a blue-uniformed policeman. "You advertised a purse?"

"Shoore," said Vanzetti; a little uneasy, as the poor always are in the presence of the law. Might this method of advertising be illegal among these strange Yankees?

"What kind of purse?"

"He is rounda blacka purse, not very moocha beeg."

"What did you have in it?"

"I t'ink I got t'irteen dollar, notta more."

"Is this your purse?" The policeman held it out.

"I t'ink it is heem, looka like heem."

"But it's got eighteen dollars in it."

Vanzetti hesitated. "No t'ink had eighteen dollars. Shoore no got so moocha mon'. Musta be odder purse."

The members of the Brini family had crowded to the door to listen, and now broke into protest. "What you say, Bart?" cried Alfonsina. "You no can tella ah mooch you got?" And to the policeman, "He no can tella ah mooch mon' he got! He giva da mon' all time. He giva da mon' to little one, children all time—he buy somet'ing, giva present all time, never t'ink for keepa da mon'. My osband here, he tella you, Mister Polissman. Tella heem, Vincenzo!"

"Shoore," said Brini, "He bigga fool for money. He giva me for keep, forgetta, never know ah mooch he got."

"Me know his purse," persisted the woman. "Me see alla time in room, me fixa room. Could taka half his mon' all da time, he not know it. It is hee's purse, Mr. Polissman."

They discussed the time and place where the purse had been

found, and everything fitted. So the policeman said, "I guess you better take it. Nobody else has claimed it." But Vanzetti was stubborn, he was quite sure he couldn't have had so much as eighteen dollars in his possession. He would not take it, and the policeman went off, much puzzled at this singular kind of "wop."

Also there were further developments of the affair Culla, curious and touching to the Yankee observer. Compagno Culla had been blacklisted by the cordage company—despite the fact that he was one of the moderates. He was doing some kind of sedentary work, and complained that he was suffering from indigestion. Vanzetti, enthusiast for the back-to-nature way of life, advised him that it was because of sitting still all day. Said Bart, telling Cornelia about it, "Come wit' me, worka picka shov', you maka you self new man." And sure enough, Compagno Culla gave up his indoor work, and went to digging ditches, and after he had got used to it, he found that his indigestion was better. He mentioned it once at the Brinis, and Bart patted him on the shoulder, proud and benevolent.

After the visitor had gone, Cornelia said, "You don't want to kill him any more!" And Vanzetti grinned, as he had learned to do when "Nonna" was teasing him. "Wanta kill so long he try for be offeesh', maka union, be secretary da union, maka jobba for self. When he come lika me, worka picka shov', maka fight capitalista, padrone, den he is compagno, comradda, gooda feller, I lika heem." So, little by little, Cornelia came to understand the type of idealist-fanatic, which could be gentle as a child in all personal relationships, but fierce and dangerous when roused by social wrong.

VIII

Springtime! You dressed by the light of dawn, and the good old sun was shining over the sea as you went to your day's work. As if ashamed for the suffering his absence had caused you, he gave double measure, and the snows melted, and little rivers ran from every hillside, and in sheltered corners you saw green things sticking their timid heads from the ground. Brini hurried home from the factory and tore off his coat and seized his spade and went to work, a man possessed by the common or garden

variety of frenzy. Even Vanzetti, after ten hours "picka show," could not escape the disease, and joined in with the rake. So must the Pilgrim fathers have behaved after that first long winter, when so many had perished upon inadequate rations, and they dreamed the miracle of green things growing from this strange new soil.

One lovely brown bed after another was leveled and raked smooth, and laid out with strings by the eager children. They could hardly wait for their father to get home in the afternoon to start planting. They set up labels on little stakes—it was a miniature graveyard of seeds, and everybody cherishing the religious hope—"Resurgam!" The children would come hurrying home from school, and there were the tiny green threads of onions, and little green points that would be radishes, and pink-tinged ones that would be beets! When, a couple of weeks later, there were some big enough to be pulled and washed and made into a baby salad, that was a regular religious ceremony, a Dago thanksgiving.

Out in the woods you could find tiny flowers of fragile and unearthly beauty, such as ravish the souls of children, and of prophets and dreamers and fanatics. On Sunday mornings Vanzetti and Cornelia and Fay and Trando would set out, and if it had been left to the man they would never have stopped wandering the whole day long, and by night time they would have been lost. The woods were his temple, full of infinite mysteries. He would point out signs of nature's cunning; he would speculate about things he did not understand, and ask Cornelia if she knew; if nobody knew, perhaps they could watch and find out. He would get down on his knees over an ant's nest, and be happy for an hour with the frenzied labors of these tiny bundles of energy. Then he would spring up and start walking again; come on, it was almost time for mayflowers, perhaps they would find some in the next little valley.

And the seashore! So many strange things that you had never seen before! The children would scramble about on slippery rocks at low tide, and gather more treasures than their hands could hold. Better leave them where they were, said Bart, and carry off knowledge about them. They would sit on the high rocks to rest, and watch the sailboats and the ships, and speculate about where they came from and what they brought. Bart

was curious as to other parts of the world, and how men lived there. When he discovered that Cornelia had read books about such things, he would ask her questions, pretending that it was for the education of the children—but it was like the father who enjoys the circus more than the children do!

The mayflowers came, and you could gather bunches of them, and turn the humblest worker's home into a bower. The vegetable rows were shining now, and the salads on the supper-table were explosions of green, and the soups were steaming symphonies in red and green and white and yellow. The rising sun ran you a race in the morning, and the evenings were so bright and lovely that you hated to go to bed. It was what you had been waiting for, through the black and bitter winter; Cornelia quoted the one-eyed Kalandar of the Arabian Nights: "This indeed is life! Pity 'tis 'tis fleeting!"

In the house across the street lived Signor Prezzolini, who earned his living by teaching the violin. When he gave lessons to his young pupils it was not so pleasant, but sometimes he practiced for himself, and in warm weather he would have his windows open, and what could be more wonderful than to sit on your front porch in the twilight, and gaze up at far-off mysterious stars, and listen to strains of ravishing beauty? In those hours the little Brini boy's life-destiny was determined; he was only eight and a half years old, but he made up his mind one evening, and announced it gravely, "I am going to be a violinist."

Cornelia was moved to tell him something out of her own childhood. She had lived next to the home of rich people, who gave many balls and parties, and would have an orchestra to play. Cornelia's mother would put her to bed, and the child would creep to the window and listen. Then a bold idea occurred to her, and she took a blanket and stole downstairs, and into the neighbor's garden, and crawled under a bush, where she was safe from discovery; there she lay for hours, wrapped in the blanket, listening in such ecstasy that even now she would shiver as she remembered it.

Little Trando nestled closer to her, and put his sensitive hand into hers. In between the playing, he begged for more stories about her girlhood. She told him how she had believed in fairies, and would run out into the garden in the early dawn,

and hunt under the prettiest flowers, trembling with the delicious hope that a fairy might be hiding there, and what would she say if she met one. But here Bart, the serious one, intervened; he did not approve of fairy-stories. "No should tella children what is not true, Nonna. It plenty lovely t'ing what is real, plenty miraculosa—how you say it, wonderfool. When you teach some-t'ing true, is usefool too, but fairy is lika diavolo, like angioli, superstizione, no gooda for teach."

IX

Cornelia had by now got hardened to her job. Her hands were skinny, with whipcords standing out on the backs; her fingers were knobby at the joints, and covered with tough calluses. Her shoulders were bowed to meet the coils of rope upon which she sewed, and one shoulder sagged lower than the other. But they did not ache, and she could work peacefully, and have time for a bit of gossip with her neighbors, and for long thoughts about the life she was living, and the people she had come to know.

The circle of her acquaintance had been greatly widened by the strike, which had the effect of bringing the workers together and breaking down barriers of language and creed. Mrs. O'Dowd, Cornelia's pious neighbor, had been on strike, with her husband and several relatives, and they had learned that the "wops" next door were also capable of loyalty, and that their jabber of sounds might mean something of importance to Irish aristocrats. Cornelia served as go-between, and got so well acquainted that she ventured to hint perhaps the heavenly powers might find some way to accept good works as a partial substitute for good doctrine. That was contrary to Father O'Brien, of course, but even so, one might think about it, and one might pray for the lost souls.

That was actually being done, Cornelia learned; it was Mrs. Lavatelli, the neighbor on the other side, who was so much distressed by the sight of three bambini who had never been baptized, that she made it a practice to burn a candle before the image of the virgin every night before she went to bed. And Cornelia said, surely that ought to be enough. God was being properly reminded, and it must be assumed that He, in His

infinite wisdom, would take whatever steps were necessary.

There was naturally a great deal of curiosity among the neighbors as to this mysterious Yankee lady who had lost her husband and home under circumstances to which she never referred. They would come and call, or avail themselves of opportunities to gossip over the back fence while hanging out clothes or working at the vegetables. And Cornelia would make use of her social training to divert the conversation, so that presently the neighbors would be talking about their affairs, and Cornelia would be learning something of the things for which she had come here.

What struck her most frequently—and always on the funny-bone—was the complete identity of spirit between these ladies of the back fence and those of the "Back Bay." If Cornelia had imagined that by evolving into a runaway grandmother she was going to find freedom from conventions, from the petty restrictions of collective femininity, then she had made a great mistake, and wasted the sixty-first year of her life. For these working women and wives of working men had their very strict notions of what was proper, and they had the same system of government by gossip. The only difference which Cornelia noticed between them and the "Sewing Circle," the body which had ruled the social destiny of Boston for two generations, was that the ladies of the back fence did not lower their voices when they came to the worst part of their stories; they had not cultivated the use of the shoulders and the eyebrows as substitutes for words in the circulation of slander.

The ladies of the back fence did not have so much money as the ladies of the Back Bay, but they made up for it by having more children, and they used these for conversational purposes in the same way. They would tell the charming things the little ones had said, and just as in Boston, it never occurred to them that this might bore the listener. Also they would tell about the children's ailments, and what the doctor said, and whether or not the doctor knew what he was talking about. Apparently the unsatisfactoriness of doctors, at the present stage of their development, had been discovered by the poor as by the rich. There was the same experimenting with unorthodox remedies, and the same talk about results—Cornelia might as well have been back in the nursery with her daughter Clara Scatterbridge.

And then clothes. There were fashion magazines passed from hand to hand, and when Mrs. O'Dowd's younger sister made herself a party dress, she cut it upon a pattern you would have seen at the Friday evening dances of the socially elect. The material here was sleazy, but that did not enter into the conversation, because nobody knew it was so.

And then ancestors! Strange as it might seem, the ladies of the back fence talked about family, and who was who, and why. To be sure, they could not go so far back; they had no family-trees and colleges of heraldry, no pages of genealogy in the *Evening Transcript* every Wednesday. But there were so many more families, that it made an equal supply of conversational material. Strange as it might seem, there was the same amount of hostility and the same amount of pride in the family talk. Cornelia never met any woman so low that she could not find some other women to look down on; she never found any woman so high that she was not eager to know a Yankee lady, and to repeat to her neighbors what the Yankee lady had said.

x

Also Cornelia got to know Vanzetti, with the intimacy inevitable in the crowded homes of the poor. She knew him standing in front of a little cracked mirror, tying his cravat and singing songs of his old home. She knew him teaching songs to the children, and learning American songs they brought home from school. She knew him keeping watch in the kitchen, to make sure that Alfonsina did not have to carry coal or wood. She knew him sitting up long after the rest had gone to bed, reading by the light of an oil lamp, his brow furrowed in thought. At such times he would be lost to her and to all the world; she, who had always taken comfort for granted, was awed by the spectacle of a man who robbed himself of sleep to get knowledge.

He taught her some Italian, and she taught him English. She explained that mystery, so difficult of comprehension to an Italian, that it is possible for certain consonants to follow each other without a vowel between. One said "a great big house"; one did not have to say "a greata bigga house." She explained the simple idioms, one after another. One did not say,

"I no can"; one said, "I cannot." Vanzetti wrote this down, and presently had made such progress that he would stop in the middle: "I no—cannot." She labored to teach him the mystery of the sound "th"; showing him how the tongue was placed, stuck out a little, and pressed against the lower part of the upper teeth. The children were fascinated by that; they had learned to make the sound, but without knowing how they did it. They would watch Bart's efforts; he got so that he would stick his tongue out, but alas, he could not always time it right, and he would stick it out and then pull it in and make the wrong sound! The children laughed merrily—such pleasure it gave them, to find themselves superior to the grown-ups! But that was all right with Bart—it was his dream that the children would be superior in all things.

Once or twice a month he would disappear for a day or two. The irregular character of his work made this possible—and anyhow, there was no job that could hold him when it was announced in "*La Cronaca Sovversiva*" that Galleani was going to lecture on the effects of the war upon the revolutionary movement in Italy, or Carlo Tresca upon syndicalist versus individualist anarchism. Vanzetti would come back brimming over with arguments, and news from the "*Gruppo Autonomo di East Boston*," as the Galleani followers called themselves. He and Brini would have vociferous arguments, and later Vanzetti would explain to Cornelia what it was about. Or perhaps there would be a "picanic" in a neighboring town, and Vanzetti would get a bundle of literature to "distriboot." Or there would be a strike in the shoe factories of Lynn, and he would compose an appeal, and take it round among the anarchists, and collect fifty cents from one and a quarter from the next, and in a couple of days would have twenty dollars to be forwarded by postal order.

Little by little Cornelia was coming to understand his doctrine. He would pick out passages from the paper and explain them to her, and answer her questions and objections. It was one of those high perfectionist doctrines, which assume in human beings a quantity of virtue which few as yet possess. Those who succeed in living up to this doctrine are sublime; but those who fail may break their necks. Might there not be persons using Vanzetti's lofty phrases as a pretext for evading

duties, or as a means of preying upon their fellows? So Cornelia asked, and the other answered that this might happen, but there could be no progress without some risk, and neither men nor women could learn to swim unless they entered the water.

He was determined to read English, and from one of his trips he brought back a book called "The Conquest of Bread," by P. Kropotkin. Cornelia, with her woman's wit, did not fail to divine that there were two people going to be educated out of that book! Curiously enough, it was not until later that she connected its author with a very famous scientist from Russia, whose visit to Boston had made a great stir in intellectual circles some eight years previously. A high-up nobleman escaped from exile in Siberia, Kropotkin had been a social lion. A Harvard professor who was in the next year to become president of the university—than which there is no higher station in the world—had introduced him for a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute. How could it have occurred to Cornelia that this learned foreigner with the bushy gray whiskers whom she had met among the most exalted of the Brahmins, could be the author of a tract recommending the overthrow of government by mass insurrection of the proletariat? How could she have imagined that Mr. Lowell would have consented to further the propaganda of anarcho-syndicalism? How could she have imagined it—or, for that matter, how could he?

XI

There was a good-sized grape-arbor behind the house, and it came slowly into leaf, and then into blossom, and spread upon the air a marvelous sweet perfume; you could stand and drink it, almost as if it were the reality of autumn instead of the promise of spring. "Divino da vino!" said Vincenzo Brini; it was in the days before prohibition, of course. "Gooda redda wine," he said, pointing to the blossoms. "You calla heem 'Dago Red.'" And then with his good-natured grin he pointed to himself. "Nodder kind Dago Red!" He pointed to Vanzetti. "More Dago Red!"

It was a joke to which they were much accustomed. The children would hear it called after them when they went to school: "Dago Red! Dago Red!" Even Father O'Brien had

taken it up, and in one of his sermons had advised his flock to avoid any and all kinds of "Dago Reds." "What you t'ink of dat?" said Alfonsina, outraged; and Cornelia answered. "Tell him what they did to Jesus. He too had a nickname, 'King of the Jews.' They wrote it on the cross—'I.N.R.I.'—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

"I know," said Vanzetti. "I read heem. He was not what priest say, he was worker, same like me and you, ribello, rivoluzionario! Da priest in his time want him kill-èd—say he make trouble. I no—cannot say it Eengleesh—"

"'And they were the more fierce, saying, he stirreth up the people.'"

"Joosta so! He was gooda man, povero. I sorry when he die. I make tears for heem. I say compagno—Comradda Gesu, die for make joostice for worker."

So it was when you were talking with Bart. You would begin by smelling the grape blossoms and making jokes about the wine you were going to drink; and you would end by making tears for Comradda Gesu.

"Summer is y-comen in!" sang the pair of wrens on top of the grape-arbor; putting in an extra vowel, just as if they had been Dagoes! It was a time for coming outdoors, a time for beauty and joy. But alas, the hideous slaughter in Europe was mounting to frenzy, becoming an extermination of the human race. The exploiters and imperialists whose greed had dragged Italy into the conflict were sending propagandists over here, to lure the Italian youth back into the slaughter-pit.

And so there was a bugle call in the soul of Bartolomeo Vanzetti. He heard it all the time, he could never cease talking about it. He must not spend the warm summer days lying on Castle Hill, reading Dante and Manzoni; he must help to organize meetings in one town or another; he must go the day before and distribute handbills from house to house, and beg the people to come; he must be on hand to take up a collection and forward it to Galleani, so that more papers might be printed, to hold the demon of militarism at bay, and expose the lies of piety and patriotism. That was his duty, his martyrdom—his way of following the example of Comradda Gesu!

CHAPTER IV

YOUNG AMERICA

I

THE days passed; and one of them rang a bell in the soul of Cornelia Thornwell. She had kept her vow, she had won the wager with herself. For a whole year she had taken care of herself, asking no advice and no favors from any one. She had got a job as a manual worker, and held it for a year, and lived on her earnings, and had twenty-five dollars put away. Now she might go home if she wanted to.

Did she want to? It was hard to be sure; at one time she would find herself thinking about this one and that, and what had happened to them all this time. But then she would remember the desperate determination of everybody to dominate her life; all those highly disciplined and rigid people who knew what she ought to do at every moment of her life, and would never cease from telling her! Well, she would have a way to escape, a city of refuge!

She had made up her mind to tell no one where she had been; it would be a scandal, a mystery with which they might torment themselves for the rest of her life; a skeleton in the family closet—the bones of a runaway grandmother! The imp of mischief kicked up his heels in the depths of Cornelia's soul; she thought of each person she knew, and what that person would make of the problem. The secret would be a club she would hold over their heads, to make them behave. "Let me alone, or I'll disappear again!" Like her daughter Alice's hysterics, which had developed at the age of three, in a lovely and much petted child who wanted to have her own way, and which continued in a social queen of forty, who had to have a platonic lover in addition to a husband.

Now Alice's mother would also have a platonic romance! Cornelia, aged sixty-one, would have an adopted son, an Italian

ditch-digger, aged twenty-eight—agnostic, anarchist, and “Dago Red!” She might be sure of its being safe and innocent, for she had watched him a year, and never seen him look at a woman, nor heard him voice such an idea. Also she had the word of Alfonsina: “He never t’ink woman, he joosta t’ink joostice.”

Such was Cornelia’s tangle of moods, when, on an evening in July she was coming home from work with another woman, and down the main street they saw, walking toward them, two girls of the leisure class. There was nothing unusual in this, for the summer-hotels were open, the “season” at Plymouth was in full swing. To be sure, the daughters of the rich did not prefer this part of the town for walking; their part lay to the south, where the shore-road was lined with villas and splendid estates. The workers would see them roaring by in fast motor-cars, radiant, exquisite, with veils floating; snatches of laughter and song would be wafted back, reminding you of the paradise of freedom and happiness you had lost by being born in the wrong half of Plymouth.

The two girls came on; one in pink chiffon, one in white, both lovely and gay, chatting, not heeding the swarm of tired laborers, drab and dusty. Cornelia saw them coming, and her eyes rested on them carelessly—until suddenly she started, and the blood leaped into her face. That one in pink, with the lovely little round face framed in soft brown hair and crowned with a pink chiffon hat with flowers—that was her grandchild, Betty Alvin! Little Betty, grown two or three inches taller, and miraculously blossomed into womanhood, rounded and ripe.

Cornelia was in a panic. What must she do? Look straight ahead—no, she must turn to the other woman and talk—about anything, the first words that came into her head—“That foreman is too bad-tempered, he’s not fit for such a job, there’ll be trouble in our wrapping-room if he stays, there ought to be some way we could make a protest—” and so on, while the girls came nearer. And suddenly—Cornelia must not look, but out of the corner of her eye she saw Betty stop and stare. The two working women passed by, and went on quickly, Cornelia chattering about anything, anything.

Betty had recognized her grandmother! Would she turn and follow? Cornelia ventured a swift glance behind, and saw that

the two girls were going on. It was the Thornwell training; Betty, assuming she were sure of the recognition, would understand that Cornelia might not want to be recognized, might not want the truth to be known to Cornelia's companion or to Betty's. But what a tumult must be in the child's young heart! Her long-lost and prayed-for "Grannie," in the shape of a poor old working-woman in a faded calico dress, with a pitiful remnant of a black straw hat stuck on her head. No, it couldn't be true! Yet it could not be doubted!

Betty would come back, Cornelia felt certain. She thought it over and decided to take the child into her secret. Betty was the one for whom she cared most; it would be like a visit home. So next evening Cornelia lingered on the way from work, and walked by herself; and presently here came Betty, in the same pink dress, but with no companion. Seeing her coming, Cornelia turned off the main street, up a more or less deserted lane, and presently she stopped, and turned and met her grand-daughter.

II

"Grannie! It's you!" And then, "Oh, Grannie! How could you?" And then, "Grannie! What on earth have you been doing?"

"I've been taking care of myself, dear."

"Oh, Grannie, but how!" And then, "Oh, you poor dear! Why, your shoulders are bowed! And your poor hands, your fingers! Who ever saw such things?" Betty became speechless; but the tears gushed into her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Don't worry about me, dear. I've been having a very good time; and I've learned a lot."

"What have you been doing?"

"I've been working for Mr. J. Lawrence Perry. Don't you remember that nice old gentleman who comes to dinner?"

"Does he know it?"

"No, of course not; I'm just a cordage worker."

"But, Grannie, what ever put such an idea into your head?"

"I wanted to know that I could take care of myself, and I wanted others to know it, so they would let me alone. I wanted to be independent."

There came a flash of fire behind the rainclouds in Betty's

eyes. "Oh, Grannie, I know exactly how you feel! Sometimes I've thought I'd do the same thing! If I'd known where you were, I think I'd have come to you."

Cornelia dodged that suggestion. "How is everybody at home, dear?"

"Why, they're all right, I guess—the same as they always are. They're very much worried about you, of course."

"Are they really that, or do they just have to pretend it?"

"They have to pretend not to be; because it is supposed to be all right, you know."

"Everything is always supposed to be all right," said Cornelia. "What am I doing?"

"You went to California for the winter; and you've been ordered to a rest-cure."

"I see. The neighbors will take that to mean that I'm in an asylum."

"Well, Grannie, that wouldn't shock them any more than this. Oh! I never heard of such a thing in my life. How do you *stand* it?"

"Well, it hasn't always been easy, but it's been good for me. I'll be myself from now on, and not what any one else wants me to be."

"How are you living?"

"I'm boarding with an Italian family, very good kind people. I'm comfortable there, and I've learned all sorts of things. I went through the strike last winter."

"Grannie, how perfectly thrilling! I never heard anything so romantic!" The girl was aglow with excitement, and Cornelia would have liked to take her in her arms and hug her. But what would the neighbors think, seeing a working-woman on such terms of intimacy with a young lady of fashion? Even in North Plymouth, one must remember the neighbors!

"Betty, I'm taking you into my secret, and you must keep it for me. I'm not going to tell anybody where I have been."

"Of course, Grannie, whatever you say. But are you going to live here always?"

"No, I shall come back; but I don't think I'll live with the family." Then, after a moment: "What did they do about their quarrel?"

"You mean about the cradle and the rug? Well, you see, they

forgot it when they found you had gone; they were so shocked, and ashamed of themselves. Now they don't speak about it—in fact, they've persuaded themselves it didn't happen. Aunt Alice took the Mayflower cradle out of the house because she knew that grandfather had left it to her in the will."

"Did he really do that?"

"Yes, and he left the Shah of Persia's rug to Mother; and so they didn't have to have a row, and they didn't; it's the sort of thing that couldn't happen in Boston, so it never did. If anybody mentioned it, they'd deny it—and they'd be very angry about the denial."

Cornelia laughed. "You little monkey! Are they teaching you psychology at Miss Wilson's?"

"No, but naturally I listen and think. They've got another quarrel now, that I'm not supposed to know about; but I can't help hearing—and then Priscilla tells me a lot."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's Aunt Alice; there's a gentleman who admires her very much, and it's all right, of course, only she drove somewhere with this gentleman, and somebody else saw them, and there was a lot of gossip about it, and mother had to lie for Aunt Alice at her Sewing Circle, and she vows she will never do it again. And Aunt Alice cried, and they haven't been to each other's house for several months."

Cornelia thought for a space. "I don't believe I'm ready to go home yet, Betty!"

III

They strolled to the edge of the woods, where they found a seat covered with pine-needles, and Betty told more gossip of the Thornwell clan. Aunt Clara had had another baby; that made eight, and Aunt Alice called it a positive indecency—if they were looking for scandals, there was a real one. And Great-uncle Abner had had a bad attack of the gout; and his son, Uncle Quincy—you must pronounce it as if it were another disease—had won a chess cup. And Uncle Henry Winters and Uncle James Scatterbridge had made no one could say how many millions buying ships and things and selling them to the allies; and Betty's father had made a speech at a banquet of

the bankers, declaring that the interests of civilization required that America should enter the war. "On which side?" asked Cornelia; and the girl looked at first puzzled and then shocked. "Oh, the allies, of course."

So Cornelia told the decision which had been forming in her mind during her year of independence. She was a pacifist. She believed that the interests of civilization required that men should stop killing one another. When Betty said, "Oh, but if the Kaiser should win!" Cornelia answered that it didn't matter who won, the interests of civilization would lose. She quoted one of the founding fathers, Benjamin Franklin, to the effect that there never was a good war nor a bad peace.

This was a subject they might have discussed for quite a while; but Betty's conscience began to trouble her. "It is time I was dressing for dinner, and I mustn't be late. Mrs. Walker has to be so careful with me."

"Mrs. Walker?" said Cornelia; and the other explained that she was spending a couple of weeks with the Jerry Walkers. Cornelia could hardly believe her ears. "How does that happen?"

"I know, it sounds funny; but you see, Lucile Walker, the oldest daughter, is at Miss Wilson's, and I like her better than any other girl in the school—in fact we just adore each other. She really knows more than six of me, Grannie, and why does one always have to be thinking about family and ancestors? The way it seems to me, we Thornwells have got so much pride and money that we don't really need to amount to anything or to know anything. Honestly, I get bored with it; and Lucile interests me, so why shouldn't we be friends?"

"Certainly; only I'm surprised that Deborah would let you visit them."

"Well, we had a time, of course. Mother says she simply cannot understand my vulgar tastes. She couldn't figure out where I got them, but now she's decided that it's from you, Grannie!" And Cornelia spread out her knobby knuckles, and said that she had gone back to her ancestors; and Betty caught those knobby knuckles and cried over them, and they had a fine sentimental time.

Betty told more about the people she was visiting; she knew the whole shameful story from her mother—how Jerry Walker had been employed as an errand boy in St. Andrew's hospital,

of which Cornelia had been one of the supporters; and later he had worked as a felt-salesman, and Grandfather Thornwell had helped to put up the money so that he might buy his first plant. Now he owned about all the felt-plants there were in New England, and was getting to be as rich as anybody. But he could never be forgiven for being a nobody, and it was preposterous that his daughter should have been admitted to a fashionable school with the daughters of the Thornwells.

"You can see how it is," said Betty. "If anything were to go wrong with me while I'm at Mrs. Walker's, she would never be forgiven; so I mustn't cause her any worry. If I could tell her about you, Grannie—but then I don't know"—and again laughter lighted up the eager face of the girl—"I'm afraid maybe you are not respectable any more!"

Cornelia replied, "I'm lost forever. The people I've been living with are far worse than the Walkers. They are called Dago Reds."

"Dago Red?" said Betty, puzzled. "I thought that was what the college boys call wine."

"Yes, but this is another kind of Red, those who don't believe in religion, or in government; they are anarchists, in short."

This time Miss Betty was really shocked, and all the laughter died out of her eyes. "Oh, Grannie, but you're joking!"

"No. But they're really quite charming people. I'll introduce you to them, maybe, and you can see. One of them is called Bart, and he is a saint."

"A saint?" echoed Betty, still more puzzled. "But you said they didn't believe in religion!"

"It appears that many saints don't, any more," was Cornelia's reply. "There are what you might call secular saints."

IV

They walked towards Betty's dinner, and on the way discussed the problem of how she was to meet these dangerous and thrilling friends of Grannie's. Betty could not be absent from the Walkers' without giving some excuse, and she did not want to tell any fibs to a hostess who carried such a grave responsibility. It would not do to tell Lucile, because secrets

didn't last long with her, and anyhow, she was not old enough to be a chaperon. Betty bethought herself of Miss Mehitabel Smith, the unmarried sister of Mrs. Walker. Miss Mehitabel was very, very upright; "almost as good as Mother," said Betty. She did a great deal of visiting among the poor, and if Betty were to be seized with a desire to go visiting with her, that would be perfectly proper; Miss Mehitabel could visit her own poor, while Betty visited Betty's—and it would be no fib, because anybody had only to look at that frightful get-up that Grannie wore—"How on earth do you stand it?"

It would be necessary to take Miss Mehitabel into the secret; but Betty was sure it would be safe, for no one could be more conscientious. Cornelia said all right, but of course Betty must not give any hint of the reason why Cornelia had left home; family quarrels were family skeletons, never taken out in public; and Betty said, "Oh, of course!" She would say that her grandmother was engaged in sociological research, and her secret must be kept because otherwise her conclusions would be invalidated. Miss Mehitabel would be thrilled to death by that, and it would be such a very, very little fib, it would hardly count at all. It was agreed that Betty was to pay a call in Suosso's Lane on the following evening.

And meantime, what must the little mischief do but arrange with Miss Mehitabel to inspect the cordage plant! Miss Mehitabel was a stockholder in the company, so it was easy for her, and at 10 o'clock in the morning the two of them suddenly appeared in Cornelia's wrapping-room. They did not speak, but stood for a long time and watched the work, and Cornelia stole glances at them out of the corner of her eyes. The other women workers did the same, the young ones especially; for Betty was as good as a fashionplate or a visit to the movies. As for Miss Mehitabel—well, Cornelia tried to imagine what an Italian or Portuguese worker would make of her solid Norfolk jacket fastened with a belt, and her plain tweed skirt without a pleat or fold, and her plain brown stockings and "ground gripper" shoes. Miss Mehitabel wore her hair short—this in the days when it was an act of heroism—and parted in the middle and covered by a Swiss guide hat with a small feather in it—the only ornamental thing in the whole costume.

Miss Mehitabel's face was serious, even stern, and her eyes

looked out through large horn-rimmed spectacles. In short, she was a perfect imitation of a certain very common type of Beacon Hill lady who has got through with nonsense once for all, especially the nonsense of men, and wishes to advertise the fact, especially to the men. In the case of Miss Mehitabel, who was a rank outsider, it was a very bold, even presumptuous thing to do; but that, of course, would be something beyond the comprehension of a cordage worker, who would take Miss Mehitabel to be the real thing, and have enough to do trying to imagine what that thing might be. After the two ladies had walked on, Cornelia heard the foreman of the department standing behind her seat, discussing the problem with the subforeman. "Now what do you suppose a woman gets herself up like that for?"

"Search me," said the subforeman.

"Well, they tell you the reason there is so many old maids in New England, because the men goes west. But what I say is, if the women tried hard enough, they could get the men to come fetch them." It was what is known as "Yankee humor."

V

Cornelia had decided not to give the Brinis any explanation of Betty. She would just say that one of her grand-daughters was visiting in Plymouth, and wanted to meet them. There was a mystery anyhow, and the presence of a grand-daughter would neither add to it nor take away.

Betty put on her least fashionable costume for the occasion; but the gulf between the lowest of Betty's and the highest of an Italian cordage worker's was not to be bridged at one day's notice. Alfonsina had barely time after supper to put clean clothes on the children, and to smooth her own hair and put on her necklace of beads. Papa Brini came in from the garden and washed his hands and put on his coat. As for poor old Bart, his clothes hung on him as if they had come from a pawnbroker's, and he didn't even know enough to trim his walrus mustaches when a young lady was coming to call.

But all the stiffness and embarrassment was soon forgotten; because Betty set out to be loved, and there was no resisting her. "Nonna?" she said, when she heard Cornelia's name.

"What does that mean?" When they told her it was the Italian word for grandma, she said, "Oh, how cute! Nonna. I'll make it my pet name for her," and she began to do it right away.

She got one arm about Trando, and said, "You will teach me lots of lovely Italian words. And Nonna tells me you are going to be a violinist. I play the piano a little, and you can come to see me and we'll play duets; only you are going to be famous, and you won't waste your time with me." So then, of course, Alfonsina beamed, and Vincenzo was so touched that he got out one of the last of his precious bottles of "Dago Red," and they all had a glass—even Bart drank a little when it was a matter of courtesy. They made the jokes about "Dago Red," and the one about "divino da vino," and explained it to Betty. And then she turned to Bart and said, "Mr. Vanzetti, Nonna tells me that you have made her into a pacifist."

Now Bart, of course, had never seen anything so lovely as this in all his life; at least, never close at hand, and paying attention to *him*. He who would walk a whole afternoon in the woods searching for the first mayflower, now saw one come laughing and chatting into the parlor where he boarded. Of course he was awe-stricken; but even so, not for a moment must his proletarian conscience be drugged. "No, Meess Betty," said he. "Nonna is very good lady, mooch lovely lady; but if she is made pacifista"—he pronounced it Italian fashion, "pachifeesta"—"if she is pachifeesta, it is not by me. I am never sooch t'ing."

"Oh, then what are you, Mr. Vanzetti?"

"I am anarchista."

"And what is the difference?"

"Moocha differenza, Meess Betty. Anarchista is fighting man. He will not fight in war for capitalista, for padrone, what you call master, but he will fight for worker, for joostice, for make freedom of slave."

"Oh! So then you and Nonna don't agree!"

"I t'ink it is maybe good for Nonna be pachifeesta, she is olda lady, no—cannot fight. She has got sooch kind heart—"

"But then you have a kind heart, too, Mr. Vanzetti. She told me how you would not let the sick kitten be killed."

"Seeck kitten not do harm, I not like for kill helpless t'ing. But capitalista is not helpless, Meess Betty, he is fighting man,

is most fighting man in whole world. If you study, you onderstand what is cause of great war. What for must million men go fight, be kill-èd, miseramente, cruel? It is for get market for rich capitalista; it is for get coal, iron—what you call it for burn in lamp?"

"Oil?"

"It is for sooch t'ing worker must die. It come go-vérnment, take you per forza, like slave, put in uniform, say go kill. If you say no—cannot kill, you go prigione—prison, you get torture, maybe shot. I say, what for talka pachifeesmo for soocha men? No, worker must fight, is never men get free wit' out fight for freedom. Is it not trut', Nonna?"

"I wonder," said Cornelia. "The Negro slaves were freed without having to do much fighting—"

"Oh, but Grannie!" It was Betty who broke in. "Other people had to fight for them; and if they aren't really free yet, maybe that is the reason, because they haven't done their own fighting."

So Cornelia confronted the problem of the younger generation. She sat back and listened, while small talk and efforts at charm were forgotten, and the idealist-dreamer set forth his vision of the better world to be. She realized that Betty had come there, with her mind made up to probe to the bottom this phenomenon of a "secular saint"; to know exactly what he thought, and judge it, not according to what Miss Wilson's school was teaching, nor according to what the Back Bay would approve, but according to the facts. "You can understand, Mr. Vanzetti," said she, "I don't hear very much about these ideas, and they are strange to me. But I'd like to know all I can. Maybe you would let me come Saturday afternoon, and you and I and Nonna would take a long walk in the woods, and you could explain to me."

Never in the year that Cornelia had known Bart had she seen him so happy as then! "Meess Betty," said he, "is notting in whole world I like so much as for explain."

VI

It was a warm, still afternoon, and a hundred pleasure-boats made holiday upon Plymouth Bay. Motor launches chugged here and there, and fishermen drew their nets and set their

lobster-pots; while on the top of Castle Hill Bartolomeo Vanzetti sat under a wind-beaten tree and with many gestures told the story of his life to Cornelia Thornwell and her granddaughter.

He had been born in a peasant home in the village of Villafalletto, on the banks of the river Magra, in northern Italy. He had yearned for an education, but as fate would have it, his father read in a newspaper how forty-two lawyers had applied for a position in Turin which paid only seven dollars a month; and that ended the hope of culture for little Bart! At the age of thirteen he was put to work as a pastry cook's apprentice, and slaved for fifteen hours a day, from seven in the morning till ten at night, seven days in the week, with the exception of three hours on Sunday. Thus passed six years of his pitiful youth, until at last his health broke under the strain, and he was brought back to his village home. Through those years he had been a devout Catholic, and had solaced himself with the faith that his sufferings were God's will. "I make fist-fight for church," said he, with a laugh. "Fellow he say somet'ing very bad, I make heem sorry."

Then the will of God inflicted a still more dreadful sorrow upon him. His mother fell ill. He had loved her more than he could find words to tell, in either English or Italian. "It is why I so glad for have Nonna come here. Always it make me memory my modder. It is story I not tell her, sooch terrible story. She is so sick, sooch agonia, she screama, long time no—cannot sleep; I must go ask men on street for not sing, make noise. It is so bad, nobody in family can stand for see her, not osband, not daughter. It is me must help her—must hold her in arm, must—what you say, nurse—for two mont' I not undress for sleep. One day she die in my arm, she suffer so, not know me, not my tears. It is me must put her in coffin, must walk to grave, must shovel dirt onto my modder. Sooch miseria! You know what is Dante say, Nonna—'nessun maggior dolore'—it is no sooch greater grief in world as to remember happy time in miseria. But for me it is no sooch grief as to remember what my modder musta suffer. Always I see it, and each old lady in world is my modder."

There was a pause, while the ditch-digger blinked a tear out of his eyes; then he went on. "Could no more be happy in home.

No can ever laugh. My fadder, he get gray, very old. I no can—cannot work, must go walk in wood, stand by river on little bridge and look down in water, t'ink maybe I fall in, not have so mooch sufferance. So I t'ink maybe come America; is new country, great country, I start more life; is what you say in song, 'sweet land of liberty'—Fay she sing in school. It is what you say, full dinner-pail. So I say, I come America, not for get rich, get little money, no work so hard, have time for read book. I joosta readed De Amicis, great writer, what you say 'Cuore,' it is story of his heart. I t'ink maybe I be socialist now, little bit socialist, sentimentale, genteel, good, ever'body be kind, make new world, ever'body be happy, maybe by vote. I come America for sooch pretty—what you say, dream."

Vanzetti paused, and closed his eyes in pain. "Next to lose modder, next most badda t'ing in whole life is lose America. You 'Merican lady cannot onderstand, no never, not if talk all day. Hear about Statue Liberty—beautifool, wonderfool—paradiso. Come Ellis Island, all sudden knock on head, like badda dream, inferno—brutale, treat people lika beast—little ones cry, hide in modder's dress. What for is reason for treat poor people sooch way? Why make sooch fear, sooch hate? I go on street, stand look, strange city, mooch automobile, big train upstairs—bang, bang, make fright. I go look for home; no got one friend, ever'body try cheat, rob poor straniere—what you say, foreign. Must go sleep in room, twenty people, is fil't ever'-where; must hunt job, washa da deesh, must sleep wit'—you scusa me, Meess Betty, is not gooda story for tell sweet young lady—"

"Go on," said Betty. "If it's not too bad to happen, it's not too bad to hear."

"It is t'ing what bite in bed—it make you onhappy—cannot sleep. I live in room upstairs, top of house, mooch people, very hot. I go for work restaurant—it is mooch famous place, you read about in book; all time go artist, writer, take lady for supper. I not know what is now, but eight year back I washa da deesh, mosta bad dirt, steam all time, grease on roof drop on food, on clean deesh; all slop on floor, drain get stop, you stand t'ree inch water all day washa deesh, like work in sewer. I talk many men, it is same plenty big restaurant, all for show,

not care be clean. But worker he cannot tell story—who would hear heem?

"I work fourteen hour one day, twelve hour next day. I get five, six dollar week. Get food very bad, dirty, like dog. I no can stand, t'ink maybe get seeck, I stop, go country, look for work outdoor. But is very bad time—you know, Nonna, is what you call panic joost come, make very bad for job. Must go hungry, beg job, get food out of garbage-can maybe, some-day starve, so weak cannot work more. It was farmer give little job—two week—he not need me, but he sorry for poor wop—it is first time I get kind word from any one American, I never forget that farmer.

"It is long story, Meess Betty, you no want hear heem all. I get work by brick furnace, shovel coal, it is job for kill man, sooch heat. But I near die hungry, so I stay, ten mont' I shovel coal. I go Conecticut, get job by stone quarry, work a year. Is better so, meet plenty Italian, got home, see people dance, play violin evening. I no dance, but like see friend be happy. I read mooch book, I read paper, t'ink about worker, hees life, I see is not land of liberty, is all same, whole world is slavery for worker. It is few people own land, own factory, is capitalista, sooch people maka da profit, it is for profit musta be all industrie. Worker is—I cannot say Eengleesh, is what you buy and sell, comodità—is not human, is joost somet'ing for be sold for profit. You onderstand, Meess Betty."

"Certainly."

"It shock you, maybe—"

"Not at all. I've thought about it a lot. What do we do for all this money we have? We young people, especially—we can work if we want to, and that's very kind of us; but if we prefer we can lie back and loaf the rest of our lives. No, Mr. Vanzetti, don't be afraid to talk to me!"

"You must onderstand, I not have sooch idea when I come America, no what you call foreign red. I learn heem here, I see wit' eye, I talk wit' worker, I t'ink what is way for freedom. I am anarchista long time before to see anarchista paper, hear anarchista speaker. When I hear heem, I t'ink, it is olda story, it is my word from mout' of odder man!"

And Betty, sitting with her eyes riveted upon him, remarked, "That is a little the way I find it, listening to you!"

VII

There was more to this talk; a discussion of Vanzetti's ideas, and his answers to many questions. When it was over, Cornelia walked part of the way home with her grand-daughter, taking one of the back streets. "Oh, Grannie, what a wonderful man! Grannie, I never dreamed of such a thing—why don't they tell us there are men like that among the working-people? Do you suppose there are many?"

"He says there are; but maybe he is being modest."

"So polite and so kind—he really is a gentleman, Grannie, and without any family, or any one to teach him."

"He is a gentleman if the word is worth using, dear."

"And think what that man has read, stealing all the time from his sleep! Grannie, I was never so ashamed in my life! I'm going to get that book by Kropotkin—I'm going to read and understand for myself. I've known it was all wrong, I've been saying it to myself for a year or two. What am I doing—except to show how to wear clothes?"

"You're supposed to be studying, dear. I thought you had to work hard at Miss Wilson's."

"Oh, yes, we're Spartan enough, but it's all so remote from reality, so academic and so tiresome. We listen to Miss Wilson talk a lot, and it's not good form to ask questions, because she is deaf, and we don't want to reveal the fact. I'm bored with it, Grannie—and I'm bored with society before I get in! Does that sound like a prig?"

"No, dear, of course not."

"Well, you can't imagine such idle boys! I suppose when I'm a deb, and meet older men, it won't be so bad; but I was invited to one of the Brattle Hall dances—and you talk about the Dickie and who made it and who didn't, and about football, and last year's scores and this year's prospects; and after that it's time to stroll out into the moonlight and get sentimental. Down here you go sailing and you go to garden parties, and you never hear anything worthwhile. The one serious thing in Plymouth is the pulling and hauling between the descendants of the Pilgrims and the descendants of the Puritans. One claims social precedence, and the other won't grant it, and they gossip dreadfully. Mrs. Walker doesn't belong to either set,

and she ought to be glad—but she isn't." They walked on, until suddenly the girl burst out, "Do you know what I'd really like to do, Grannie?"

"What, dear?"

"Stay right here the rest of the summer, and get a job in the cordage plant with you, and prove that I'm some use."

"No, dear, you can't do that, it would make your mother and father too unhappy. And besides, it would be giving away my secret."

"Yes, I suppose so. But anyhow, I am going to do something worthwhile before I get through."

"Where are you going the rest of the summer?"

"Camp Putnam for August; and of course that's exciting, in a way. Did they have Camp Putnam when you were a girl?"

"No, people didn't go as far as the Adirondacks; and besides, I wasn't a fashionable person."

"Well, anyhow, they found some way to get you married off to an eligible man!" And Betty laughed. "Oh, yes, we know what Camp Putnam is for! The old people think they are being so sly, they get together and plan the list every summer, and rule out the least desirable ones—it's as select as if it was God we were visiting. They even try to arrange the partners, but it doesn't work out to oblige them. I know Mother wants to put me off on Ebenezer Cabot, but Grannie, he's an out-and-out moron."

"Don't say that, dear!"

"But it's true! You know perfectly well that most of us old families have feeble-minded ones, and regular lunatics, with keepers watching them, somewhere off in a remote wing of the house. Isn't it true that Great-uncle Ahab was that way for years?"

"Yes, dear, but you mustn't speak of it."

"Only to you, Grannie. But I'm telling you there'll be no Ebenezer in my young life. But I think before this summer's over I'm going to have to deal with a proposal."

"Who from?"

"Roger Lowell. He was there last year, and he almost did it, but it wouldn't have been proper, because he was only a

sophomore then, and they're not supposed to be engaged; but this year he's a junior, and so it'll be all right."

"Do you like him?"

"Well, I do and I don't, Grannie. He's a dear, in a way, and very good, but so awfully stiff and prim, so conscious of his great family, and what it's correct for him to do. If I were to marry him, I think I'd be like you and Grandfather Thornwell, I'd hardly dare crack a smile the rest of my life. I've already shocked him by some of the things I've said. I told him a woman should promise to stay with a man so long as she loved him, not any more. He said she ought to promise to love him forever, but I said that would be silly, because how could you tell? Did you ever meet him, Grannie?"

"The first time I met him, he had his pink toes up in the air."

"Oh, I'll tell him that, and humiliate him to death! No Lowell should be seen in such a position!"

"And the second time he had a bib around his neck, and porridge running down it. The last time I met him, he was in evening dress, and his collar was stiff and his tie was puffy, and his sober round face looked over the top like a big pink chrysanthemum."

"Oh, Grannie, that's Roger exactly! And I'm his ideal of womanhood—if only I wouldn't make jokes! Now I'm going to read Vanzetti's books, and be really serious, but I'm not sure if he will like me as an anarchist. And Grannie, I'm supposed to go home to-morrow, but I hate to leave you like this—honestly, I'm ashamed of the food I eat."

"I'm having a very happy time, dear."

"How long do you plan to stay?"

"I'm not sure—I keep changing my mind. When I read in the paper about that speech your father made, trying to get us into the war—then all of a sudden I think I'll come back and take up a pacifist campaign."

"Oh, Grannie! How perfectly appalling! You'd be like old Mrs. Abigail Webster Adams—she made a speech at a socialist meeting, and Father said she ought to be locked up in an asylum."

"No doubt he'll say that about me," said Cornelia. It was a prophecy.

VIII

Betty went away, and the rest of Cornelia's stay was enlivened by letters, addressed to Mrs. Nonna Cornell—it was Betty's little joke. They were highly confidential letters, full of family information. "Uncle Quincy has found the perfect chess player, a man who can foresee all possible combinations. Uncle James is building a whole new house on the back of 'Hillview.' And Father says the Boston banks have got a hundred million dollars of British and French bonds. They sold them to the public, but had to take them as collateral, and if the allies should lose, not a bank in Boston could keep open. So you had better come on up and make that pacifist speech."

And then: "I have been to the book-store that Mr. Vanzetti told me about. It is kept by a nice dark-eyed young Russian who was eager to undertake my education. I have a number of books which I keep hidden in the bottom of a trunk, they are lots worse than the 'Cosmo' with Robert W. Chambers. One is called 'Vindication of the Rights of Women,' by Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. The preface says it is a hundred and twenty-five years old. The world has not caught up with her yet. I am very much excited about this book, because it is just what I had been thinking. But Roger will not like it."

Then: "I am at Camp Putnam, ready to be paired off for life, with no possibility of its not being good family. It really is the loveliest country, and impossible not to have a good time. It is so nice to wear sensible camping clothes; how I wish that women might wear short skirts all the time. But if I were to walk down Tremont street this way, I suppose I'd have a crowd of boys hooting me. There is much in the world to be changed. I think the Mary Wollstonecraft book has made me into a suffragette. Would that shock you?"

"I am going out now to climb a mountain. We shall all spend the night on top and see the sunrise, and come home to-morrow, and then we shall eat most tremendous quantities of cakes and syrup. We seem to be hungry all the time. Aunt Betty, who runs the camp and us, has put a big block of chocolate in the pantry, and a little hatchet with which we knock off pieces. Mother says it was exactly the same in her day—the same hatchet, but I don't suppose the same block of choco-

late. At least, we shall not leave much for our children."

And then: "We have climbed many mountains, and are having our good time in a sober, conscientious way. We are really very serious young people. Did I tell you that we have a way of testing any newcomer? We have a funny story that we tell him; at least it is said to be funny, but really it has no point, and we watch to see if he laughs. If he does, we know that he is not sincere. It is very ingenious, but after you have watched the procedure two or three times it strikes you as a little self-conscious. I suppose it is our Puritan blood that makes it necessary for us to be always consciously and deliberately righteous.

"It would not be a very good test with Roger, for he might not laugh even if the joke did have a point. We have had some long talks and I thought I would break the news gently, so I said, 'I have met several radicals, and am much interested in their ideas.' Roger said, 'That is all right, I am the same way, I had a prof last year who was quite terribly radical.' I asked, 'What did he say?' and Roger answered, 'Oh, all sorts of things. He kept talking about the "lost books of the Bible," and he said that the substance of the ten commandments was found in earlier writings, and the story of the flood was derived from Babylonian sources.' You might tell that to Mr. Vanzetti and shock him!"

The climax of the courtship: "Oh, Grannie dear, my dolly is stuffed with sawdust! Roger and I have had a heart to heart talk and a most terrible quarrel, and it is all over—my name is never going to be Lowell. I told him I had come to realize that marriage was a form of slavery for women; and he said he knew what I meant, it was the word obey in the ceremony, but there were some clergymen who would leave that out if you asked them to. And I said it wasn't only that, it was the idea of a woman's parting with her autonomy; that every woman ought to have the final say about the children she bore; she ought to be free—especially if she were willing to earn her own way, as I meant to do.

"So then he was much puzzled, and asked me what I thought we ought to do, and I said I believed in a free union, with our own promise to each other, to be true to our best selves, and to do our best to love each other, but not stay together if we

couldn't. And Roger said, 'You mean—you mean you wouldn't really—you wouldn't get married at all?' and he turned red to the tips of his ears, and I said, 'You don't understand my feelings.' But he couldn't talk about it any more—he said, 'Betty Alvin, if I had made such a proposition to you, it would have been a deadly insult.' And I said, 'Maybe so, but I am making it to you, and that is something different.' And he wanted to know where I had got such outrageous ideas, but when I tried to tell him he didn't really want to know, and wouldn't look at the book. He tried to talk to me about my soul, and I laughed at him, and so now we are most fearfully polite to each other when anybody else is present, because of course we don't want to have a scandal in the camp. Oh, Grannie, I wish you would come back home, because I am going to be so lonely!"

IX

The "Gruppo Autonomo di Plymouth" gave a "picnic" that fall, and from all the neighboring towns came swarms of Italians, by train and bus and second-hand automobile. And then it was announced that the "Circolo Drammatico Mario Papisardi" was going to give a play in Stoughton, a "shoe-town" some thirty miles away. They had quite a fine dramatic organization, and Bart laid off work for three days to travel round and place tickets for them. Illness kept the Brinis from going, but some neighbors, the Angelottis, invited Cornelia.

A young anarchist comrade called for them in his car; Mike Boda was his name, and he told Cornelia that he was a macaroni salesman, and raced about the country in his little Overland car, hopping in and out at Italian homes. He was a chipper little fellow, about five feet two inches high, and it was just as well that he was no heavier, because when you had Bart on the front seat with a boy on his knee, and Mr. and Mrs. Angelotti and Cornelia on the back seat, with another boy on the father's lap and another on the mother's, you had about as much weight as the springs of a low-priced car could be expected to stand.

But the roads were good, and they rolled along singing songs, and it was a gay party that swept into the shoe-town. The children had been to the movies, of course, and they

had seen a play at school, but this was their first grown-up play, and they could hardly contain their excitement. They drove to the house of a contractor whom Vincenzo had recently met at one of the last Boston gatherings. Cornelia knew his name, and he lived in a fine cottage, which had formerly belonged to his late "Greatest Father, Duke," explained that "His work shop-factory is also summer work; all work he make so much ship, fifty dollar work, that boy—smart feller, got lovely wife, you see."

Then they ran out to the gate to meet them, a clasp of sunny day, with even, regular features and dark hair and eyes, very active like a cat, a figure all of steel springs. He had come from the ankle of the Italian boat, while his wife, Rosina, came from the north—young and delicate, with vivid colouring hair and an eager face full of sunshine and fireflies. They had a little boy, about three years old, "Hello, home!" called that "Tomorrow we have another guest!" But the new guest was shy, and hid behind his mother's skirts.

Duke and Rosina were to act in the play tonight, so the women refused to go into the house and disturb them. The men had their supper all in a box, and would make a "pic-nic" on the "lawn" front lawn. But nothing could prevent the host from showing them his garden; next to his family, it was the pride of his life, he worked at it every night till it was too dark to see. He led them down the rows of tomato plants, and lifted the branches and showed the big red globes underneath. He knew only a few words of English, but Cornelia did not need a translator, because for forty years she had seen her husband showing off his flowers to visitors, and she knew every expression and gesture that goes with the ceremony.

X

They went to the hall where the play was to be, and met most of the Italians of New England, it seemed. There were Nick and Rosina on the stage, magically transformed into peasants of the home country. Cornelia had one of the young Angelinis on each side, and they were supposed to whisper into her ear what was happening; but they became so enthralled that they forgot there was anybody in the world but the figures

in the play. However, Cornelia knew many Italian words, and all possible Italian gestures; and the story was so simple, and so full of action, it was easy to follow.

Nick was a peasant, whose son had been taken from him and forced to fight the Arabs in Tripoli. Meantime the father was in dire straits—"Militarism and Misery" was the title of the drama. His wife was ill of a fever, and he had no money, and the cruel landlord threatened to turn them out. When Nick offered to work for the landlord, his plea was refused, because, as an anarchist, he would lead the other workers to revolt. A good doctor came to visit the wife, and he and Nick had a debate, in which Nick set forth the principles of his faith with most wonderful eloquence. His comrades brought him money, and threw out the landlord, calling him "affamatore" and "assassino"—starver and assassin: whereat the doctor was so much impressed that he declared himself a convert to anarchism. "The new comrade am I"—and the other comrades burst into cheers, and the audience was not slow to follow.

Then came the soldier-boy, home from the wars. He boasted of the Arab women and children he had slain, and his father, a true internationalist, threw his pay into his face and ordered him from the home. "Get out, get out of here, robber and assassin!"—a painful scene. In the next act, the soldier-boy sat in the barracks, brooding over his shame—to such good effect that when he discovered another soldier with a load of antimilitarist literature, he let the guilty one escape. And when in the last act he was ordered home, in charge of a file of troops, to shoot down the striking peasants, he refused, and went over to the side of his father, and died from a shot fired by the mayor. It was a tragic and sensational ending, and Nick as the revolutionary father rose to heights of eloquence. "Yes, to the barricades! Farewell, my son—victim of bourgeois imperialism, repose in peace! To-day is not the day to mourn the dead. It is the day of battle and vengeance. Let us hasten, comrades, where the struggle is more fierce, to avenge not only him, but all the obscure martyrs fallen through capitalist greed." And as the comrades rushed out and the firing began off-stage, you would have thought you were in La Scala—such storms of applause, such tears and raptures, so many bouquets on the stage, so many "evvivas" and "bis!"

It was easy to smile at the naïveté of such a story. But when you saw how deeply it moved the audience, then you had to stop and think, and realize that it was the stuff of the lives of Italian peasants. If the drama and its emotions were simple, it was because the reality was the same. Even the conversion of the doctor might have happened—for, after all, there were anarchist doctors, well known in Italy. And the struggle against militarism—that was the religion and martyrdom of the peasant all over Europe. Everything in the drama was true, except the revolution—and what was needed to bring that, but the very fervor and impulse of this peasant audience?

The family discussed all this as they drove home. It was late and the children went sound asleep, but the grown-ups never wearied of talking, and explaining matters to Cornelia. Vanzetti told more about that wonderful fellow "Sacc'"—who was, in real life, exactly as he had been on the stage. "He come America same year like me. Was young feller, seventeen. Got brudder wit', brudder no can stand, is too hard work, musta go home Italy. Nick, he work water-boy, carry water for gang all day. He work Hopedale, is beeg strike by foundry-shop—you read about heem maybe. Police is rough, mooch bad. Nick he is on picket-line, get hit plenty time. Is way for make red, make anarchista—you see, joosta like dramma. Nick is not speaker, but gooda man for organize. Work now by little shoe-factory, is good friend wit' boss, do day-work, night watchman too, make plenty money. But never he change, stand always by worker. Some day it come odder beeg strike, Nonna, you see Nick Sacc' be leader, he do joost what you see for make rivoluzione. He cannot fear, is brave—like what you say—leone—lion."

And Bart went on to tell about something which had happened a month or two ago, when the young hero's mettle had been tested. "He get arrest—he musta go jail for hold meeting. It is protest for beeg strike in copper country—you know maybe—Mesaba range—out West. Is plenty rich people in Boston own copper-mine not like for have worker hear how they beat people, t'row in jail. Try for stop meeting, shut-up Nick and not let him tell about it."

Cornelia said nothing: but a procession of "bluebloods" began to move with stately dignity through her thoughts: the

Paynes, the Shaws, the Agassizs—yes, she knew “coppers,” and the owners thereof. She remembered a scandal that had made awe-stricken whispers in the Sewing Circle—an old man had died, and it appeared that for twenty years or so he had been keeping eight thousand shares of his copper stocks hidden under a dummy name in New York, signing the name of this dummy. The executors of his estate failed to report these shares to the government, to avoid paying taxes on them; they had been caught, and some of the brightest legal lights of Boston were nearly disbarred. Nobody had gone to jail, of course—only “Nick Sacc’,” who had tried to tell the Italians of Massachusetts how the “copper kings” were beating and killing their Michigan miners.

XI

The grapes on the Brini arbor had become dark purple globes, and had been harvested and converted into “Dago red.” The leaves had turned, first yellow and then brown, and had dropped off and been blown into the corners of the garden. The cabbage and turnips were stored in the cellar, and the tomato-vines grew mushy after frost, and then dry and hard. All that beautiful garden was a wreck, and the sun was going away on his long pilgrimage. Very soon Cornelia would be getting up by lamplight, and shivering while she dressed, and being pinned up in her shawl for the journey to the cordage-plant. Could she stand another of these winters?

Betty was back at Miss Wilson’s school, and begging her grandmother to come to Boston. Surely she ought to be taking part in the campaign to reëlect Woodrow Wilson, who had kept us out of war, and said we were too proud to fight. How Boston—the Boston of State Street and fashionable society—loathed that phrase, and how they jeered and raged in their *Transcript*! But there was another Boston, which had crossed the seas a generation ago to escape the potato famine; it had found an abundance of potatoes in New England, and had converted them into a crop of young Irish voters, pledged to the worship of the Virgin Mary and the extermination of the British lion. In vain did “Pro Bono Publico” and “Hundred Percent American” write letters to the *Transcript*, summon-

ing the new world to the rescue of down-trodden Belgium. Irish-Catholic Boston did not read the *Transcript*, and it thronged to the polls and elected an Irish-Catholic mayor, who would see to it that Irish and Germans and pacifists might hold all the peace-meetings they wished, and parade through Park Street and spit when they passed the Union Club.

Wilson was reëlected; and it seemed that the war-danger was over. He would go on writing notes to the Germans, as he had been doing for a year or two, and the Germans would go on ignoring them. Cornelia decided that she would not be needed as a pacifist agitator, nor would Vanzetti have to take refuge in Mexico, as he had made up his mind to do in case America should enter the war. "Capitalist I will fight some day," said Bart, "but never will I kill German worker, Austrian worker, for make good no banker bond." Cornelia had not mentioned the highly confidential subject of Boston high finance and its commitments to the allied cause; but apparently the "reds" had their own sources of information, for the "*Cronaca Sovversiva*" was full of talk on the subject, and details of the intrigues of State Street and Wall Street.

XII

The first snow of the year was in the air, and Cornelia came hurrying home in the darkness, with half an inch of snow melting upon her shoulders. She was surprised to see a large limousine in front of the Brini door, its two long streams of light making day in Suosso's Lane, and revealing the million-footed dance of the snowflakes. As she came nearer, the door of the car opened and a bulky man stepped out; Cornelia could not see his face, but his voice caused her to stop dead in her white tracks. "Is that you, Mother?" It was Rupert Alvin!

In a certain musical comedy it is set forth how the founder of Columbus Day landed in the new world, and the Indians came eagerly, inquiring, "Are you Christopher Columbus?" When he admitted his identity, they exclaimed, "At last we are discovered!" So now it was with Cornelia. The jig was up, she knew—and took but a moment to get herself together. "Hello, Rupert!" she said, with an air of nonchalance—there are times when the Thornwell training comes in handy! She accepted her

son-in-law's outstretched hand, and let him help her into the limousine, where sat her eldest daughter, Deborah.

"Oh, Mother! Mother! How could you?" Yes, even the stately Mrs. Rupert Alvin wept when she saw those bowed shoulders and that pitiful working-woman's shawl covered with a load of snow. She had snapped on the light in the limousine; but Rupert snapped it off again quickly.

"Control yourself, Deborah," he commanded—having in mind the chauffeur, who would overhear, in spite of the glass partition. "Mother, we want to have a private talk with you. Will you not please come home with us—at least for a day or two?"

"I can't, Rupert. I have a job."

"Can't you get excused temporarily?"

"One does not get excused from jobs, one gets fired."

"But Mother, you have a little income from the estate!" It was Deborah, breaking in.

"Wait, Deborah!" insisted the husband, again. "Mother, will you let us take you to some hotel here in Plymouth, where we can discuss matters quietly?"

"Certainly I will do that. But first I must tell my friends. They will be expecting me to supper and will worry."

"I will see to that," said the man, quickly, and he got his majestic bulk out of the car, and Cornelia wondered vaguely, was he afraid she might make her escape? Was she being kidnaped? Inside her something fluttered like a bird in a trap. "Don't be caught! Don't let them get you!"

"Oh, Mother, you are all wet!" Deborah was lamenting. "Take off that shawl!" She drew it off, and began to wrap Cornelia in a big fur robe. Cornelia submitted, because it was easier than to argue. Her mind was busy with another problem: how had they found her? Could it have been Miss Mehitabel? Impossible to believe that Betty had revealed the secret!

Rupert returned, and gave his orders to the chauffeur, and got into the car, which began to sway on luxurious springs down the unpaved and rutted lane. It turned onto the main street, and sped to a hotel, where they got out, and Rupert engaged a room, and Deborah hurried her mother through the lobby. Presently they were locked in a place where family secrets might be safe—after Rupert had stepped to the door once or twice and opened it, to make sure there were no eavesdroppers.

"I am perfectly all right," said Cornelia, in answer to her daughter's clamor that she was wet and that she was cold and that she was exhausted. "I have been very happy," she declared, in answer to laments about the state of her shoulders and her hands. And when Deborah had got to the question of how her mother could have been so cruel as to treat them this way, Cornelia broke in with the demand, "How did you find me?" She had to repeat the question before Deborah answered, "We got your address from Betty."

"You mean she told you? I can't believe such a thing, Deborah!"

"I don't mean that. She wrote you a letter, and we got it."

"Oh, I see." A great load was lifted from Cornelia's heart. After a moment she said, "I would like to have the letter." Seeing them hesitate and look at each other, she said, "Give me my letter, please." So Rupert took from his pocket an envelope, which Cornelia could see at a glance was very bulky.

Balancing the letter in his hand, the great man began, in his most solemn tones, "Mother, I wish to explain that when we opened this letter we did not know it was to you. If we had known that, we should have brought it unopened. But you will see, it is addressed to Mrs. Nonna Cornell, and that meant nothing to us, except that our unhappy daughter was communicating secretly with some unknown woman. Only when we opened the letter, did we discover that it was to you."

"Neither of us read it, Mother," added Deborah. "It may be we had a right to, but we didn't feel sure."

"I will read it to you at once, my child."

"I don't think it will be necessary. We had a talk with Betty, and I think we know the situation."

Cornelia held the letter in her hands. How pathetic seemed the little joke, "Mrs. Nonna!" She took the letter from the envelope, and saw why Deborah had suggested not hearing it—the last page was numbered forty! But Cornelia had to read only two sentences to know the whole story.

"Dear Grannie:

"I am in the most dreadful predicament you can imagine, because Roger Lowell, the tenth descendant of a line of theocrats, spent three months laboring with his conscience and finally made up his mind that he must save my soul by telling father of the

indecent proposition I had made at Camp Putnam! So now here I am shut up in my room and forbidden to go out, until I have promised to reform—and so I am forced to smuggle this letter to you by one of the maids.”

XIII

The antagonists squared off for battle—two against one. It would be none the less deadly, because it would be carried on under the forms of courtesy, even of love.

The first thing was for Deborah to weep some more. This was not easy, for she was haughty, self-contained—the last word in aristocratic reticence. But there was that pitiful figure—gray-haired, bowed and bent, in wretched shapeless clothing wet with melted snow—that was her mother! And even though she told herself that her mother had become insane, it was none the less terrible. Also, impossible to forget that certain scenes which Deborah forbade herself to remember had had something to do with her mother’s mental disorder. So the tears streamed down Deborah’s cheeks—and she had one of those long, half-masculine faces, which are not improved by weeping.

In Cornelia’s own being the trapped bird was still fluttering. “Fight! Fight! Don’t let them get you!” She had had a year and a half to think matters over, and she knew all the devices of families to break people down. She remembered Cousin Amelia Quincy, who had sought to marry the wrong man, and how Cousin Amelia’s mother had fallen violently ill—a complete nervous breakdown—which had lasted until the wrong man had given up and married some other girl.

So now Cornelia made her voice stern, and said, “It is silly for you to behave that way, Deborah. There is nothing the matter with me, and I assure you my children are not going to get their way by tears.”

Then Deborah drew herself to her full height. “I will not annoy you any further. I have of course no right to object to your living your own life—”

“None whatever, my child.”

“But I have a right to object to your ruining the mind and character of my young and impressionable daughter.”

“I hope I have not done that.”

"Unless our daughter tells us what is not true, you introduced her to a band of anarchists and atheists—"

"Not atheists, Deborah, you have got the wrong word."

"You mean that Italian man, whatever his name is, is not an atheist?"

"He has explained to me carefully his beliefs. He worships one God, the God of nature, of love and justice. He worships only one, so perhaps that constitutes him an infidel."

Deborah declined this challenge to theological controversy. "And free-lovers!"

"That is still less accurate. I doubt very much if Vanzetti has ever been any kind of lover in his life. He is a saint who believes in free love."

"Is that one of your jokes, Mother?"

"It sounds like it, I know, but you will have to learn that there are new ideas loose in the world, and it is not practicable to keep people from knowing about them—not even by shutting them up in their rooms and confiscating their mail."

Rupert Alvin was silent, considering that free love is not a theme for mixed conversation; and anyhow, in family disputes the less an "in-law" has to say, the safer for him. When the two ladies began exchanging views upon the efficacy of a church ceremony as a purifier of lust, Rupert arose and went to the door and opened it and peered out. It was a delicate hint, and the ladies took it, and discussed anarchism. Or rather, Cornelia discussed anarchism, while Deborah discussed anarchy, and refused to recognize the difference. Cornelia asserted that she had lived among Italian anarchists for a year and a half, and had not seen a single bomb—except those which Brini described as "bombe di pistacchio."

They were on the subject of foreigners and their alleged resemblance to pigs, when Rupert decided that it was time for a man to interpose his authority. "Mother," he said—and went on, in spite of his wife's angry signals—"we are not getting anywhere by arguing over subjects like this. The question is, what are we going to do. I know that our mutual esteem and affection will bring us to an understanding in the end; so what I am hoping is to persuade you to come home and stay with us a while. I know you will be able to induce Betty to—well, to mod-

erate her expressions. That is all we ask, and I am sure you agree that we do not want an open scandal in our family."

"Certainly not, Rupert."

"Well, then, come with us, and in time we can work it all out happily."

"That is easy to say, Rupert, but it seems to me you are taking a serious risk. Suppose that while I am your guest I should consider it my duty to appear on some public platform and say that the effort to bring America into the war is a crime against civilization, and that the motive power behind it is our big bankers, who have loaned so much money to England and France and Italy that they cannot face the prospect of losing their investments?"

To Rupert Alvin, president of the Pilgrim National Bank of Boston, and directing head of the most powerful financial group in State Street, it was as if his mother-in-law had taken a sharp rapier and brought the point of it close to one of his waistcoat buttons. The many large bulges which composed Rupert's face and neck became still larger, the pink ones turning red, and the red ones purple. His large round eyes opened wide, and the hands which clutched his large round knees tightened until they showed the tendons. Either Rupert's tongue refused to make a sound, or else Rupert's brain did not know what sound to tell it to make.

XIV

"My children," said Cornelia, "I want to be fair, and make myself understood if it can possibly be done. For forty years I did what I was told was my duty, and let other people guide my life. I was very unhappy—how unhappy I did not realize until Josiah was dead, and I had begun to do what I wanted to do. Now for the rest of my life I am going to be an individual, and not a cog in the family machine. And while that will seem terrible to you, you can comfort yourself with the fact that it is real 'Boston'—'old Boston,' the very best there is. Everything that is glorious in our history has been made by people who have 'come out,' and fought some prevailing sentiment. I never realized that until I got alone and thought it over. Take Wendell Phillips—you cannot say anything against his ancestry, there

was never any one more completely 'Back Bay.' Yet he turned into an abolitionist and labor agitator, the same as a pacifist and 'red' at the present time. It has always been that way, and the ones you honor now, the ones whom the rest of the world knows about—Samuel Adams and John Quincy Adams, Emerson and Thoreau and Phillips and Garrison and James Russell Lowell—yes, there was even a Lowell, Deborah—and Thomas Wentworth Higginson—even a Higginson, Rupert, tell that to State Street! Boston history has been made by the 'saving minority.' You must know that is true?"

"Yes, but Mother"—it was Deborah protesting—"that was all in the past!"

"And now the world is perfect, and we don't need any more changes! Well, my dear, all I can tell you is, I have looked the world over and made up my mind that it has never been worse than right now—with some ten or twenty million men lined up on opposite sides, using all the machinery and brains of civilization to slaughter one another. No, I think we need changes, and there is going to be a Thornwell among the 'come outers,' and you will have to put up with the humiliation of it. I don't think I shall be lonely—I've been able to recollect the names of a number of old ladies who have left their families and are living in apartments and hotels, interesting themselves in one queer cause or another. I never paid much attention, because Josiah wouldn't have approved of my associating with them. But now I shall look them up—I suppose I shall join the Twentieth Century Club."

"Oh, Mother! How horrible!"

"And the suffragettes, whatever they call their organization—there are two, I believe. And the socialists have a local—I am not an anarchist, Deborah, comfort yourself with that—and anyhow, the anarchists don't have any organizations. I suppose the pacifists have one; I hear that Mrs. Abigail Webster Adams has come out for them, and that Rupert thinks she ought to be locked up in an asylum. Well, Rupert, that has been the idea of the comfortable people for a long way back—I remember they accused Socrates for corrupting the youth. But even though you put people in an asylum, their ideas get out—you cannot always be sure that the maid will turn their letters over to you."

Cornelia paused; and then, seeing the look on her daughter's

face—"Yes, my dear, that was a mean one. But you must realize that Mother is going to fight from now on; Mother holds her convictions with just the same intensity that you hold yours, and something inside her compels utterance. It is that stern terrible thing we call our Puritan conscience. It is out of fashion at the moment, but it takes new forms, it has a rebirth, and does not rest until it has made some impression on the world—some change such as the independence of the colonies, or the abolition of slavery, or the outlawing of war, or the setting free of labor. And then the next generation forgets about the conflict, and says how famous Boston is, what great people it has produced! And their grandchildren become the aristocracy, and want everything to stay as it is!"

XV

Cornelia had her own proposition, which she had been thinking over for several months. "I will come up to town at once and get a little apartment, and Betty can come live with me. That will be respectable—it will even tend to make your runaway grandmother all right. And I'm sure I can guide Betty and keep her from going to extremes. It is what she herself has been begging me to do, and I know she will be happy."

"Thank you," said Deborah, with a touch of sarcasm. "To make the children happy is the one duty of parents under the new dispensation. But some of us parents are old-fashioned, and think about our children's souls."

"Yes, my dear, and it may be that the saving of Betty's soul depends upon her believing everything that is preached at Trinity—even though, as I suspect, the preacher does not believe it himself. But let us be practical about the matter. What will you do with the child? Ordinarily, when daughters threaten to run wild you send them off to Europe with an aunt, and they look at cathedrals and paintings for a year, and that is cultural. But now your war is in the way, so the only place to send her is out west, and she would see only rocks and rivers, which are not so cultural. Of course you can keep her shut up—make a prisoner of her by force—but that would only harden her spirit and drive her to extremes. Also, it would mean an open scandal, because your servants would know, and it would

be all over the Back Bay in a night, and everybody would be certain the child had done something far worse than talk radicalism. Moreover, you can only keep her for a short while—then she will be of age, and you will lose your hold on her.”

“We can disinherit her.”

“Yes, of course; but she would have my property—”

“I think, Mother, you ought to be informed about that.” It was Rupert breaking in—since it was a banker’s affair. “You have no property, only an income of five thousand a year from the estate.”

“Well, Rupert, I have lived upon four hundred a year for the past year and a half—”

“Mother, you don’t mean it!” Impossible for the most reticent daughter to encounter such a statement with silence!

“What else have I had? I have lived on it, and even saved a little. And now if I come up to town and take my income of five thousand a year, with what has been accumulating, Betty and I will be rich.”

“You would not be able to pay for the child’s clothes!”

“Well, Deborah, maybe you know your daughter better than I, but my guess is Betty would learn to make her own clothes quite cheerfully. Will you give me a chance to ask her?”

“Most certainly not! In spite of your ridicule, I believe in my religion, and in a little decency and decorum. I shall not give up my daughter to become an anarchist and atheist—nor even a socialist and infidel—nor yet a saint who believes in free love.”

“Well put, Deborah—we are both of us developing what Broadway would call the ‘punch.’ But put yourself in my place just a moment. I served your father faithfully for forty years, and conscientiously refrained from doing any of the things which made him angry. I gave life to three of you girls, and helped to find you husbands of the sort I knew your father wanted you to have. If you have any complaint as to your share in husbands, you have been too proud to make it to me. Have you, Deborah?” Cornelia paused, and looked at the solemn Rupert with a twinkle in her eye. Then she continued, “You both have what you want. But I have very little; I am old and lonely, and an object of sympathy. There are eleven grandchildren—no one of whom would have been in the world except

for me. I put it to your sense of justice—may I not ask for one of the eleven to keep me company in my old age?"

It was turning Deborah's own weapons against her, and Deborah could not help being disturbed. "I think you would have shown better judgment if you had chosen one of Clara's eight, rather than one of my two."

"Perhaps that is so. But I did not choose Betty—she chose me; or rather, some fate did it, there is an affinity between us. I assure you, Deborah, upon my honor, I had no thought of causing this to happen. But it has happened, and we have to admit it."

"Never!" cried Deborah. Her lips were set in that expression which Cornelia had seen ten thousand times upon the face of Josiah Quincy Thornwell. It was recorded for all time in the paintings of four governors in the music-room at "Hillview."

Cornelia turned to her son-in-law. "Is that your decision also?"

Rupert hung on to that caution which is such an excellent thing in "in-laws." "Mother, I hope you will not go to any extreme—"

Cornelia laughed. "First I have to make sure what you and Deborah plan to do to Betty."

"We plan to do our duty as parents, to compel our child to behave herself!" It was Deborah, with great vehemence.

"Do you mean that she must believe what you believe—even though she doesn't? Or do you mean that she must say that she believes what she doesn't believe? Or will you be content if she agrees to say nothing about her beliefs?"

"That is what we commanded her to do, and she refused."

"Are you sure you made the distinction? Are you sure you didn't ask her to stop believing? I suspect you were so horrified and angry, you didn't know exactly what you were demanding." And Cornelia rose, saying, "I will try to supply a little wisdom and good temper for you. To-morrow I will go up to town and put up at a hotel, and get some clothes, so as not to disgrace you, and in the evening I will call at the house, and have a talk with my grandchild, and persuade her to be more fair than her parents."

"You must not feel that way about us, Mother!" It was Rupert, still trying for a compromise.

"There is no sense in saying any more to-night, Rupert. We have argued too much, for Thornwells. It is because I am not really 'Boston,' that I do this vulgar thing of trying to talk things out. But I love Betty, and cannot bear to see her spirit bruised. I will do the best I can, and advise her to suppress her eager young ideas on marriage, and private property, and war, and whatever else you object to—until she is of age, and her own legal mistress."

Cornelia took her shawl and started to put it on. "Mother! That thing is all wet! Let me give you my coat!"

"It is quite all right, there will be a good hot stove where I am going."

"But Mother, you must have dinner with us!"

"My friends will give me something to eat when I get home. I could not eat now."

She saw tears start in Deborah's eyes again, and that was as it should be. When Rupert labored to persuade his mother-in-law to ride to Boston with them, she answered that she had reasons for preferring the train; then she started towards the door. "Good-by, my children."

Rupert took up his coat and followed her. "At least you will let us drive you to where you are living, Mother."

"Thank you, but I am able to walk."

"But Mother, that is absurd—it is storming!"

"I have walked to my work for a year and a half, through every sort of storm—at six-thirty in the morning, and again in the evening—and have not yet missed a day."

So Cornelia unlocked the door and went out; Rupert and Deborah both following, arguing and pleading with her in low, decorous tones, all the way to the street. But she set her lips tight, and when Rupert tried to take her hand and lead her to the car, she withheld it, saying once more, "Good-by, my children," and hurrying away into the snow-haunted darkness.

XVI

The next evening, according to her promise, Cornelia called at the Alvin mansion on Commonwealth Avenue, dressed like a nice, quiet old lady of the social reform or "blue-stockings" type. She rang the bell with some trepidation, not quite certain

whether she would be admitted; but she found an amazing situation—the family rows all settled, Betty out of prison and back at Miss Wilson's, and the entire Thornwell clan assembled to welcome home the runaway grandmother! To overwhelm her with kindness, with beauty, tact and charm, to afford her a demonstration of respectability, and make her realize its advantages over anarchism, atheism and free love!

There was Clara, in the radiance of her eighth maternity, and her husband, James Scatterbridge, shining with the extra millions he had made; and Alice, never more elegant, never more gracious, with no trace of a scandal or a hysteric about her; her husband, Henry Winters, jewel upon the finger of the legal profession; Deborah and Rupert, all courtesy and smiles; Betty, a little pale after a cyclone of emotions, but none the less lovely for that; Betty's older sister, Priscilla; Great-uncle Abner, and his son, Uncle Quincy—pronounced as if he were a disease of the throat. All of them in their most honorable costumes, all so amiable—not one hint of rebuke or complaint, not even a tactless slip—unless you count Great-uncle Abner, whose deaf man's voice boomed through the drawing-room; "Well, well, Cornelia, they tell me you've been making money!"

They had learned their lesson, that was the long and short of it; they would return to dignity and reserve and good manners—to "old Boston"; and Cornelia would return with them, and Betty also. There would be no more quarrels, no more scenes, no more scandals and "talking out" of things, no more anarchism, atheism, or free love!

There was a buzz of conversation, family news, compliments and courtesies. When would Cornelia come to see her new grandson? Had she heard of the fine record Alice's son had made at St. Mark's? Would she hear about Uncle Quincy's chess wonder? "How is your gout, Abner?" "How is the new wing coming on, James?" So many polite and pleasant things to talk about, that it was only near the end of the evening that she got a few words alone with Betty.

"Oh, Grannie, how on earth did you do it?"

"I don't know, dear—what did I do?"

"You completely tamed Mother and Father. They came back this morning as nice as pie."

"I guess they just had a little time to think things over, and

realize how much they loved you." Cornelia was going to be tactful too!

"Well, yesterday Mother wouldn't hear to reason at all: I must promise to never believe anything she disapproved of, I must never talk about such things to anybody, and must never look at such a book! Of course I couldn't promise all that, could I, Grannie? You can't imagine how dreadful I felt, to have to tell Mother and Father that I wouldn't obey them! So I thought I was going to have to stay in my room till I didn't know when. But after they had talked with you, all they wanted was for me not to disgrace them publicly."

Cornelia was tempted to say that Rupert and Deborah had found the older generation so much worse than the younger, that it had frightened them. But no, she was going to be tactful! "I plan to get a little apartment, dear, and you can come see me, and we'll keep our thoughts to ourselves, and not give the family anything more to worry over." Thus Cornelia Thornwell, in December, 1916, while the German government was preparing its new submarine policy, which was to rouse all the warlike elements in America, and force all the pacifist ladies of Boston to make public speeches, and break with their families, and be raided by mobs and arrested by the police! With the Bolshevik revolution less than a year in the future, and the "white terror" following close upon its heels!

CHAPTER V

THE SAVING MINORITY

I

CORNELIA declined three invitations, to live in three different mansions, and got herself an apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill, where the poor live near enough to the rich to come as servants, and to be visited as objects of charity. She had three rooms and a tiny kitchen and bath; one room being planned for her grand-daughter, in the hoped-for course of events. Cornelia did not mention this, but announced that she was going to live alone, to the great dismay of her family. Betty was in the secret, and helped fix up the little room, which was a great joke, because it had perhaps the twentieth part of the floor-space she enjoyed at home. But what is floor-space, compared with adventure, romance, the tasting of forbidden fruit? "Oh Grannie, it's so cute! And it's going to be such fun! Do you suppose they will really ever let me come?"

"I don't know, dear; if we're both very good and proper—if you don't have any more love-affairs—"

"Oh, Grannie, I am off for life! That horrible little monster of propriety, Roger Lowell—it makes me blush just to think of him!"

"The same effect that you had upon him," said Cornelia.

They discussed the technique of self-suppression, so fundamental to life in Boston. For forty years Cornelia had gone about her daily affairs, thinking her own thoughts, and seldom even venturing to make jokes about what the others did. Now Betty must learn the art. She must say, "Yes, Mother," and "Certainly, Father," and let it go at that. In an extreme case she might say, "I think, Mother, it would be wiser if we did not discuss that question." She might be firm and say, "I really think, Mother, you ought to excuse me from saying any more." If she would do that, politely but persistently, her family would

have a great respect for her; and some day, she might remark casually, "Mother, I think I will invite Grannie to go to the symphony to-morrow afternoon." Later she might phone and say, "Mother, I'm having supper with Grannie, and spending the evening with her." It would be hard for a mother to say, "No, you must come home at once"; or even to ask, "Are there going to be any anarchists present?"

Of course it all depended upon Cornelia's "behaving herself." But alas, the imperial German government announced its new policy—the submarines were going to sink passenger vessels without warning; and forthwith the Back Bay declared war on Germany, while South Boston, the Irish quarter, declared war on Britain. There was a symbolical insurrection when the Irish paraded down Beacon Street; the Back Bay shut up its houses and drew the blinds, but the cooks and dining-room girls and parlors-maids and chambermaids threw wide open the basement doors and windows, and stood in the area-ways and cheered themselves hoarse. For a generation it had been one of the diversions of the "Sewing Circle," to whisper harrowing stories of the conduct of these Irish maids with Irish policemen in the kitchen; but now it was even worse—the policemen were replaced by German spies, and nobody was safe any more!

Among the activities of the Kaiser and his agents was to persuade deluded sentimentalists into organizing groups with high-falutin names to preach pacifism. There was a "Fellowship of Reconciliation," and a "Women's League for Peace and Freedom," and a "People's Council for Peace and Democracy," and a "Jackasses' Association for Flubdub and Buncombe"—so Rupert Alvin described it in one of his purple-faced rages. The *Transcript* had been publishing atrocity stories in twelve editions every week for a hundred and twenty weeks, and the Back Bay had believed every word it read; so now imagine the sensation when one of these organizations of long-haired men and short-haired women listed among its abettors a former "first lady" of the Commonwealth!

And Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell was going to make a public speech in favor of America's taking it lying down! When that announcement appeared, the entire family came, one at a time or in groups, to argue and plead and scold. Clara wept, in the name of her whole precious brood; if the Germans took

Boston, they would cut off all sixteen of those sweet chubby hands. Alice used the arts which she had practiced for forty years, ever since she had made the discovery that her beautiful face would cause others to yield their will to hers. Deborah had never had a beautiful face, so she had gone in for character, and now declared that she must consider her duty to her children, and protect Betty from the contagion of German and anarchist propaganda.

II

Also Henry Cabot Winters gave his mother-in-law an entire evening of his socially precious time. She was pleased at that, because Henry had a sense of fun, and would talk about realities. She got in a Negro maid, and prepared him a good dinner, and he came in full regalia, with his gray hair composed in a graceful wave and held there by a cylinder of stiff and shiny black silk. And while she fed him, she told him her adventures as a runaway grandmother, her work in the Plymouth cordage plant, and how she had lived on six dollars a week, and about the Italian anarchists who made bombs of pistacchio, and the rebel saint who had been the cause of Betty Alvin's reading Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin on the rights of women. Impossible to imagine a more diverting story—and especially the climax, which had come only last week—Cornelia's meeting with Mr. J. Lawrence Perry, and telling that elderly philanthropist how it felt to be an unskilled worker in his mighty plant, and be chased off the picket-line by his special policemen!

And later on, when dinner was over and the maid dismissed, the great lawyer settled himself in an easy chair with an ash-holder on the arm, and with the utmost tactfulness steered the conversation onto the subject of German propaganda; with the result that his mother-in-law put him on the griddle. "Tell me, Henry, how much do the Boston banks stand to lose if the Germans win?"

"Is this for publication, Mother?" The cloud of cigarette smoke did not obscure the twinkle in Henry's fine dark eyes.

"Your name is not for publication, Henry. I'm told it's a hundred million dollars."

"Round figures are generally exaggerated. As a matter of fact

it would be everything the Boston banks have, because when a panic like that got started, nobody could say where it would stop."

"And that's why we have to go in?"

"We live under a system, Mother. Maybe you know how to change it, I don't."

"And what's this I hear about you and Rupert taking over the Haupt electric works?"

"Jehoshaphat! Where did you get that?"

"Well, I have sources of information. I suppose that is the system too—our leading bankers getting back the cost of their war-propaganda!"

"Well, Mother, we can't expect the Germans to pay it for us; and if we do go in, we surely can't leave the manufacture of our war-supplies to the enemy!"

"The fact that you and Rupert and James are getting your lines on Haupt Electric means we really are going in, then?"

"Of course, Mother, we're going in; that is what I want to tell you—it is unwise of you to waste your strength and happiness trying the impossible. You know, I don't fret about appearances like the rest of the family; but I'm fond of you—we used to have jolly little chats, and I missed them when you ran off. I thought maybe, if you wanted to blow off steam, you might blow it at me, instead of at an audience. Believe me, public life is wearing—not all the millions of all the Boston banks could get me into it! I imagine you've found that out, since you put your name on a letter-head, and set yourself up as a target for all the cranks in New England. How many begging letters have you received this week? How many associations have you joined to reform our spelling and put a stop to vaccination and vivisection?"

That was Henry Cabot Winters, genial, shrewd, playfully cynical. But do not let his social charm fool you; underneath the "Harvard manner" there was a wolf. He would nose among the banking secrets of Boston—he called the biggest bankers in the city by such names as "Ted" and "Winnie" and "Jimmie"; he had been to college with them, and met their wives and daughters in the evenings; he had access to their records, he could call up on the telephone and ask how much so-and-so was borrowing, and what were his assets and con-

nections; and presently he would catch a scent of blood, and put himself upon the trail of a wounded caribou, and track him down—for years, maybe, never resting till he had drunk the last drop of blood from his veins. Both bankers and industrialists dreaded him, yet they could not get along without him; there was vigorous competition between two big banking groups in New England, and Henry's crowd needed his cunning, at any price he chose to ask. His fee was seven hundred dollars a day, but that was merely for overhead; his real reward was part of the carcass of each caribou.

Now he lounged in a faded Morris chair out of a second-hand shop, and lighted one cigarette after another and gazed at the feeble art-effects which Cornelia had been able to produce without spending money. He sounded like a schoolboy as he said, "Gee, Mother, I wish I could get off by myself and live the simple life!"

"Why not, Henry?"

"Well, I've got a costly wife, and a son to put through the education mill—"

"Rubbish, Henry, you know you laugh at Alice and her elegance, and your money will probably ruin your boy. There is some real reason."

"Well, I guess it's a game, Mother; you have to do something. When I rowed on the Harvard eight—it wasn't really so important, but we'd have broken a heart-valve to keep six inches ahead of the Yale boat. Life is like that. If you stop to ask for a reason, you spoil the fun, so you just shut your eyes and pull the stroke."

"So that's how we're going into the war, and kill one or two million of our boys—to win a game we don't really believe in!"

"No, Mother, it's different there. Some fellows won't play the game according to the rules, and we're going to put them out."

"Who made the rules, Henry?"

The great lawyer laughed. "You ought to come into my office, and learn to cross-examine witnesses. That would be a new stunt for a runaway grandmother—to become a lawyer at the age of—what would it be, about sixty-five!"

"But answer my question—who made the rules of the game?"

Henry laughed again. "England, I suppose; she has made the rules of all the games, hasn't she?"

III

Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell sat at a long table, running lengthwise across the head of a room, and raised up a foot or so like a dais. The seat at the center was occupied by an elderly gentleman, with Cornelia at his right, and at his left a Chinese lady with slit eyes and coppery skin. The rest of the table was occupied by a dozen persons of prominence in Boston intellectual life. The great room was filled with tables, running at right angles to the head-table, and occupied by four or five hundred members of the Twentieth Century Club.

Luncheon was in progress, with colored waitresses hurrying here and there, amid a rattle of knives and forks and a subdued murmur of conversation. But every now and then each of the four or five hundred pairs of eyes would steal a glance at the head-table, and particularly at Cornelia. As a matter of mathematics, it is obvious that this meant a number of eyes upon her all the time, and she was aware of it, and her answers to the president's remarks were absent-minded, and her efforts to consume a proper quantity of lamb chop, peas and potatoes were intermittent.

It is a bad thing to eat solid food when you are excited, but Cornelia had not yet learned that lesson so important to orators. As "first lady" of the Commonwealth she had now and then been compelled to say a few words of thanks to the lady chairmen of visiting delegations; but this was the first time she had been a "headliner," her *début* as pacifist and rebel. The story of her adventure had of course been whispered all over by this time; and not ten generations' training in austerity and reticence could keep the four or five hundred pairs of eyes from manifesting interest. There was not a vacant seat at any table; after the dessert and coffee had been served, and the tables piled back out of the way in a corner, there were not folding chairs enough for the throng, and all the doorways were packed with standers.

The lady with the slit eyes and the coppery skin was a native graduate of a Chinese mission school supported by Boston money. She was introduced, and told them about life in this school—employing a pure and perfect Bostonese, with the broadest possible "a" and no "r" at all; she even referred to

"that cradle of liberty, Funnel Hall"—just as if her name were Cabot or Lowell, instead of being Wang-Sin-She! American school-histories tell about a place called "Fanueil Hall," and you know how it looks, but unless you visit "old Boston," you don't know how it sounds.

Every Saturday through the fall and winter the Twentieth Century Club held these luncheons, and you would hear the head of a Negro school in Mississippi or maybe in Liberia; a woman who had been studying the opium trade in the Orient, or white slavery in the Argentine; a physician who had been curing the Eskimos of trachoma, or a strike-leader who had been jailed in Colorado. It did not matter where you came from or what you had, so long as it had to do with making the world better. This was the only organization of elderly liberals in the whole world; they were always ready to join something new, and if you were persuasive enough they would write you checks. Nowhere else in the world were appearances more deceptive; nowhere did fine feathers so fail to make fine birds. The old lady in front of you, dressed in rusty black silk and carrying an umbrella frayed at the edges, might be the owner of a mountain of copper in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, or of six city blocks of tenements in East Boston.

Cornelia saw many persons whom she knew, and others whose faces were familiar—perhaps because they were types. The very same kind of old ladies made up the "Sewing Circle"; but there they had made long yellow flannel petticoats for the poor, while here they remade the world. Old ladies with little round faces, like Cornelia herself; old ladies with long faces; dimply faces, wrinkly faces with mouths drawn down at the corners; little bustling ladies, large ample ladies, timid shy ladies, grim determined ladies—row after row of them, with eyes fixed upon the copper-colored speaker. It would not have been polite for Cornelia to look at any one of them too long, so her eyes moved from one face to the next. She saw hair drawn up in tight little topknots, hair pitifully thin, with pink scalps showing through; hair in curls, hair in waves, hair neatly plastered down at the sides. An old lady with a benevolent boy's face, and one with bulgy rosy cheeks; one with deeply graven mouth and double lines at the side, one with wide outstanding ears, one

with round white forehead, one shiny in new silk and ropes of pearls, one tinkling with chains and medallions.

And scattered in between, old gentlemen! Bald ones whose scalps were pink, and bald ones whose scalps were white; some with thin white hair, some with bushy gray hair; some with neatly trimmed military mustaches, with droopy mustaches, with grandfatherly beards, with chin-whiskers, round like a quarter-moon, relics of old New England. Old gentlemen with saggy cheeks, or portly, like bishops, or military and erect; rosy clubmen; earnest, ascetic preachers with clerical collars; one with a red nose; one very fashionable, with glasses hanging from a black silk cord; one famous scholar with no hair on top of his head, but covering his collar in back. These, no more than the ladies, could be judged by appearances; the poorest-looking might be the richest, the mildest-looking might hold the most revolutionary opinions. One thing alone was certain—you could never voice an idea too strange, a course of action too dangerous, for some of these elderly idealists to applaud! There would even be one or two ready to follow you, to act upon their convictions, even to the death. It was "old Boston"!

IV

Cornelia made her little speech; very gently and quietly, even humbly. She found many who were with her; and many, of course, furiously opposed to her—though etiquette forbade them to show it except by looking stern and grim. Next morning the newspapers reported the event, briefly but with dignity; yes, even the most rabidly patriotic were respectful—it was the right she had acquired on the day she became a Thornwell. Nothing she could do, short of murder, would forfeit that immunity. If she became a maniac, and had to be shut up in an asylum, the papers would decorously cease to mention her; but no opinion held or expressed would ever cause them to insult a sacred Brahmin.

And curiously enough, the rest of the clan were proud of that fact; in a perverse kind of way they gloried in the eccentric old lady who had told the world to go to the devil. Much as they hated her ideas, they would have been ready to stamp their heels hard on any miserable shrimp of a journalist who

dared to deal impolitely with her. The fact that no such shrimp appeared, helped to reconcile them to what had happened; they realized, as families frequently do, that the reality was not so bad as the anticipation. So, after a week or two, Betty was permitted to take her grandmother to a symphony concert.

But Cornelia did not succeed in preventing the war. The great machine rolled on, flattening out all opposition. The Irish of Boston might parade and spit, they might hold meetings that turned into riots, they might make the city a scandal throughout the nation—but the great machine would flatten them out in the end, their mayor, their police force, and their cardinal. It would do the same with socialists and anarchists, pacifists, sentimentalists, all other varieties of cranks. Clear the way for Juggernaut!

And meantime Rupert Alvin, Henry Cabot Winters and their "crowd" were busy taking possession of the electrical manufacturing plant of Haupt. All this "crowd" were active Republicans, and this was a Democratic administration; its promise to be non-partisan and patriotic was a kind of chaff that would not catch old birds like Rupert and Henry. They got hold of a prominent Democratic statesman, close to the administration, and took him in with them, on the basis of a ten per cent "cut"; and he had a nephew whom he installed in the office of the "Alien Property Custodian," who had charge of robbing the enemies of America at home.

So Rupert and Henry got possession of the great property for one-twentieth of its market value, and turned out the German-American executives, and put in some younger sons of the "blue-bloods," and were ready to manufacture war supplies and sell them to the government at the highest possible prices. And the government was ready to buy with patriotic fervor. If the business men of the country made big profits, they could pay high wages, and enlarge the plants, and increase the product, and there would be prosperity for every one except the Kaiser.

Billions of money and millions of men—such was the slogan. Congress passed a conscription act, ordering all men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty to register for the draft: soon after which there was a ring at Cornelia's doorbell, and when she answered, she saw her friend, the maker of pistacchio bombs. She had sent him her address, but not telling him of her

change of name. Sooner or later he would find out who she was, but meantime she would put both names on the door of her apartment, and let her Italian friends go on using the name they had learned.

So there stood Bartolomeo Vanzetti, hesitating a little, not sure if she would want to see him, since she had given up being a working-woman. "I come for say good by, Nonna."

"Where are you going?"

He came in. "Anybody here for hear me?" Then he told her, "I go Mexico for keep out from war. I go wit' Nick—you know, young feller you see in dramma one time, Nick Sacc'. Is good feller, we go Mexico togedder for not get draft. Never will fight for capitalista, Nonna."

"Of course not, Bart."

"You no t'ink I am coward for run away, Nonna! You see me and Nick, we fight when time come, but is not yet. You see worker get in war, he get his eye open, he learn what is capitalismo. You see great t'ing come when dissa war is done, Nonna. Come greata change, come rivoluzione. I know, you cannot believe, joosta wait, you see what I tell. Come bad time, come unemploy-èd, come big strike, lika war. Maybe it come great richa countree, like Britain, maybe it come poor countree like Russia—go what you say—cannot pay debt—bancarotta—"

"Bankrupt."

"Maybe come Russia, you see tsar get kill-èd, grand duke run away. Maybe come Italy, plenty chance for Italian anarchist make fight. I go Mexico, wait soocha time."

"How will you get along, Bart?"

"I get along, all time. Got two good arm, good back, worka picka shov', make living. Some odder Italian come, we not get lonely. I write letter some time, maybe get book, learn write Eengleesh, get educate, shoore! I never forget you, Nonna, besta friend, good lady, help workingman—onderstand heem. It is best t'ing of all, Nonna, it is better for onderstand as if you give million dollar. It is t'ing what come from heart. I want you know"—and here the maker of pistacchio bombs laid his hand gently on her shoulder—"I want you know, Nonna, I have for you the sentiment. I not know to say Eengleesh—is Italian word, sentimento—mean kinda feeling."

"I understand, Bart." There were tears in Cornelia's eyes. "I

shall think of you often. You have taught me more than you realize—perhaps more than I realize myself.”

A curious circumstance, that neither Vanzetti nor Sacco needed to run away to Mexico. As Italian subjects, they were not liable to the draft. But they believed they were—and so did Cornelia. They became draft-dodgers in thought, which to New England, home of Transcendentalism, was exactly the same thing as draft-dodgers in reality.

They went; and a few days later Cornelia picked up her morning paper, and there on the front page was a startling story: a revolution in Russia, the tsar a prisoner, and a democratic, popular party in control! An amazing, an incredible event; making it possible once more to have hopes, to believe that changes were possible, that evil systems, entrenched for generations, might at last be broken down. Also, it raised Bartolomeo Vanzetti from the status of a dreamer to that of a prophet. Cornelia had listened to his phrases, and smiled gently at his peasant simplicity of mind; but here suddenly his ideas became reality, made known upon the front pages of every newspaper in the world!

V

The pacifists had failed to keep America out of the war, but there was still the question of peace terms, upon which depended the duration of the fighting. So the agitation in Boston went on—until July, when the marines at the navy yard took matters out of the hands of the Irish mayor. There was a parade organized by the socialists, in support of their program of no conquests and no indemnities; the police had given the necessary permit, but all the same, the marines raided the parade and broke it up, tearing the banners away from the marchers. They finished by raiding the socialist headquarters, and dumping its contents into the street. Cornelia was in this parade, and once more encountered violence; but now she was panoplied in her dignity as a “blue-blood,” and did not have to run.

Also—most dreadful circumstance—Elizabeth Thornwell Alvin, daughter of the president of the Pilgrim National Bank, was in that riot! She did not get into the papers, and it was a couple of days before some thoughtful friend brought the

news to her father. There were more scenes, and Betty, in spite of all tears and protestations, was again forbidden to visit her runaway grandparent. A program was proposed to keep her in remote country places during the summer; but she vowed that she would not go to that foolish Camp Putnam. "You might as well give up, Mother; there's no chance in this world of my marrying one of those dull young men!"

"Betty, don't be vulgar!"

"I am being honest, Mother. You know what Camp Putnam is for. But you'll have to realize once for all—my opinions make it impossible for me to be a social success—there, or anywhere else."

"What is it you want to do, child?"

"I want to go stay with Grannie—all the time."

"But you wanted to go to college!"

"I've changed my mind. I realize that you don't learn anything at college."

"Betty! What a silly thing to say!"

"Well, you don't learn the things I want to learn. I got more from being in that one parade than I did in a whole year at Miss Wilson's."

"So you want to study to be a leader of street-mobs!"

"Grannie is trying to find out the causes of modern war, and found a society to teach them. It's too late this time, she says, but next time perhaps we can avoid being caught. And Mother, you must know that is important—just as much so as the feminine endings in Shakespeare's plays, and whatever else you learn in college. And it's the right kind of thing for Boston people to do. When you've succeeded, then people recognize it, and build a monument to you."

"Oh! So you're going to have a monument in Boston!"

"Not for myself—but for Grannie, yes indeed! Look at that Shaw Memorial, Mother—people come from all over the United States to see it. Those Negro troops are dead and turned to bronze, so they are safe and respectable; but when they were live Negro troops, and Colonel Shaw marched them down Beacon Street, the members of the Somerset Club pulled down the shades. That was how the Union Club came to be founded—some of the people on Beacon Hill were loyal to the Union cause, and Grandfather Thornwell was one of them. That is

history, Mother; but I didn't learn it at Miss Wilson's, and I wouldn't learn it at Radcliffe. The Union Club is top-hole now, and it pulls down the shades on us. But we shall have a 'Peace Club,' or something like that, and fifty years from now we'll be the highest high-hat in town, and there'll be an oil painting of Grannie in the lobby, and the family will be proud as Punch!"

Thus Betty, citing precedents, according to precedent. It all seemed so reasonable to her—and to her mother raving nonsense. Was it not obvious that Colonel Shaw had upheld the hands of Abraham Lincoln—the president, even though nothing but a vulgar rail-splitter! Now here was Woodrow Wilson—a gentleman and a scholar, even though he did come from the wrong university—here he was fighting for civilization, and Cornelia and Betty were trying to stab him in the back.

"Yes, Mother"—for Betty had not yet learned Cornelia's technique of self-suppression. "It all depends on what history decides about this war. Did we have to get in? Or could we have brought the nations to better terms if we had stayed out?"

So they wrangled, until the tempers of both were frayed, and Deborah exclaimed, "Your Father has lost all patience with you! You run a grave risk that he will cut you off!"

"But, Mother, do you seriously think I should spend my life sitting round waiting for you and father to die?"

"Oh, what things you do say!"

"But that's what *you* said! I'm not to do any thinking of my own until you are dead and I've got the money. But what good would it be to me then? I wouldn't know any better to do with it than to make yellow flannel petticoats for the poor—so ugly that the poor can't be persuaded to wear them!"

That was a dreadful utterance—a jeer at the most sacred institution of feminine Boston, the "Sewing Circle": a group of ladies of the highest social rank, who met for luncheon at one another's homes, and afterwards sewed for the poor and gossiped for the rich. A fresh layer was recruited every year out of the *débutante* set, and they constituted the basis of selection for all other social activities; if you didn't get into the Sewing Circle, you never got into anything. And it was really true that up to quite recently they had made yellow flannel petticoats for the poor, and had stopped because it was no longer possible to find any one to wear their product. Mrs. Rupert Alvin was in-

dignant at the presumption and ingratitude of the inhabitants of East Boston and South Boston slums, and had favored going on making the petticoats according to tradition, and sending them to Europe, where the lower classes knew their place in life.

VI

Betty went to Plymouth, to spend a couple of weeks with her friend Lucile Walker. She wrote, begging Grannie to come, and Mrs. Walker added a formal invitation. But Cornelia did not want to visit rich people; to her Plymouth meant Italians and the simple life. She wrote to the Brinis, and found they had no boarder, so she went down for a few days. A strange sensation, reëntering that so different world! She would keep it as a place of refuge, a stimulus to the imagination, a cure for the mental diseases of affluence. Here people said what they meant, and it was possible to understand what they were doing. When Vincenzo Brini got up at dawn and shoveled and raked and grubbed in the dirt, he did not have to tell you, like Henry Cabot Winters, that life was a game, and you must play it without thinking; no, Vincenzo would say, "Moocha gooda vegetable!"—and escort you from row to row of his treasures, and tell you the Italian names, and remember the English names—after you had reminded him! Alfonsina wanted a wash-tub, for perfectly sound economic reasons. Beltrando wanted a violin, and some one to teach him to play it, and was going to earn the money by picking berries.

The boys were playing baseball on top of Castle Hill, and the birds sang, and the sun sparkled on the bay, and the pleasure-boats made diverging tracks on the water. There were flowers in the woods again—but alas, no Vanzetti to explain them and explore nature's mysteries. Incessantly they talked about him, the things he had said and the things he had liked. He had gone away without saying good-by to Trando and Fay, afraid lest their children's prattle might reveal his secret. Their mother had explained matters later—but it was hard for them to be reconciled to his lack of trust.

Alfonsina had got a letter. Both Sacco and Vanzetti were in Mexico, and the latter had found work as a baker. The Mexicans came to America for jobs, and the Italians took what

they left behind. Then came a letter for Cornelia, and the family sat round the table and read and discussed it. "I have obtained book for English education. I shall be greatly cultured. Each word as I investigate in dictionary I secure in mind." They could picture him, sitting in a laborer's hut, patiently looking up long words by the light of a candle, and putting them together, not always in the right order.

"It is primitive country, much hospitality of people, much to approve, but not developed industrial. The great America has depraved us, we feel in nature's wildness lonely. I will be glad for receiving English books for education reading, it is great limitation to obtain Italian reading. Nick and me endeavor for improvement our companions of exile. It is necessary for information of world developments. You have seen Russian *rivoluzion*, but is necessary for explanazion that such is lacking in true *rivoluzionairy* significance. It is of bourgeois nature, for making country like capitalistic America. It is not of workers or peasants, but Kerensky is tool of business men, and you will see that the desires of Russia for acquirement of Constantinople will not be abandoned, and the participating of Russia in the war will have this significance. I will not proceed in this discussing because is possible for letter to be censured, but will say that all nation in most cruel conflict have imperialist ambition which will not abandon for beautiful sentiments. I have long walk for obtaining stamp for letter so will conclusion with expressing of sincere esteem, your Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

VII

Cornelia went to call on the Jerry Walkers—she could not fail to do so, being no longer in hiding. They lived in a big remodeled house on a hilltop looking over the bay, and you would have thought them very fashionable, if you had not known the dreadful fact that Mrs. Walker was the daughter of a Pittsburgh steel manufacturer. Startling to realize how one could have all this comfort, and even elegance, and yet be totally non-existent from the social point of view. Mrs. Walker was a fair, buxom lady, her manner to Cornelia a curious mixture of deference due to a "blue-blood," modified by the

need of not seeming too eager for social promotion. A strange world, in which a motor-ride of six minutes brought you from Suosso's Lane, where things were simple and natural, to this hilltop mansion from which simplicity and naturalness had been banished as by an enchanter's spell.

But, a spell for ladies only! Jerry Walker, who had begun life as an errand-boy, liked to talk with Cornelia about those days; and how the Governor had helped him to a start. He liked to talk about his enormous business, which he was organizing upon a new system. Not content with owning all the felt-plants of New England, he had got a chain of establishments to manufacture the things that were made of felt—shoes, hats, hospital supplies; he had a jobbing business to distribute them, and was not going to stop until he had retail stores, and even the sheep to make the wool. He was eager about all this—a bouncing little man with bristly yellow hair, standing up like a bull-dog's. He was extremely self-confident, a great business organizer, who knew it, and frequently said it, adding prophecies. A highly dangerous state of mind in New England, where all is secrecy, and instinctive repugnance toward anyone who talks. Cornelia remembered that last discussion she had heard between her husband and Rupert Alvin, when Jerry Walker and his felt-plants had been the subject. It was easy to understand why Rupert was so antagonistic to this talkative outsider, and resented his control of a great New England industry, accusing him of all crimes in the business list.

Just now Jerry Walker needed to expand his business for war purposes, and needed to buy stocks of raw material for government contracts. He ought to buy quickly, because the price of wool was leaping day by day; but he could not get the banking credit. Everybody else was getting it, all along the line, but from him the bankers demanded practically the taking over of his business.

It was the working out of a situation which Cornelia understood clearly; but she did not have the right to talk about it, not even to Betty. The latter had learned of Mr. Walker's troubles from Lucile, and was embarrassed, because among those who held the whip-hand were her own father and her uncle, John Quincy Thornwell, president of the Fifth National Bank. "Grannie, I don't know much about banking, and I

don't suppose you do, but I can't help thinking it seems to go by favor. Mr. Walker never wore the hat-band of a Harvard club, and his wife isn't in the Sewing Circle! Do you suppose that is why they say such bad things about him?"

Cornelia answered, "I once heard Great-uncle Abner say that banking is the private preserve of the blue-bloods, a feeding-crib for the sons and nephews and cousins."

"But, Grannie, that isn't fair! There's Father and Uncle John, who can get all the money they need from their own banks—"

"No, dear, they can't do that—it would be against the law."

"It wouldn't be against the law for them to lend to each other, would it? Or to Uncle James, or other members of the family? Certainly you never hear of the Thornwell mills having to scuffle for credit. And Mr. Walker is a capable man, who has built up his business by hard work and not by family favors. I would talk to Father about it, if I thought it would help."

"No, dear, you'd better not meddle. Your parents would say the Walkers were trying to use you."

"I suppose that's why they hate to have me come here. I must only know the people who come to our dinner-table."

Cornelia laughed. "Dear child, it is embarrassing to know those who are coming to your dinner-table on a platter!"

VIII

The fall of 1917. All about Cornelia a gigantic stir of war preparation, but very little intellectual preparation to match it. She did not have to go far in her studies to learn that the various peoples of Europe had been fighting among themselves for centuries, and in this fighting had frequently shifted partners. Whatever enemy they had at the time, they hated that enemy just as heartily, and accused him of atrocities, and did not hesitate to have priests and bishops invoke the aid of God to overcome him. Always the real cause of the war was a desire to take land from the other nation; plus the fear that the other nation would reverse the procedure—as indeed it would.

Could the same situation exist in this greatest and most cruel of all conflicts? To have that question answered, Cornelia had to get in the Negro maid, and invite Quincy Thorn-

well to dinner. Do not confuse Quincy with his older brother, John Quincy, for these two sons of Great-uncle Abner were very different beings. John, the banker, had the reputation of being the closest-mouthed person in Boston, which was like being the tallest mountain in the Himalayas. But Quincy lived by gossip, quite literally; for twenty years he had listened to the talk of his family and friends, and turned their advance knowledge into a comfortable fortune on the stock-market. His wizened features were set in mockery, and if you were in the family he would tell you most outrageous and delightful anecdotes.

Quincy went everywhere, and met everybody. He could tell you what the British ambassador had said to Major Higginson last week. The evening before last he had dined at Fenway Court, the palace of the eccentric but brilliant Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, and had there met Sir Leslie Buttock, the latest of the procession of British propagandists who were coming to fascinate and thrill the American plutocracy. Sir Leslie was making the transcontinental tour, and after he had praised the champagne of a Minneapolis banker, or the cigars of a Seattle ship-builder, each of these provincials was an insider and social equal for the rest of his life, and the price was five—ten—twenty billions—no one knew just how much—to be used in doubling the area of the British empire.

A generation or more ago "Mrs. Jack" had set out to cut a swath through Boston society with the millions of a big department store. A vivid little creature, with the continental standard of manners and morals, she had horrified the Back Bay beyond utterance; when she lost her temper, she would break into cursing like any British aristocrat. But she went abroad and hobnobbed with royalty, and was cabled back home; she bought famous paintings, and built herself a palace in what was then the suburbs of the Fenway, and thumbed her nose at the prudes. Now she was an old lady, with decades of notoriety behind her, the acknowledged leader of the smart set.

A British diplomat once gave the official definition of a lie—a falsehood told to a person who has a right to the truth. All diplomats and propagandists who came to Boston did "Mrs. Jack" the honor of admitting her into the inner circle. At her dinner-parties you took off your propaganda-coat, so to speak,

and lounged in your military shirt-sleeves. So Quincy Thornwell could tell his aunt exactly why the war was lasting so long. The price of Italy's repudiating her alliance with Austria and Germany had been the Trentino and Trieste, which meant the mastery of the Adriatic. Japan's price was Shantung from China. Russia was to have Constantinople. France was to have Alsace-Lorraine, and if possible the Rhine. Britain was to have all the German colonies, an empire in themselves. When you talked to Quincy about any of these powers giving up their spoils because of the beautiful speeches of Woodrow Wilson, he showed his good manners by pretending it was your idea of being humorous.

And yet there were a hundred million or so of good Americans who really believed that their President was somehow going to achieve that miracle! Deborah, for example, and her serious elder daughter, Priscilla, who was going in for Red Cross work of the higher, administrative kind. When you talked to them about peace terms, you discovered that they were trusting the country entirely to a man who was a Democrat, and came from the wrong university! If you mentioned the secret treaties, they would say that these matters were too delicate for public discussion; the President of course had sources of information that were not open to us—

"But why not?" cried Cornelia, and could get no convincing answer. Either the allies were going to give up their predatory aims or they were not. If they were, why not publish the fact? Such declaration would save millions of lives and billions of treasure—for manifestly, one reason for enemy resistance was fear of the consequences of defeat. But if you tried to point this out, you were called pro-German, and people turned their backs on you. They had adopted a slogan, "Win the war!"—which meant that they found it easier to fight than to think. And Cornelia, who had gone out into public life, now had the duty of laboring with them, and suffering because of their blindness. No more could she be content with the troubles of three daughters—their diseases in childhood, their moral training, their love-affairs and marriages, their fourteen pregnancies and eleven children. Now she had a million sons in France, and must agonize with them all—even when they were wayward sons and spurned their foster-mother's care!

IX

Betty was going to Radcliffe. It was a compromise that had worked itself out with her parents; provided she would put herself under respectable instructors, and read the sound and wholesome books they would indicate to her, she might go and live in the apartment with her grandmother, and meet anarchists and socialists and atheists and pacifists and German agents in her off hours. It had been a losing fight for Deborah and Rupert, because they had other things they must think about, while Betty had nothing but the determination to get with Grannie. After all, what could be more respectable than a grandmother? What more laudable desire for a young girl than to comfort an elderly widow, alone and poverty-stricken? It was really a scandal to balk such an impulse; it was advertising to the world that Cornelia was a shady character!

So Betty installed a few of her books and her clothes in the little room, and the pair of them were as happy as honeymooners—they gave each other a hug every time they met. The Negro maid came every day—because the Alvins insisted on Betty's paying half the household expenses. Betty's runabout was in a garage nearby, and any time it was raining or snowing, a man from the garage would bring it over, and Betty would drive Grannie to anarchist or socialist or atheist or pacifist or pro-German meetings. Or they would sit at home in the evenings and study subversive books with red bindings, of which there were now a hundred or so on Grannie's shelves—Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Emerson and Dr. Holmes having been relegated to a box under the bed. Betty would give her college studies "a lick and a promise," and then take up Bertrand Russell on world imperialism. Most convenient to have a respectable aristocrat, brother of an earl, to quote against Sir Leslie Buttock and Sir Syphon Scotch!

It was well that this idyllic menage had got definitely under way before the second, or Bolshevik, revolution in Russia. Possession is nine points out of ten in family affairs, as in revolutions, and it was no more possible to get Betty out of Grannie's apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill than it was to get Lenin and Trotsky out of the Kremlin. But what agony of soul for the Alvin family, and for the Winters and the Scatter-

bridges, and the whole Thornwell clan! The face of the war changed in ten hideous days! The eastern front gone all to pieces, and a million or two of Germans set free to overwhelm the western front! Russia out of the war, and no one but America to take her place! And red revolution on the rampage over a sixth of the surface of the globe! Insolent, low-down workingmen daring to take possession of a great government, and calling on their fellows in other lands to follow suit!

Every property interest throughout the civilized world rallied against that peril, and the greatest machine of propaganda in history went into action. To meet the immediate emergency, Lenin and Trotsky must be German agents; so a mass of documents were forged, endorsed by the state department, and spread upon the front pages of the newspapers. Then came the atrocities—for which little Belgium had been a dress rehearsal. Bureaus for the construction of horrors were set up in every border city from Helsingfors to Vladivostok, and the cruelty and bloodshed inevitable to a great revolution were magnified a thousand fold. It was St. Bartholomew's Eve in Russia every time an American newspaper went to press. The Soviet government collapsed once a week, and Lenin jailed Trotsky, or was murdered by Trotsky, in alternating afternoon editions. The "free love" element became the basis of the most obscene hoax of the ages, and fifty million women were "nationalized" in one colossal orgy. Every decent woman in America believed it—and so it was possible for President Wilson to begin his private war upon the Russian people, in defiance of the Constitution which he had spent his life in expounding.

From that time on the advocacy of reasonable peace-terms ceased to be a society function, a diversion of after-luncheon orators, and became a criminal conspiracy, conducted by little groups in upstairs rooms with the shades drawn and admission by pass-word. It became, in short, "Bolshevik plotting." Did not the Bolsheviks prove it by proceeding themselves to make peace with Germany, an act of treason to democracy and liberty? Did they not make matters worse by ransacking the archives of the tsar, and publishing the secret treaties whereby the allies had agreed to divide large sections of the earth, without any democracy or liberty for the inhabitants thereof? There is a story of a Kentucky colonel who was asked why he had knocked

a certain man down. "Did he call you a liar?" "Worse than that, he proved it."

With one exception the American newspapers ignored these treaties, and to Cornelia and the pacifists that seemed treason to the national welfare. But what could the pacifists do? For any group to circulate them meant to have offices raided and property destroyed; for individuals to agitate them meant to be mobbed, to be jailed and held "incommunicado," tarred and feathered, beaten with blacksnake whips, in a few cases strung up to telegraph-poles.

Nor was it protection that you lived within sight of Bunker Hill monument and "Funnel" Hall. The grandsons of that "broadcloth mob" that had dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets with a rope about his waist were now out to preserve their French and British bonds. Nor was it any longer of avail that your city had an Irish-Catholic vote; the Catholic church was one of the property interests which had rallied against "Bolshevism." City policemen, federal secret agents, and an army of spies and informers in the pay of wealthy patriots, would break into offices and homes at any hour of the day or night, and spirit people away and hold them for as long as they saw fit; in short they would commit all the crimes they were trying to prevent, and destroy beyond repair the Constitution they professed to worship.

X

Into this valley of midnight shadow walked Cornelia Thornwell and her grand-daughter, clasping each other's trembling hands. They were in no personal danger, as it turned out; the patrioteers would seldom trouble rich people, especially those who had "family" behind them. Seen from the outside this "white terror" appeared a mad frenzy, and it was hard at first to understand that there were cunning brains guiding it, that mob-outbreaks were planned by shrewd gentlemen in swivel-chairs. These gentlemen would be glad to scare the widow of Governor Thornwell and make her shut up; but failing in that they would not advertise her treason by arresting her. The reason was that the decision rested with Henry Cabot Winters and Rupert Alvin, who were contributing large sums to the

defense societies, and sat in at the councils where lists were gone over and policies determined.

No, what would happen to Cornelia was that her janitress would be instructed to preserve the contents of her trash-basket every night; and one of her old-time friends of the Sewing Circle would turn up and announce herself as a convert to pacifism, and join all the societies to which Cornelia belonged, and go to meetings with her, and get on the executive committees, and turn in a detailed report of everything that went on there, with lists of the members and subscribers, and manuscript copies of what was being considered for publication. Included in this mass of information appeared the fact that Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell was in touch with Italian anarchists of Plymouth, and exchanged letters with one of the group, a draft-dodger—though so far there was no evidence that she had helped him to get away. He wrote to her under the code name of "Nonna," and a letter she had received from him, entered in the secret service files under the index number of 1842T36, read as follows:

"Dear Nonna:

"It will be great rivilation for you to see the coming of my prophecy, the real rivoluzion prevail in Russia. This is greatest event of history and is to be recognize for beginning of epoch. It is first opportunity for liberty for worker and peasant of world. It is hope which can be very brief to endure, and will depend entirely what shall happen in other country. If will come rivoluzion in Germany, Austria, Italia, France, England, then will be possible for building worker society without exploitation; but if is impossible for achievement rivoluzion in other country, is little hope for freedom for Russia, and you will see ending of worker's control. When Russia must defend self in war, it will be militarismo, and is impossible for liberty with militarismo. It will then become Russia government of force like all other gouvernment, and rivoluzion will be perished. Whatever you can do for rivoluzion of American worker, that is only way for assistance of proletarian power in Russia. In Mexico is not much activity, for lack of language speaking, so Nick and me will make secret return for propaganda. With sincere esteem and fraternal greetings, Your friend, Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

XI

It was in the spring of 1918, with the last German drive in France under way, that this stolen letter was placed in the hands of Rupert Alvin. It caused great mental disturbance in a loyal citizen, and he came to the apartment and, standing in the middle of the floor, announced that Cornelia stood in great danger of a term in state's prison for persistent and contumacious disloyalty; also that Betty would bundle up her things and accompany her father to his car immediately. Whereupon occurred one of those scenes which are so essentially un-Boston that all Bostonians deny they ever happen. Perhaps they would not have happened, had not old Josiah married a bog-trotter's grand-daughter, and thus introduced an element of hysterics into the family.

Betty declared that she would not, could not desert her Grannie. The more sternly she was commanded to obey her father, the louder she wept and the tighter she clung; even when Grannie herself advised her gently to go, she relaxed her grip no particle, but sobbed, how could they demand such a thing of her? The greater the peril in which Grannie stood, the less possibility that she, Betty, would desert her! So it appeared that Rupert had overspoken himself, and he hemmed and hawed and admitted that the danger of arrest and imprisonment was not immediate, his influence had been able to avert the calamity; whereupon Betty said that if that was the case, what was the reason for her going? And what can a man do in the face of logic like that?

What Rupert did was worthy of his Puritan ancestors, and proved that the old stock was still sound. He adjudged his daughter guilty of domestic sedition, and pulled out his watch and gave her three minutes in which to capitulate; at the end of that time he would go home and write a will in which she would have no share, and would be forever forbidden entrance to his home. For three minutes he held the watch, and Betty clung to her grandmother with such frenzy that not a finger could be pulled loose. Rupert snapped to the watch—it was the old-fashioned kind with a gold case and a lid on a hinge—and stalked out of the room without a word. And Betty wept for an hour or two, fully convinced that her father meant every one

of those cruel words, and that she was forever an outcast.

Until the doorbell rang again, and there came Deborah, and behind her, silent and somewhat sheepish, the ponderous and impressive president of the Pilgrim National Bank. From which it appeared that the old stock was degenerating in spots! Rupert could rule a board of directors with an iron rod, but he could not rule the tongue or spirit of his wife. She declared that he would not do the cruel thing he had threatened; his sense of patriotic loyalty had caused him to forget the love they all bore for one another. What Deborah would do was to throw herself upon the mercy of her mother and her child, and implore them to spare the family the horror of having either go to jail. So, of course, there was more weeping—still that Irish blood. Betty cried, what was the use of trying to talk about it, when they didn't know what they were supposed to have done? How could they promise not to do it, until they knew what? So Rupert had to give hints which nearly betrayed the secret; he told them they were known to be consorting with anarchists and draft-dodgers.

So it was a question of their giving up Vanzetti! But they did not agree with Vanzetti's ideas, and Vanzetti knew they did not, they had tried to argue with him, to persuade him to a more American point of view! Was that treason? Were they forbidden to try to reform the anarchists, or even to know what anarchists thought? If so, who was to answer their arguments? Rupert snapped out that the way to answer such dogs was to string them up to lamp-posts; and then, of course, the fat was in the fire. What was the use of a Constitution if it didn't work in war-time? What was the use of free speech if it applied only to the things you wanted said? If public questions were to be settled by stringing people up to lamp-posts, who was to be strung, and who was to string—how could you decide? Betty cried, and Cornelia cried, and Deborah cried. Ideas are extremely trying things, devastating in their effect upon the female nervous organism; there is something to be said for the point of view of the Clara Scatterbridges, who have nothing to do with ideas, but stay at home and have eight babies.

Betty and Cornelia laid down their joint program. They had never advocated violence and never would; but neither

would they support a war. They would advocate the ending of this present war upon terms of justice to all parties, which included the rights of those peoples whose lands were going to be handed over as spoils of battle. If it had become a crime in America to advocate such ideas, then there would be an old Thornwell lady and a young one in prison. Rupert and Deborah took their departure, as solemn as if it were an execution they had attended; and five minutes after they left, the door-bell rang again, and there stood a humble Italian laborer, wearing a worn suit of clothes two sizes too big for him, and droopy walrus mustaches equally out of proportion. That very anarchist draft-dodger who had been the cause of the family scene!

XII

He stood embarrassed. "I not know if should come—"

"Of course you should come!" and they drew him in.

"Could make trooble for ladies."

"We are not afraid of trouble," said Cornelia; and Betty chimed in, "You are a sight for sore eyes!"—that was the way the new generation was learning to talk, in spite of Radcliffe.

Vanzetti's face lighted up—so glad he was to see them, so pathetically eager for friendship. He was haggard from his wanderings, more somber than ever with the pressure of the war upon his spirit. His age at this time was thirty years, but unconsciously Betty took him for old enough to be her father, while Cornelia took him for her equal. At the same time he was a little of the child to them—the way of every woman with a poet and a dreamer, who cannot get himself adjusted to a harsh world.

He had been a wanderer for a year, and had not liked it. He was going to make propaganda, and take whatever came to him; going back to Plymouth, to live near the Brinis—not in his old room, because the children were growing up and would need it. One could not be sure, but he thought he would not be arrested; the government had plenty of soldiers, but needed laborers for war construction.

They discussed the world situation. The propaganda for intervention to put down the Russian revolution was on the point of success. A shameful thing, said Cornelia. But to her

surprise she found that Bart had already given up interest in Russia; the revolution there was lost, he said. "Is joost like I write, Nonna—is militarismo, is one more go-vèrnment for rule worker. Maybe you do not read what soviet have done for anarchista in Russia? They stop propaganda, shoot heem, put heem in jail—is joost like capitalista—is what you say—tirannia—make worker obey, make work, make fight in army—"

"But, Comrade Vanzetti, aren't the soviet to defend themselves?" It was Betty breaking in.

"Must defend, Comradda Betty, but defend like free men. If man not want fight, nobody got right for make heem fight. Nobody got right for make heem slave, for stop hees mind, hees right for speak."

"Wouldn't it be hard to keep an army going on that basis?"

"If you got joostice, will find plenty men for fight, plenty free men. You wait, Comradda Betty, you see Italy, you see somet'ing happen! Is poor countree, Italy, if war stop, will be much bad time, much trooble—will come rivoluzion, I t'ink shoore. Italian is not so easy man for control, like Russian peasant, he is man will fight for right, will be free man. You see different kind revoluzion, different sistema for manage countree. It is our job now, make money in America, make all money we can, send home Italy for anarchista propaganda."

"I'm afraid you'll have trouble," said Cornelia. "They have spies, they know what everybody is doing, and they get rougher every day. I fear you'll be arrested."

"Is no matter, Nonna, no worry for me. Is business of anarchista make propaganda, musta make, wherever go. You get putted in army, all right, make propaganda wit' soldier. You get putted in jail, make propaganda wit' jailer, wit' prisoner—is all same, is men, like me, like you. Sometime he come out, is always some way for new idea spread—is no way for stop, not jail, not bullet! In whole world is notting can stop—is biggest, most strong dinnameet."

He sat in his chair, half out of it, with the eagerness of his emotion. His face wore a strained look, and his eyes had that light of stubborn fanaticism which Cornelia had come to know. He turned to Betty, the younger one, guardian of the future. "Wit' anarchista is lika dis, Comradda. He say: Capitalismo is

injoostice, I will not stand heem! Say, I will break heem, will fight heem, will never stop—never what you say, surrender. I will speak—will say strong word—shock person, make heem t'ink. Will speak all time, everywhere—make men hear—even when he not want hear!"

Suddenly Vanzetti stopped, a little embarrassed. Even an anarchist must be a gentleman! And perhaps so much vehemence was not in order in a lady's drawing-room. "It maybe seem like crazy talk?" he asked.

Cornelia said, "Wait." She went to the bookcase, to a shelf which contained a few old books, not yet stowed under the bed. She took one out. "I will read you something, Bart. We had a young New Englander, of old Puritan stock, who took up the notion that chattel slavery was wrong, and set out to preach it, and very nearly got lynched in Boston. His name was William Lloyd Garrison—learn it, Bart, a good name to quote in this part of the world. He started a paper called the 'Liberator'—that was in 1831, eighty-seven years ago. In the first issue he stated his program. Listen." And she read:

"I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of a ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead."

Said Vanzetti: "What is name?" He said it over, so as to remember it—William Lloyd Garrison. "I never hear heem before, but I feel heem brudder; am joosta sooch man like heem!"

CHAPTER VI

WHITE TERROR

I

THE day of glory, sung in the "Marseillaise," had arrived; the American troops stopped the first German onslaught, and began their counter-advance which was to end the war. The whole country thrilled with it—all but a few perverse persons, so constructed that they could not think of glory, but only of boys crawling about in burning forests, dragging shattered limbs and protruded entrails. "Ah, but the broken bodies, that drip like honeycomb!"

Cornelia and her grand-daughter went to Plymouth to rest for a week, Betty staying with her friend, Lucile Walker, and Cornelia with the Brinis. The little room which had been Cornelia's for a year and a half now belonged to Fay, but she was glad to vacate it. Vanzetti had a room with a neighbor, but came in for his meals, and stayed to do his studying in the evening. He was digging more ditches, and reading diligently the few radical papers he could get. There had been a revolt in the Italian armies; it had been suppressed, but more was coming, and he watched for every scrap of news.

Also he told Cornelia of his experiences in Mexico: what a fine fellow that Nick Sacc' had proved to be, and how they had settled down with a colony of Italians, all draft-evaders, living upon a rough communistic system. Bart had helped to feed them, baking bread, and also he had fed them "anarchista propaganda"—bread for the spirit. There had been several in the group whom Cornelia knew: Boda, the little macaroni salesman who had driven them to see the drama; and Coacci and Orciani, two others whom she had met on that same occasion.

Nonna, like Christmas, came but once a year, so it was a holiday for everybody. Papa Brini showed his garden, and Cornelia recited the Italian names, and he tried to say the Eng-

lish names, and the children laughed at his blunders. They had their walk in the woods on Sunday, and gathered bunches of flowers, and Fay and Trando remembered things about nature which Bart had taught them, and were proud of it. Bart had resumed charge of the boy's development, and would give him advice and help. One day Trando had a cold, and Bart said the way to cure it was to sweat; so he got down on his knees, which made him about a match for a nine-and-a-half-year-old boy, and the two of them had a wrestling match, in which the big man was floored several times, and the small boy whooped with delight. Pretty soon he was perspiring profusely, and Bart put him to bed with no supper but a drink of hot lemonade. In the morning he would be all right, said the amateur doctor.

Trando wanted a violin, and had worked all last summer to earn the money; but then he had had to spend it, because the family went down with "flu." Cornelia wanted to give him a violin, but Bart said no, that would spoil it all; let the little fellow earn it, and then he would really value it; the achievement would give him courage, a sense of power. This was the time for berries, and there was nothing better for youngsters than to wander in the fields all day.

Trando's relations with the boys of the neighborhood made a problem. They would not play with him, because the priest had warned them to have nothing to do with a bad boy who did not go to church: there was a place in hell for such as he. The other boys called him "socialist," and when he went off and read a story-book, or played with his sister, they called him "sissy." It was hard to please them. Bart told him to make of his persecution a source of strength. Many a great man had done that, and those who had spurned him in boyhood would see him leap above their heads when they were grown.

Vanzetti told him what was true about religion. There was a great and good God, the God of nature, whose laws we must understand if we would be happy. This God loved all human beings alike, and it was not His will that some should be slaves to others. We might pray to Him for courage and strength; but we did not need any priest to intervene for us. The priest was nothing but a man like other men; he might be good, or he might be bad, like Father O'Brien—but in any case he repre-

sented a system which helped to keep the poor in subjection to the rich, and so was a trap for their minds.

Then Trando wanted to know about how we got born, and how we got married. It is the custom of Italian parents to say they buy the babies; but Bart explained those things seriously to Trando; and he talked to Cornelia about it, and asked her to talk to Fay, because children ought to know the truth, and parents had a foolish shyness about talking to their own little ones. All the questions of children ought to be answered; they should connect the idea of shame only with actions that were harmful to themselves or to others. A wise man speaking, always; a man gentle, full of spiritual insight—yet turning into a lion at a moment's notice when confronted with "injoostice." Some of the bigger boys found that out when they undertook to torment the "sissy."

II

Betty Alvin's relations with the Walker family were peculiar. They were all extremely patriotic, and shocked beyond utterance by the opinions and behavior of Betty and her grandmother. But they were fond of Betty, and if she had come to Plymouth and not stayed with them, it would have been emphasizing an estrangement. Of course Betty's mother put the worst construction on their invitation, saying that the Walkers would rather know a "red" blue-blood than none at all. But Betty would not believe that, and kept up the friendship with Lucile at Radcliffe and at home, carefully avoiding any utterance that would displease her hosts.

Mr. Walker appeared only once during the visit. He was in greater trouble than ever, and showed it in every line of his features—a really terrible example of what the fierce pace of business can do to its victims. Mrs. Walker was silent and preoccupied, and Lucile hesitated to say anything; but Betty got it out of her finally—Mr. Walker was convinced that there was a determination on the part of a Boston banking-group to put him out of business, and the man who was at the head of the campaign was Betty's uncle, Henry Cabot Winters. This information was coming to Mr. Walker from many different sources: in all the troubles of the felt industry, it was

Mr. Winters who stood behind the scenes and pulled the strings.

Just think of it, exclaimed Lucile—here were enterprises that had made a million and a quarter dollars in net profits last year, and were going even higher this year; yet the owner could not get half a million dollars' credit from any bank in Boston or New York! They all stood together; if the banks where you had your accounts, your banks of deposit, as they were called, refused to "check your paper," why, then no other bank would accept it. The felt-industry was peculiar, in that the sales were made early in the year, but payments were not made until the fall, which meant that the business was helpless without credit; the bankers knew that perfectly well, and Mr. Walker had always had the credit, year after year, as a matter of course. This year he had to have more, because of his war contracts, and the increased production; the wicked thing the bankers had done was to make promises, and lure him along from month to month, giving him no hint there was anything wrong until the last moment, when one or two hundred thousand dollars' worth of notes came due, and suddenly he was told that he must "take them up." There must be some reason for such things, said Lucile; and Mr. Walker was convinced that it was Henry Cabot Winters plotting to ruin him.

The bankers had put accountants on Mr. Walker's books, and insisted that he would need three million dollars to carry him until the fall. They were going to make him pay twenty-seven per cent for the use of that money. He didn't mind that so much—his profits could stand it; but he didn't believe he was really going to get the three million. When the time came, there would be more excuses and delays, and he would be compelled to turn the stock of his companies over to the bankers. He had twenty big plants of one sort or another, all working day and night, employing more than eight thousand men; he was doing what was supposed to be patriotic war-work—but the government wouldn't help him with a dollar, and wouldn't protect him against these banking conspiracies.

Betty took that story to Cornelia. "Can it possibly be true, Grannie? Can Uncle Henry be doing such a thing?"

"I'm sorry to say, dear, he has that reputation."

"But Grannie, he doesn't seem that kind of man!"

"Men have different standards for their friends, and for out-

siders. Uncle Henry has grown rich, and he has never produced anything that I know of."

"But Grannie, that would be a wicked thing to do to Mr. Walker!"

"It's the way of the business world. I watched it, and held my peace—for forty years. I used to hear things that Henry and James and your father would talk over with your grandfather. Josiah did it to others—and then at last somebody did it to him. He trusted the big bankers in New York—the Morgan crowd, because they had such a respectable name. He put everything he had into the securities of the New Haven Railroad, and those New York bankers simply gutted it, they stole every dollar, and the stock fell from two hundred and forty-six to sixteen, if I remember. I've heard your grandfather say, he had enough New Haven paper to fill up the music-room, but it wasn't enough to pay his debts."

"Is that why Uncle James has the mills and 'Hillview'?"

"That's the reason. There were tens of thousands of people left in worse plight, widows and children and old people. All this decline of New England industry that you hear about really dates from that time when we trusted the Morgan crowd; for they took something like five hundred million dollars away from this part of the country."

"But Grannie, if Uncle Henry is doing that to Mr. Walker, it is really the same thing as banditry!"

"Yes, of course; but you mustn't say it to your father or your uncles; they wouldn't take it kindly from a twenty-year-old girl."

"I'll be older some day," said Miss Betty.

III

The first thing when Cornelia got back to town, she went to call at her son-in-law's office. "Henry, what is this I hear about you and Jerry Walker?"

"What do you hear, Mother?"

"That you are taking his plants away from him."

"Has Jerry told you that?"

"No; but Betty has been visiting Lucile, and naturally hears about their troubles."

"Jerry tells his wife, and she tells Lucile, and Lucile tells Betty, and Betty tells you, and you tell me!" Henry laughed.

"Is it true, Henry? Are you after him?"

"It is absolutely untrue, Mother."

"You're not interested in his affairs?"

"I didn't say that. Jerry comes to certain bankers—including Rupert and John Quincy—and tries to borrow money. The bankers are my clients, and ask me to investigate, and draw up papers, and perform other legal services, which I do. Because the decisions of the bankers don't please Jerry, he takes up the notion that I'm an arch-conspirator, plotting his ruin. But that's all rubbish."

"Henry, you have the reputation of not being a very gentle enemy."

The other laughed again. "Well, Mother, have you come to convert me to pacifism? But seriously, I got through with Jerry Walker years ago. I was a stockholder in two of his felt-companies, and a director. I found that his way of doing business didn't agree with mine, so I let him buy me out at a fair price, and washed my hands of him. But he's been afraid of me ever since—because he knows I know too much about him."

"Henry, I've always had an interest in Jerry, ever since he was an errand-boy at the hospital, a bright little fellow that I saw had a future. Josiah helped him to get a start, you know."

"Yes, of course. But he's grown up now, and learned many tricks, and he plays the business game pretty roughly."

"I can't pretend to know all about his affairs—"

"Naturally not, Mother; only an expert accountant could do that—and he'd have trouble, because Jerry has hidden some things cleverly. It's a complicated matter, I assure you, and you make a mistake if you let the Walkers use you, or even worry you. Nobody can believe a word Jerry says."

"I just want to ask you to give him a square deal, Henry. Give him what you give other business men."

"Well, Mother, it's up to the bankers, and you are talking to a lawyer. There are many bankers interested in the Jerry Walker problem, and they all agree that he wants much more than any other business man—he wants everything in sight. There's only so much credit to go round—only about two per

cent of what people holler for—and Jerry is getting more than his share, and using it without any sort of scruple.”

“He’s paying a high price for it, I understand.”

“He thinks so, naturally. It seems a simple matter to him, for the banks to check all the paper he can sign. He never figures on the risks the banks may be running.”

“Is it true he’s paying twenty-seven per cent, Henry?”

“That is a question you’ll have to ask the bankers, Mother. I can’t discuss my clients’ affairs. But I’ll say this as a general principle—two men seldom agree about the value of a horse, when one of them is selling and the other is buying.”

“Henry, I want to ask it straight. You’re not planning to take over Jerry’s business?”

“Absolutely not, Mother!”

“You’re telling me the truth?”

“When have I told you anything else?” And the telephone rang. Henry took down the receiver, listened, and said, “Yes, Rupert, I’ll be right over. I’m having a consultation on the matter with Mrs. Thornwell, and I’m telling her you are the banker, and the real villain in the case.”

So later in the day Cornelia went to call on this “real villain,” and found him, a large island completely surrounded by statistics and charts relating to the felt business. He was polite, but reluctant to give her his precious time. If she had come to ask about investing a thousand dollars of her own, he would have taken an hour off to advise her—he would do that any day for any member of the family, even the poorest fifth cousin. But when she came about Jerry Walker he told her frankly that she was letting herself be used by a family of adventurers. She was deceived if she thought that Rupert had anything more to do with the matter than a score of other bankers; it was a council of the financial leaders of Boston who were deciding the future of the felt industry, and even if Rupert were to go before them and say, “Gentlemen, I have promised my mother-in-law that out of my affection for her we will agree to let her former errand-boy have all the money he wants”—still the other bankers might refuse to assent. “And I don’t carry three million in my own wallet, Mother.”

IV

Both Henry and Rupert had told Cornelia what was not true; and only two or three weeks later she found it out. Mrs. Jerry Walker came to Cornelia's apartment, and broke down and wept, and told the terrible story of what was happening. Jerry Walker was being stripped of every dollar he owned in the world; and it was Rupert Alvin and Henry Cabot Winters who were driving the other bankers to the job, sometimes against their will, and even without their knowledge. The loan for three millions had been agreed upon, and Mr. Winters had been instructed to prepare the papers; but instead of doing so, he had got one of the big banks in New York to call a loan suddenly, and Mr. Alvin had brought up demands that the other bankers had not known about—in short, everything had been tied up for a month.

Finally, in order to get half a million dollars in a hurry, poor Jerry had had to turn over to the bankers all the stock of all his companies. It was supposed to be a trusteeship—he had the right to get the properties back any time within two years by paying a million and a quarter; but the very day they got the securities, the bankers, with Mr. Winters at their head, had set to work to plunder the properties. They put in their own directors, and barred Jerry Walker from access to the books, and even barred him physically from the plants. They were disposing of all the assets of the subsidiary companies, and loading them up with debts and claims—everywhere Jerry turned he found that some unknown lawyer had mysteriously appeared with liens and suits. Everything was tied up, so that the real owner of the properties could not get a dollar, and was going to have to sell his home to get money to live.

So that was that. The caribou was down, and his blood was being drunk. Cornelia might wring her hands, and be very sorry; she might shout at the wolves and scold them—whereat they would lift their bloody jaws for a moment and grin at her. "Of course, Mother," said Henry, quite blandly and good-naturedly, when next she met him—"of course, I told you an untruth. What did you expect me to do?"

"I expected you to have a sense of family loyalty."

"You have too good a mind to fool yourself with such an

argument, Mother. I have plenty of Thornwell family loyalty, but not the least particle of Walker family loyalty. If you had come to me for the truth about affairs of your own, you would have had it; in case of need you might have had the last dollar I own in the world. But when you let yourself be used by Jerry Walker, to try to pull wires for him in the midst of a business crisis—then you haven't the least reason in the world to expect me to give you any information to be carried back to him! —Yes, of course, you didn't mean to carry it back, but I assure you Lucile expected to get it out of Betty, and Mrs. Walker expected to get it out of Lucile. They have been cultivating an intimacy with Betty for several years for exactly that purpose, and I didn't intend to let them succeed. When I told Rupert and James about it, they agreed that I had done exactly right to stall you."

"So you're going to put Jerry Walker out of the felt business!"

"Not at all, Mother. He knows felt well, and if he wants a job as manager of one of the plants, we'll pay him a good salary. What he doesn't know is finance, and we're going to fix him so he can't lead the Boston banks into a smash."

"He was making a lot of money, Henry."

"A chimpanzee could make money right now, with the government buying everything at any price you ask. But the war will be over soon, and then will come the storm, and we're going to have a safer man than Jerry Walker at the helm of the ship."

So Cornelia went away, and watched the events of the next few months, and decided no longer to think of her son-in-law as a wolf. From now on she would see him as a large, black, witty, urbane and charming spider. He lurked in a hole and watched the business flies, and once in a while he made a pounce, and sunk his fangs into a victim, and wove him round and round with a ton or two of legal nets, until he could not move a finger; after which he would be sucked dry of his financial juices.

In the case of the too enthusiastic manufacturer of felt, what happened was that he struggled in the nets until his health broke down; his hands trembled so that he could not hold a cup of coffee, and he had to go to North Carolina for the winter and play golf. While he was gone, the bankers sat down with his

lawyers, and convinced them that the victim stood not a chance in the world, so the lawyers advised him to sign a release, forgiving his enemies for all they had done to him, in consideration of the sum of six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. For this price he gave up properties which earned a million and three-quarters net profit that year, and were worth about ten millions on the market. The six hundred and twenty-five thousand paid a part of his debts, and he sold his home to pay more, and his family gave up their social ambitions and moved into a cottage, and his daughter quit going to Radcliffe and went to work.

"Isn't it nice, Grannie?" said Betty. "When I get older, if I behave, I'll get a lot of Lucile's money, and I can hire her—perhaps to be a governess to my children. And Priscilla will have a share of it too, and can found a charity home to take care of Mr. and Mrs. Walker when they are old. And Cousin Josiah"—that was Henry Winters' one son—"he'll have a bigger share than any of us, to spend on women-chasing—I understand that's what he's doing now. Aunt Alice will be able to retain her adolescence—"

"My child! Don't say things like that!"

"I'm talking in the family, Grannie. We members of the new generation are going to be what you call hard-boiled. They are raising us in war-time, and we're getting used to plain language and messy sights. I read in the paper that Mrs. Henry Cabot Winters is planning a 'little theater,' in which her mystical poet's works are to be shown to the world as soon as the war is over. If Aunt Alice wants to subsidize genius, why does she have to pick out literary lounge-lizards and music-box monkeys?"

Cornelia said, "Dear me, I am really getting old! The new generation shocks me!"

V

There came a day when every able-bodied person in America rushed out of his house, and fell on the necks of passersby and danced and laughed and shouted and sang. Men threw their hats into the air, or tied tin cans to the tails of automobiles and drove up and down the streets. Three days later they all turned out and did it again, because the first time had been a mistake, some

news agency had been in too much of a hurry. But it was a big enough war to deserve two armistice days, and even in State Street one saw "blue-bloods" celebrating with bootblacks, and high-hatted bankers forgetting their dignity for the first time in their eighty years.

This was a celebration in which even the pacifists could join. The nation would have one or two hundred thousand cripples to take care of—but at least you didn't have to think of new thousands being made every day! You could again expect people to listen to reason, and could work at stopping the next war without danger of arrest. The Kaiser had fled to Holland, and there seemed a real prospect of that newly-promised world. Such wonderful promises—a world fit for heroes, a world made safe for democracy, a world in which the last war had been won by the forces of justice! So we had been told in a golden glowing speech at least once a week for a year and a half; and now we were to see it made real. As a first step President Wilson packed up his typewriter and his fourteen points, and went over to Europe to oversee the making of a world charter. His packing appeared to be careless, for he lost one of the points in England—that providing for the "freedom of the seas"—and had only thirteen when he landed in France.

The American people had been told to trust him; he was the President, and had sources of information not open to the rest of us—so Deborah had assured her mother. But now it turned out that he hadn't any sources of information, or if he had, he hadn't used them. He had made no bargains whatever with the allies, he had not made them give up a single one of their greedy demands. And now, of course, it was too late; the danger was over, the allies were no longer afraid, and would do exactly what they pleased.

It was a disillusioning experience, and was to produce ten years of cynicism and corruption in every department of American life. The climax came when the President capitulated to the diplomatic ravens, and let them have their prey, and came home and told the public that that was what his fourteen points had meant. He did more than that—he went before a committee of the Senate, and stated that he had not known about the secret treaties until he went to Paris; which one had to take as Pascal

took the doctrine of his church, and believe it because it was impossible.

VI

There were a few groups in America whose demands did not depend upon the diplomats at Versailles; and among these were the women. France might grab the Rhine, Japan might grab Shantung—but what was to prevent American women from having their rights at home? Surely the men were not making such a success with their votes that they could spurn the help of wives and sisters! Let us have a world made fit for heroines! So the campaign of votes for women leaped into life in a score of cities. In Washington the ladies began besieging senators and congressmen, and elderly statesmen took to physical flight from urgent feminine tongues. The militant suffragists began carrying placards in front of the White House, and got themselves arrested over and over again. It was most embarrassing, because the jails in the national capital had been made for street-walkers and Negro drunks, and had no accommodations for ladies.

The suffragists were divided into two groups, the respectable ones, who made dignified speeches and circulated petitions and got an inch in the newspapers once a month; and the militants, who set themselves the goal of a front-page story twice a day, and made it most of the time. Each of these two groups was active in Boston—a city full of ladies who felt themselves competent to take charge, not only of America, but of the world. Each group laid siege to Cornelia Thornwell and her granddaughter, and the militants won. Another scandal in the Sewing Circles, and another grief for a great family!

Cornelia's oldest daughter, Betty's mother, was a vigorous "anti." Her enemies told a story about her, that one day when company was expected, and many duties were clamoring, she had locked herself in her study and made no response, and when subsequent complaint was made, the answer was that she had been writing an article on "Woman the Home-maker." Jokes like that gave annoyance to the "antis," because it was so obvious to them that nothing but the wicked activities of the suffragists were dragging them out from the homes they loved.

and compelling them to become examples of the evil they feared. Yes, the "wild women" had that power, and rejoiced in it; when the "antis" hired a house on Park Street and opened up offices, what should they see but a group of women marching back and forth before their door, carrying a banner with a strange device:

*They say that home is woman's sphere.
What are the antis doing here?*

The true "anti" was Cornelia's youngest daughter, Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge, who stayed at home with her eight babies, and loved them and petted them and scolded them and wept over them and saw that their various nurses and governesses kept their noses wiped. Clara had no idea what a vote looked like; but, alas, that didn't get even an inch in the papers! Nor did it have any appreciable effect when Alice Thornwell Winters shrugged her beautiful white shoulders and lifted her haughty eyebrows in scorn at the idea of sacrificing her feminine charm. Neither did it help when she wrote more and larger checks to pay for the "little theater" which was to produce the plays of Chauncey Duvillier, dealing with ancient Erse legends about dusky-haired promiscuous queens. The productions came off, and were at once very "high-brow" and very "high-hat," but they did not seem to reduce the attendance at suffrage meetings.

President Wilson had set his stern Presbyterian face against the program of national suffrage. It was a question for the individual states; thus spoke Sir Oracle, and when the female dogs barked, he said it again. But such a thing had been known as a great statesman changing his mind when made uncomfortable enough. It was a fact that the women out west had got the vote and were using it; Woodrow could not forget that it was California which had elected him the last time, and might defeat his party and his world policies the next time. A terrible thing to contemplate having women vote, but a still worse thing to contemplate having them vote Republican!

The President came back from Europe in February, and the suffragettes prepared a hearty welcome for him in New York. It was more than he could face, in his nervous condition, with that incredible statement he had to make to the Senate; so at the last moment the route of his ship was changed, and it landed

at Boston. That put the burden onto the Boston suffragettes, who had to organize a demonstration almost overnight. They came rushing to Cornelia and Betty; would they help? Banners must be got ready, asking urgent witty questions, and these must be carried by ladies of absolutely indigo-colored blood; they must be carried as close to the President as the police would permit, and then a little closer; also the great man's latest anti-suffrage speech was to be burned in effigy on Boston Common.

VII

"Old Boston" is a city which has been laid out by cows. They made tracks, and these became lanes, and the lanes have now become narrow canyons of concrete and steel, made immutable for all time by a court-house full of deeds with intricate specifications. You may still see on Beacon Hill a house which has a narrow archway built under one room—because in selling the land the owner specified that access must for all time be left for his cow to reach the Common. Now, instead of a cow, there was coming a high-powered automobile bearing a long-featured Presbyterian gentleman in frock coat and silk hat, under military escort, with all the trappings of glory, and that unending roar of applause which he had heard even from the billows in mid-ocean. Patriotism in Boston was to have its day of rapture; Democratic patriotism, taking in even the Irish-Catholics, and marred only by the antics of twenty-two contumacious females, who refused to accept a great statesman's own definition of what he meant by democracy.

Among these twenty-two lady-pests was the widow of Josiah Quincy Thornwell, former governor of the Commonwealth; also Elizabeth Thornwell Alvin, daughter of the president of the Pilgrim National Bank. But the names of these two were not on the list furnished to the press; in that case the two would have been spotted by the police, and denied the honor they craved. They sallied forth with the other women, carrying placards aloft, in the route of the procession; and promptly they were snapped up, and hustled into a patrol wagon, and landed in Joy Street police-station—most beautifully named of public institutions in the home of the bean and the cod.

The police had them—and what was to be done with them?

The police had no idea. The one thing desired was to keep them out of the newspapers; which was the one thing impossible to achieve. They spent the entire day sitting in a room in the police-station, with no food—save the knowledge that they would be on the front page of all the afternoon newspapers! In the evening they were taken to the “House of Detention” under the Court House, where they slept on board benches covered with black oil cloth. They rolled up their coats for pillows, and spread newspapers to cover the dirt—but alas, the worst part of the dirt had powers of locomotion. Cornelia, sitting up awake, watched Betty sleeping, and counted twenty-one round black objects on her newspapers, and in the morning some of the women’s ankles were so swollen that they could not get on their shoes. Also sleep was interfered with by the constant bringing in of drunken women, who howled in loud voices what appeared to be a popular song, “I love you as I never loved before.” In the morning they filed out to a rusty iron sink to wash, and everyone had to answer the question, “Are you a drunk or a suffragette?” But these woes vanished in a blaze of glory when they discovered that they had got a quarter of a million dollars’ worth of publicity on the front pages of the morning newspapers—while the respectable lady suffragists, who had presented a dignified petition, had got one inch in each paper!

Now they were going to be taken into court, and would refuse to employ lawyers, and would make twenty-two eloquent suffrage speeches. So they thought, but their captors thought otherwise. For these publicity-seekers the constitution of the Commonwealth was to be suspended, and trials were to be in secret in one of the rooms of the prison! When they learned this, there was a hasty consultation among the prisoners, and an agreement not to recognize such an illegal tribunal. Until they were in open court, no woman would say a word.

Their enemies had a still more dastardly scheme; they were going to deprive the little band of their most brightly shining star. A jailer came in and demanded, “Which is Elizabeth Alvin?”—and of course all the prisoners knew instantly what that meant. Papa Banker had got busy and pulled some political strings, and his daughter was to be bailed out, or spirited away, or something—a vile plot! Betty made no sound or sign, and neither did any one else; and presently came the young Irish

policeman who had arrested and "booked" her. He had been ordered to pick her out of the bunch—and a fine mess he made of it!

It so happened that in the course of a year and a half, Betty was to be deeply concerned with the problem of identifications. To what extent was it possible for bystanders, witnesses of a crime, to describe the men who had committed the crime, and to recognize them some time later? Human lives have depended upon this problem, and not for the last time. Whenever Betty and her grandmother thought about the matter, the first thing that came to their minds was this experience in the Joy Street police-station. Here was a policeman who had arrested Elizabeth Alvin on the street, and marched her along for some distance, in the meantime having a considerable argument with her as to his right to destroy her banner, and his right to squeeze and hurt her arm. He had put her into a patrol-wagon, and sat opposite her during a ride of several blocks through crowded streets, meantime gazing at her and speculating, what kind of crazy loon was this that wanted a vote, when so many people that he knew were glad to sell theirs for two dollars. Arriving at the station-house, he had stood at the desk and booked her for sauntering, loitering, disorderly conduct and resisting arrest—enough offenses to keep her in jail until President Wilson's successor had been elected.

And now, next morning, came this young policeman to pick that young person out of a group of twenty-two, most of whom could not possibly be the right one, because they were old like Cornelia, or large and matronly, or tall and masterful, or in some other obvious way not the young and sweet and lovely Betty. She was the youngest in the crowd, and there were not more than half a dozen others near her age. All she had done to make the policeman's task harder was to take off her brown coat with beaver fur trimmings, and appear in a blue silk dress. What all the women did was to stand or sit, completely unaware of the policeman's existence, while he wandered about, peering into one face and then into another, obviously perplexed. He had all the time he wanted, he had everything his own way—and he got the wrong woman!

He picked out a fashionable young matron, mother of two blossoming babes, and said, "That's the one." The jailer com-

manded, "Come with me, Miss"—and when the young matron remained unaware of his existence, he stooped in front of her, and put one sturdy arm about her knees, and lifted her over his shoulder, and carried her like a sack of meal, out of the room and upstairs into the presence of the secret judge. He arrived there, somewhat red and out of breath, and the young matron no less so. Set down upon her two feet, she stamped one of them, and glared at the judge and the jailer, and clenched her two fists. "I will say just this and no more—I am *not* Betty Alvin!"

VIII

The night that Betty and Cornelia spent in jail there was a gathering of the Thornwell clan: not summoned, but just happening, because every Thornwell who got the report knew instantly that it was his duty to repair to the Alvin home on Commonwealth Avenue to offer aid and counsel.

There was a general agreement that it would be useless to get the two renegades out of jail until the President was out of the city, because they would only get in again and make another scandal. There was also agreement as to what should be done with Betty; she must be shipped abroad by the very first steamer. The war was over now, and while passports were not being given for any but official purposes, it would be an easy matter for Rupert to get what he wanted, and Betty would be put in charge of some elderly respectable relative, and subjected to the refining influences of Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and the National Gallery and the Nelson Column, and later on to the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower, and would doubtless come back at the end of a year a lady like all the other ladies who lived on Commonwealth Avenue, home of the least common and most exclusive wealth in America.

About Cornelia there was a sharp difference of opinion. One group declared that the thing to do was to excommunicate her and ignore her existence; while the other group wanted to have her committed to an institution, where she would be treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, but prevented from bringing further disgrace upon an honorable family. The head of this group was Uncle Abner, whose deaf man's voice would

boom out in the drawing-room at intervals, "Lock her up!" The others would try to explain objections to this plan, but he would only say again, "Lock her up!" There are some advantages to being deaf, it is so much easier to keep your opinions unchanged.

Great-aunt Priscilla joined Abner's group. She was tall and thin, and suffered from ankylosis of the spine, which made it painful for her to sit erect, but she never sat any other way in public. She had the long lean face of her dead brother, Josiah, and of Betty's mother, Deborah; it sagged now, but the pouches disappeared as she set her jaw in anger and declared, "It is the proper thing to do in such cases. Everybody will agree that we are justified."

"Not quite everybody, Aunt Priscilla," said Henry Cabot Winters. "Surely not the suffragettes."

"I am talking about people one mentions," said the old lady.

"But the suffragettes would say it was persecution," objected Deborah, "and they would make a great fuss."

"We should have them picketing this house!" added Rupert.

That horrible idea silenced all of them but Abner. "Lock her up!" said he; and when his son Quincy shouted into his ear, "The suffragettes would object," he answered, in good old Puritan style, "Lock 'em all up!"

There were many precedents that could be cited for this procedure, and the old people did not fail to cite them. All you had to do was to find a judge and a couple of doctors who sympathized with the family predicament—and it would be easy enough for Thornwells to do that. Great-uncle Ahab had become violent at one time, due to his disappointment in love, and had spent ten years alone in a wing of the Thornwell mansion, with a keeper by day and another by night; he still had spells of brooding, when similar action had to be contemplated. Such emergencies arose in all "blue-blood" families—it was one of the mysteries of the Lord's mercy—and all physicians to the rich were accustomed to signing certificates, and judges to issuing commitments.

Some such action might have come of this conference, had it not been for Henry Cabot Winters, that witty, urbane and charming black spider. He was nothing but an "in-law," and not really entitled to speak, but he did it none the less. "Cornelia is

eccentric, but she is not insane, and we all know it; she has many friends who know it, and one of them is Morrow."

"Morrow?" said Great-aunt Priscilla. "Who brought Morrow into it?"

"Well, Morrow as Cornelia's physician would naturally expect to be consulted; and I'm pretty sure you'd have him against you."

"What makes you think that?" It was James Scatterbridge, the great mill-owner, who had made some millions of yards of bandages for soldiers who were not going to be wounded, and was now very busy making clear to the government that he was not going to give up his profit on these contracts. He had postponed an important conference this evening, and if his mother-in-law was going to be locked up, he wanted it done quickly.

Said Henry, "Cornelia told me that Rupert dropped a hint of something of the sort to her, and she decided she would take the precaution to have a chat with Morrow, and tell him her story, and all her ideas. He was very much amused, of course—at least that is what Cornelia reported."

"Oh, yes, it is *most* amusing!" snapped Great-aunt Priscilla. "The newspapers are finding it so, and no doubt their readers. But is that what we have been paying Morrow for—some fifty years, I believe?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "you certainly can't offer to pay him to declare Cornelia *non compos*; at least, I don't think he would take the money. So it looks as if we'd have to forget our black sheep."

"Well, at least let her take her own Irish name!" This parting shot of the old lady made Deborah and Alice wince—because, after all, the black sheep with the Irish name was their mother. That is the difficulty in these family councils—there are so many toes to be trod upon! It was safer to be deaf, like Great-uncle Abner, and go on saying, over and over, "Lock her up!"

IX

Three days after this conference Great-uncle Ahab was walking home on a stormy night, and fell and struck his head. He lay in the snow for some time before he was found, and a few hours later he was ill with pneumonia, and next day was in a

critical condition. The family came in haste—including his brother Abner, somewhat embarrassed after fifty-three years of estrangement. He tried to refer to the matter, but Ahab was in a delirium. That was "old Boston's" idea of drama—an old man who could hear very little shouting to another old man who would never hear anything. They talked about it in the clubs for quite a while.

Also they talked about the funeral, which was an imposing affair, the same as Josiah's—for after all, Thornwells were alike in the eyes of the Lord, even though in the eyes of the world one might be a governor and the other a manic depressive. The ceremony was held in the house which Ahab had sawed in half in order to get away from his brother; and all through the ceremony you heard the dead man's half dozen hairless Chinese dogs howling their heads off in an upstairs room—it was most uncanny. When the will was read the family kept it secret—which of course put everybody on tiptoe with curiosity, and caused the newspapers to give it special prominence when it was filed for probate. One provision read, "I leave my beloved dogs to my sister Priscilla, whom they remind of newly born mice." Another said, "I leave my half house to serve as a home for elderly gentlemen of good family who can prove that they have been robbed by their relatives." Finally, his income from stocks and bonds of the Thornwell Mills Company was to be used to establish a chair at some New England theological seminary which would agree to have a course of lectures delivered every year under the auspices of "The Ahab Adams Thornwell Foundation for the Precise and Final Refutation of the Lyman Beecher Interpretation of the Doctrine of Infant Damnation as Expounded in Holy Writ." Ahab had heard Lyman Beecher at the age of twenty-five, and had waited sixty years to have him precisely and finally refuted.

At family funerals the hardest hearts are softened and the fiercest prides are humbled. Betty remembered that Great-uncle Ahab had once given her a pony, riding it all the way to her home, with his long legs reaching to the ground. So it was a good time for her mother to plead with her. Yes, Betty would promise to engage in no further public disturbances until she had finished that year at Radcliffe; and thereafter she was willing to spend a year abroad and become cultured—could

Grannie go with her? The little minx asked it quite soberly; and Deborah, equally without trace of a smile, explained that the family was under great obligations to Cousin Letitia Adams Quincy, who had nursed Betty once as a little girl, while Deborah herself had been in Europe.

Cousin Letitia was a third or fourth cousin—one of those who had arrived too early for the funeral of Josiah, and got out and walked about the estate for half an hour, in order not to make herself conspicuous. Because of such behavior she was known as a perfect lady, and now was to receive the poor relation's ultimate reward. Deborah had interviewed her and ascertained that she had read nothing since "The Marble Faun"—except the "Sunday School Examiner's Bulletin" and the religious and genealogical pages of the *Transcript*. She was judged immune to the contagion of redness, and the right person to chaperon Betty's grand tour. The girl accepted her with a meekness which would have made Deborah suspicious, if the latter's natural shrewdness had not been smothered under a heavy load of self-sufficiency.

X

It was high time to get excitable young rebels out of the country; the family realized that more and more clearly every day. For it appeared that the signing of the armistice was not going to mean peace; not even the signing of a treaty would mean it. Our troops were to stay in Germany; worse yet, they were to stay in Siberia and Archangel, and wage President Wilson's private war upon the Russian people. The American army and navy were to serve as a world police-force for the capitalist system. Exactly what Cornelia had seen the Boston police do in Plymouth, the national police were going to do all over Europe and Asia, sometimes under our command, sometimes under British command. And any persons at home who objected to this program would be hit over the head with the so-called espionage act; a law enacted to punish enemy spies, and now serving to jail American citizens for protesting against attacks upon a friendly people without a declaration of war.

It was the White Terror. Conducted partly by mobs, and partly by police and government agents acting as mobs, it had

for its aim the destruction of every means through which the American people might learn how their blood and treasure were being wasted. It stopped at no crime; the law-enforcers of city, state and nation became the leading criminals. In New York four Russian boys and a girl, all of them under age, attempting to distribute a circular protesting against the invasion of Russia, were seized by the police and tortured until one of them died; the rest were prosecuted in the federal courts and received sentences of twenty years' imprisonment.

Such things were happening all over the country, and made trouble for well-meaning persons like Cornelia, who sought to argue for constitutional methods. How could she ask her friend Vanzetti to settle the grievances of the workers by political action, when again and again socialist candidates were thrown off the ballot, or, when elected, were denied their seats? How could she urge him to obey the law, when the law-makers and law-enforcers themselves defied it? A year or two ago Vanzetti had made to her the statement, "Capitalist is most fighting man in whole world"; and never did the capitalist work harder to prove that the anarchist was right.

The victims of this White Terror would strike back; and if they struck blindly, it was the way the lesson had been taught them. May Day was an occasion for celebration of the Russian revolution by all who believed in it; and on the day before May Day, a package arrived by mail at the home of a United States senator in Georgia, especially conspicuous for his "red-baiting." The package was opened by a Negro maid, and exploded and blew her to pieces. That led to hurried searches, and the finding of a score or so of bombs in the New York post-office, addressed to various persons of prominence, and detained because they had not enough postage paid.

May Day came in Boston, with that terrible news upon the front page of the papers. The socialists had several meetings scheduled—and they were a legal party, not advocating violence in any form. But this was a distinction the newspapers and those who controlled them were anxious to conceal. When the audience emerged from one hall, and attempted to march down the street to another hall where there was another meeting, they were set upon by three hundred policemen and a mob of soldiers and sailors, thoroughly "americanized" by a year in

Europe. The socialists, and many innocent passers-by who happened to look foreign, were chased through the streets, hunted out in stores where they sought refuge, and pummeled and clubbed into insensibility. The police loaded them into patrol-wagons, and then beat them over the heads while in the wagons; they loaded them into trucks, and permitted the soldiers and sailors to beat them—there were even cases of policemen lending their clubs to members of the mob who thought some victim insufficiently mishandled. They raided the second hall and beat up the audience; the fighting went on for two or three hours, until four persons were killed, and a hundred and sixteen dragged off to jail. Among them was a son of Boris Sidis, of Harvard, and H. W. L. Dana, a grandson of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and of Richard Henry Dana.

So once more Cornelia heard the thud of hickory clubs on human flesh and bone. This time Betty heard it too, and both of them had to run for their lives. They got into a cab and drove home, both trembling so that they could hardly use their hands, both white and tearful, with a mixture of fear and rage. They spent hours of anguish together, telephoning to find out who had been killed and who had been hurt and who was in jail; then to get lawyers, and persons with property for bail-bonds—all the routine so familiar to the seasoned "radical," and so startling to the newcomer who still believes in his country.

In the morning Cornelia would go to court, and perhaps serve as a witness. Betty could do nothing but return to college and keep quiet, and hope that no one would report her to her parents. She had not meant to break her promise—but how could one know that going to a socialist meeting was disorderly conduct?

Judge Hayden was the magistrate presiding at the trials, a majestic gentleman, as they all tried to be. But under the strain of his intense patriotism, he forgot his dignity, and broke loose and delivered tirades—and not at the police for lending their clubs to be used in beating socialists. He did not punish a single one of the assailants, but sent the victims to jail for varying terms. "The uneducated and the overeducated," was one of his sneers—which sounded peculiar in Boston.

It was to be expected that when the next lot of bombs went off, one of them should tear out the front of Judge Hayden's

home. In Constantinople under the rule of the sultans it was said that the state of social discontent could be ascertained from the number of fires which occurred in the city; when the number increased unduly, some grafting officials would be strangled, and the fires would grow fewer. But Boston is not an easy-going place like old Turkey; Boston is a Puritan stronghold, and its rulers are stiff-necked. The more numerous the bombs, the more they would increase the causes of bombs. The answer of the authorities to the bombing of Judge Hayden was to put Galleani on a steamer and ship him back to Italy; also to plant several spies among the Boston anarchists.

XI

This was while Betty was saying good-by to her friends, including these same anarchists. Without a word to the family, Betty and her grandmother stole away to visit a band of desperados who were at that time the theme of thousands of words in the files of the Department of Justice, the American Protective League, and the million-dollar detective agencies. They actually spent a night in an anarchist home in Plymouth, and listened to jokes about "bombe di pistacchio," and heard Vanzetti's story of old Galleani's parting from his wife and four children.

This was one of the ingenious new methods of torture which the White Terror had devised. They would grab a man in the middle of the night and lock him up in a police cell, and badger him there until he admitted that he did not believe in government, or that he regarded government as an affair of violence—something they made it easy enough to admit! They would then present the confession to the immigration authorities, and a warrant of deportation would be signed, and the victim would be taken secretly on board a steamer—his wife and children left behind, with no money to follow him, and nothing but to beg or starve.

Vanzetti had given up his "picka shov'." His friends had urged that the work was too hard for him, and he had invested his savings in a fish business belonging to an Italian who was going home. "Fish-business" sounded most impressive—until you learned that it consisted of a hand-cart, a pair of scales,

and a route. Twice a week he got a barrel or two of fish, either from the docks or by express from Boston, and shoved his hand-cart about, ringing a bell and calling, "Pay-shee! Pay-shee!" He had had this same kind of business once before, said Alfonsina, but had not been successful, because he let everybody owe him money. This time he had promised to run it on a strictly cash basis. Vanzetti grinned, and said that it was a "mosta good business," because he met all the Italian women and children in Plymouth, and they got to know him and feel friendly, and he would say a few words about "joostice," and when there was to be a meeting or a "picanic," no one could "distriboot" circulars or sell tickets so well as he.

Trando had saved up his money and bought himself a three-quarter size violin for ten dollars, and a bow for two and a half, and had had several lessons and learned to play a tune. Of course he was made to exhibit this accomplishment, with Bart serving as master, keeping the time with an erect forefinger, cocking his head on one side and judging critically the pitch of the notes, which were apt to vary slightly from the normal. It was "Old Black Joe," a very sad tune, and there were tears in Alfonsina's eyes at the finish—though perhaps they were tears of pride, that this marvelous thing should be coming from her precious little boy. Through the years that were to come Trando was to play that tune many times for Bart, under circumstances that would bring tears into the eyes of all who heard it.

XII

They climbed Castle Hill, and picked a few of the wild flowers, and watched the sail-boats on the bay. It was a parting for Betty and Bart, and both of them were moved, though Bart said, "Maybe I come see you in Europe pretty soon. I think I not be let in this countree mooch time; get shoore catched and sended home. Pretty soon it come trooble in Italy, maybe rivoluzione—make American afraid for have Italian here."

"Well, you won't mind going back to Italy." It was Betty speaking.

"Shoore not, get free tickets, mooch pleas-ed. I glad for

be lonely man, no family for suffer. I fraid for man like Vincenzo, like Nick Sacc'—they catch heem, send away—mooch trooble for family. Come mooch spy—come spy in cloob in East Boston—all time spy watch. But he not tell true story, tell bombe, make people hate anarchist."

Vanzetti paused, and watched the sail-boats for a while. "Sooch a lovely place, is hard to t'ink so ugly thing can be in the world. You meet Yankee man, he is a good feller; you laugh, you make joke, he is please, he think wop is all right, pretty good. But next day he take you, put you in jail, beat you with rubber hose, hang you up by finger, torture you terrible. Is hard to believe, but it happens all time, plenty fellers in cloob can tell. I say, I not give up, not stand sooch thing, I fight. I keep gun all the time now." And Bart patted his hip, where a large lump was evident.

"Have you shot that gun off yet?" inquired Betty.

"Shoore, I take it in wood, I practice, he shoot pretty good."

"Well, it's not only the gun, it's the gunner. You need a lot of practice, Bart, if you're going to shoot it out with the police." It was Betty again, and her grandmother was dismayed. Where on earth did she pick up slang—"shoot it out!" And where had she acquired that matter-of-fact smile, discussing the mad idea of resisting arrest? Truly, the new generation was traveling fast, and their elders had to "keep on the jump."

Cornelia knew that if you objected to what the new generation did or said, it would refrain from arguing with you, but would relegate you to the storeroom of the "has-beens," and forbear to take you in its confidence. But in her own head she pondered and worried. Betty's pacifist convictions had apparently not been able to stand the strain of that "May Day riot" in Boston.

One of the children came up to report that there were men at the house to see Bart. There were two Italians with a motor-cycle and a side-car. Cornelia recollected their faces, from the night of the dramatic performance in Stoughton. She was introduced to them again, Coacci and Orciani, workingmen and anarchist propagandists. The former had just recently been arrested for deportation, and was now under a thousand-dollar bond. They talked in Italian, and then drove off, and

Bart brought in from another room a package which the two had left; he laughed and told Betty and Cornelia that it was a bomb, and these two had advised him not to let the strange Yankee ladies into the secret, because, after all, who could say they might not be spies?

The package was big enough for a bomb, to blow up a whole cordage-plant. It was heavy; and when Bart cut the string and opened it, they saw what his joke meant—it contained what he liked to call “mental dinnameet.” There were a dozen copies of a book, bound in red paper covers, brilliant enough to send a man to jail for ten years in Massachusetts. Bart handled the books with loving pride, because they were published by the “Gruppo Autonomo di East Boston,” and he had helped raise the money to make the enterprise possible. “Faccia à Faccia col Nemico” was the title, “Face to Face with the Enemy.” It was a series of biographies of the anarchist martyrs, with their pictures. It was needed in this crisis, to remind the comrades how the heroes of past times had been able to withstand torture and persecution, almost as bad as the White Terror in America. Bart had taken orders for this book among the Plymouth comrades, and now he said, “I take heem queeck, I get him distriboot, never let policeman catch heem, giammai!”

XIII

Cornelia went back to Boston to raise funds for the families of the May Day victims; while Betty and Cousin Letitia went to New York, accompanied by Deborah, and with a proper amount of tears and handkerchief-waving were started on their grand tour. The Thornwell clan breathed a sigh of relief when the young madcap was actually at sea.

For the first month it seemed all right. Betty was in London. “And Mother,” she wrote, “it is quite like Boston; New England is really Old England. I look out of my hotel window and see thousands of brick buildings stained with smoke, and chimney-pots and dormer-windows through a haze—I might be looking north from Beacon Hill. I really do not see that one has to leave Boston to get culture, but I am doing what you wish. We are going to-night to study the British labor party at a big mass-meeting in Albert Hall. I am assured

that the police will not club the audience as it comes out. It was kind of you not to tell Aunt Letitia too much about my 'redness'; she is so gentle and innocent, everything is educational to her. I am going to learn a lot, and only hope you and father won't mind if I study live people instead of dead ones."

That was a hint of trouble; but it was nothing to what came a week later from Cousin Letitia. "Dear Cousin Deborah: We are having a *most delightful* time in London—I will *never* be able to find words to express my gratitude to *you* and *Cousin Rupert* for affording me this greatest and *undreamed of* opportunity—for such it was, I assure you—though perhaps in some *secret* corner of my soul I did cherish the *dream*. Betty is the *dearest* child, and *most* companionable, and tractable in every way. To add to the *perfection* of our happiness, who should turn up in London yesterday but dear Aunt Cornelia Thornwell! It was Betty who saw her, in the lobby of our hotel. 'It is *Grannie!*' she exclaimed; and at first I could hardly believe my *eye-sight*. *Imagine* such a coincidence—here in far-off London! *Truly* the world *is* getting smaller. She was called over here unexpectedly upon business. We have decided to go to Paris, and put off seeing London Bridge and the Tower until later."

And then, a week after that, another letter from Betty. "I hope you and Father will not be too much annoyed by Grannie's following us to Europe. She says she just got too lonesome and couldn't stand it. The older generation is very stubborn, I find, and difficult to control. I will try hard to keep her out of trouble. She has letters of introduction to leading statesmen, but we are going to see the Eiffel Tower first, so as to be regular tourists. It was very good of you to leave our itinerary to our own choice, and we are availing ourselves of this freedom. Next week we leave for Buda-Pesth. There are some officials whom Grannie wishes to meet, and they may not be there long, because governments change swiftly in Europe nowadays. Cousin Letitia has read that there are very fine gypsy orchestras in Hungary, and this thrills her repressed Puritan soul. I hope you and Father will not blame this poor dear lady for anything that may go wrong with our tour, because she is really as good as gold, though too naïve to cope

with the present world situation. She is invited to lunch with a prominent editor or member of the house of deputies, and it does not occur to her to ask whether he is royalist or communist. She says, 'I suppose it is not the custom for these European men to trim their beards or their finger-nails.' But do not worry about us, because we are learning a great deal."

That letter alarmed Deborah, but it seemed worse yet when Rupert came home that evening and read it and told her about Hungary. There had been a Bolshevik revolution in that country, and the "officials" whom Cornelia and Betty were going to meet were no doubt some blood-thirsty "commissars," Jews and ex-convicts who were slaughtering the men and nationalizing the women of several empires. Rupert knew all about it, because he had before him a proposition for financing the overthrow of these "officials" in the interest of European stability; he had that very day been investigating the prospects for having the bonds of a new counter-revolutionary government absorbed by the Hungarian population of New England. He had lunched with a man who had explained the details of the plan, and had prepared a schedule of the subsidies required to obtain the support of the Hungarian-American press. The world was growing more and more complicated, and the tasks of a leader of high finance made him sit up nights and study geography.

"My God," said the tormented father, "I suppose there's only one thing left—they'll be going to Russia!" Which showed what a great mind he had. For two weeks later came another communication from Mistress Betty, as follows:

"I suppose you poor dears are going to be truly shocked by this news, and I am sorry, but there is no helping it. Grannie and I are leaving to-morrow for Saratov, which is in Southern Russia. It is the place where that crazy yarn about the nationalizing of women got its start, and we are going to see for ourselves. We had the extraordinary good fortune to run into a man whose head Grannie bandaged up after it was broken by the police in the Plymouth cordage strike. Now he is to take charge of the railroads in a province as big as the whole of New England, and says he has an underground way to get through the allied lines without danger. It is just like Boston here, you can do anything if you have money. It is going to be

a most educational experience, and you must not worry about us. The world is changing rapidly, and nothing could be more important than to watch the new political forms in the act of evolving. When these changes come to America, somebody will have to understand them.

"Please do not worry about Cousin Letitia, who is perfectly safe and happy in Buda-Pesth. We have taken the precaution to introduce her to influential people on both sides, so she will be all right whichever comes out on top. Meantime she is handing out half loaves of bread to the starving children of war-refugees. That is charity, and she understands it. In the evenings she hears a gypsy orchestra, in company with an elderly Hungarian playwright who speaks fluent English, and has become completely absorbed in the maiden-lady from Boston. I think she is the first one he ever met, and he has the idea she will be wonderful in a play; the only trouble is that European audiences would consider it a fairy-tale. I do hope you will not blame Cousin Letitia because of Grannie. She could not possibly have the idea there is anything wrong about a grandmother. When she was in school, she was taught to admire the revolutionary leaders of New England, and now that she meets those in Europe, she finds them highly educated men.

"We only plan to stay in Russia one or two months. Grannie has promised to return in the fall, to teach a course in the causes of modern war at the labor college which will be opened in Boston if the police do not smash it. I expect to come back to Buda-Pesth and take a job with some relief organization—any one that will accept a person who has been in Russia. At present the Interallied Food Mission is refusing all aid to the starving children of Red Hungary. That is Mr. Herbert Hoover's amiable method of bringing back the Whites, and it should earn him everlasting infamy in American and Hungarian history.

"I hope you won't mind if I find some way to earn my own keep; there is a hard time in the relation between parents and children, when the parents have to realize that their little ones are grown up. I will continue to let Father send me money if he wants to; I will not refuse a dollar that will keep some child alive for a month. The suffering in all Eastern Europe is atrocious—I have seen sights that would make any darling of luxury grow up in a hurry. Be patient with Grannie and me,

and realize that we love you all, in spite of not doing what you want; we are acting according to the dictates of our consciences, and where would New England be in history if some people had not done that?

“Affectionately your daughter,
“Elizabeth.”

CHAPTER VII

DEPORTATION DAYS

I

RUPERT ALVIN would have worried more about his runaway daughter, if he had not had so many troubles at home to keep him occupied. It seemed as if all the devils in Puritan New England broke loose that summer of 1919. There were a couple of million soldier boys turned out of the training camps, and flotilla loads returning from France, and no jobs to go round. They took to crime, to bootlegging, to striking, to demanding bonuses, to all kinds of behavior which kept bankers lying awake at night. The war-orders, the great prop of prosperity, had been pulled from underneath, and business was like a man waking up on the morning after a celebration.

The cost of living had been going up all through the war, but now it went faster than ever; there was a shortage of everything, and nobody could live on his salary. Out in Seattle there was a general strike, almost a revolution; while close at home, in Lawrence, a strike of the mill-workers had to be put down by kidnaping the leaders and beating them insensible with brass "knucks" and blackjacks. And then, in Boston, the most incredible event of all—a strike of policemen! Of the safest "cops" in the whole of civilization, Irish-Catholics trained in humility and obedience in parochial schools especially established for the purpose! Truly, it seemed the end of Rupert Alvin's world.

The policemen had been grumbling about their wages all through the year. Some were getting as low as ninety-two dollars a month, and how could a man keep a family on that? They grumbled about the way they were housed—many of them in that old Joy Street station, which had been built before the Civil War, and was dirty and verminous. They went on grumbling, and the authorities went on putting them off—for if you paid living wages to policemen, what would be left for

politicians? In August the grumblers formed a union, and joined the American Federation of Labor. Treason and red rebellion under the very shadow of Bunker Hill monument, on the very steps of "Funnel" Hall!

There were at this time two great banking groups competing for the mastery of Boston's affairs; like the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in ancient Florence. Parker, Jones and Company, one of these concerns, stood in with the city administration, and their Democratic mayor appointed them as a committee to sit down with the leaders of the union and work out a settlement. The policemen were to get their "raise," and everything would be polite. But they had omitted to consult Rupert Alvin and the Pilgrim National crowd; and Rupert was incensed that his dignity should thus be flouted. Also, he had religious convictions on the subject of labor unions. For policemen to organize and wring concessions by threats was a challenge to the very being of the state. If a Democratic mayor were allowed to bargain with Democratic Irish-Catholic labor leaders, and pay out the city's money under duress, the Republican Rupert might as well retire from his job of running Massachusetts and Europe.

He consulted first with Henry Cabot Winters, as was his custom; then he got his associates together and told them his plan. Never would there be another such opportunity to teach a lesson to the forces of disorder. The policemen's union must be broken, its leaders driven from the force, and not a man who went on strike should ever again be employed by the city. Rupert carried his point, and the heads of the Chamber of Commerce were called in and won over, and the police commissioner was summoned and told of the decision. Fortunate indeed that this official was appointed by the governor and not by the mayor, and so was a "blue-blood" and not a demagogue!

The business men of the city had rallied to defend their property. The president of Harvard had offered a thousand students, and all these volunteers were ready to go on patrol-duty the moment they were called. The policemen had given ample notice; they would strike at five forty-five o'clock on the afternoon of September ninth; and moreover they left four hundred of the old men to protect property. But it was Rupert's plan to teach the city, and indeed the whole country, a lesson

by a demonstration of what it meant for policemen to form a labor union. To that end the old policemen were kept shut up in headquarters, and the volunteers were not summoned until nine o'clock the next morning. For one whole night Boston was to be without any police protection whatever; and to make assurance doubly sure, one of the big detective agencies supplied a few men to throw bricks through the windows of department-stores and start things moving. That the plotters had actually done this was never proved, but you would meet many "blue-bloods," familiar with the gossip of the clubs, who were certain that it had been done; and several years later, when Boston saw its leading bankers on the witness-stand in the case of Jerry Walker, and heard them lying about how they had got possession of the felt-industry of New England—then Boston was ready to believe anything about bankers!

II

Whoever started it, the windows were smashed, and men and boys jumped through the holes and helped themselves to what they wanted; you saw women sitting on the curb-stones, fitting themselves with expensive shoes. There were many hold-ups that night, and some rape; more horrifying yet, there were crap-games going on the Common—on the very steps of the State House with its golden dome. It is characteristic of Boston that this breach of decorum was the thing which stamped itself upon the public mind, and stands out in unwritten history. Three hundred crap-games in broad daylight—that shows you what the mob is like, and what would happen if there were no hickory clubs to hold it down!

The merchants of the city were in a panic, putting up barricades in front of their shops, arming their clerks and spending the night in a state of siege. The picture of Boston in the hands of its criminal element had gone all over the country; Boston papers had made a fearful panic, and the faithful press agencies had spread it; so Rupert's lesson had been taught, and it was time for the city to be saved. The mayor called out some of the state militia—under an old law he had the right to call the part which belonged to Boston. He wanted to call the rest, but for this an order from the governor was needed; and here

came an unexpected hitch in the program of "law and order."

The representative of Anglo-Saxon superiority in the State House happened to be a gentleman by the name of Calvin Coolidge, whose story is one of the oddest ever invented by that Great Novelist who makes up history. A thin-lipped, tight little man, a petty lawyer and bill-collector from the western part of the state, "Cal" had got elected to the legislature, and attracted the attention of the Republican boss because he always did exactly what he was told, and never said a word that could be left unsaid. If a politician has an opinion he is bound to offend somebody; so, obviously, the wise course is to have no opinion on any subject. Strange, that no one ever thought of it before "Cautious Cal"!

The man who ran the Republican state machine through this period was a multimillionaire senator by the name of Murray Crane. He had established for his good political boys what was known as the "escalator system," or the "Massachusetts ladder." So long as they took orders, and kept themselves presentable to the voters, he would promote them regularly, step by step. It was a slow process, and you were old when you got to the top, but Massachusetts liked that, it is old itself. In this case, however, there developed a phenomenon known as "Coolidge luck"; as if the fates were amusing themselves by boosting this feeblest man in the state machine. Among the legislators aspiring to the state senate there existed a "rotation agreement"; there was never any competition at the primaries, each town took its turn. But the man ahead of Coolidge died, and he jumped into the place. Then, as a state senator who had never made a speech, he learned that the man in line for president of the senate had attacked woman suffrage. When the suffragists asked the views of Calvin, he shut the tightest and thinnest pair of lips in Massachusetts. The women attacked the other man and beat him at the polls, and Calvin presented his claims to the boss, and became president of the senate. Clear the way!

Next it happened that the man who was scheduled to become lieutenant-governor made the mistake of speaking in favor of prohibition. Again Calvin kept his masterly silence, and the liquor interests switched to him, and he was nominated. He served two terms as lieutenant-governor, at a time when every-

body was sick of politics, and was pleased with a man who said nothing and did nothing. As a reward they made him governor; and now here was a crisis, and two big groups of bankers pulling him this way and that! There was nothing for him but physical flight, and for twenty-four hours no one connected with the government knew where the governor was to be found.

At last Rupert dug him out, on the farm of Murray Crane, who had pushed him up the escalator. They had a night session, and Calvin heard such things as never will be printed in any history-book. When the time came to call out the state guard, he did what he was told; the machine-guns went into action on Boston Common, and fired a whole volley of shots heard round the world.

As for Calvin, he waited several days, until it was evident that Rupert's strategy had been successful; public sentiment had turned against the strikers. Then Calvin rushed forward, waving in his hand a telegram to Samuel Gompers, proclaiming in clarion tones: "There is no right to strike against the public safety, by anybody, anywhere, at any time!" That was, of course, what the capitalist press wanted at the moment; the governor's proclamation took the front page all the way from Boston to Seattle—where there had been a rival strike and a rival hero. One of these two masterful men was destined to become vice-president and then president of the United States on the basis of his heroism; while the other was destined to become a supersalesman of real estate, unloading ten thousand subdivision lots upon admiring "come-ons." Which hero was to be which was a matter of a toss-up in a hotel-room, at the tail end of a long-drawnout political convention. It may have been "Coolidge luck"—and again, it may have been the fact that the Massachusetts leaders were able to certify that here was a man who had never once expressed an opinion in twenty years of public life, and had never once questioned an order from Murray Crane, who had pushed him up the escalator.

III

This police strike cost the community three million dollars; nor did the community make it up out of policemen's wages, because it granted to the new men more than it had refused to

the old. But that was all right to Rupert Alvin. In the first place, it wasn't his money; and in the second place, it was not a question of money, but of what he called "principle"—meaning the bankers' right to have their way. The "mob" really had learned a lesson; there would be no more crap-shooting on the Common, and no more labor unions among public servants.

Neither Rupert nor any of his crowd reckoned the dumb resentment smoldering in the hearts of fourteen hundred men, who had thought themselves guardians of law and order, and now discovered that they were pawns in a game of power. These men had been pleading for a living for themselves and their families; they had been polite enough, humble enough—until they saw these qualities unheeded. They had served the city faithfully—some for twenty or thirty years; even the Back Bay admitted the virtues of those whom it knew. You would hear ladies of the Sewing Circle exclaim, "What do you suppose has become of that lovely policeman who used to help us across Boylston Street in front of Trinity Church? The one that got books from the library, and asked for something about the *Æneid*!" That story, told by the librarian, had been a tradition of the Back Bay forever after. So appropriate to Boston, to have a policeman who got books from the library, and actually appreciated the *Æneid*!

Cornelia Thornwell came back from Russia to find her city in a grim mood, with armed soldiers patrolling all the streets. The time for nonsense was past, the Bolshevik menace was going to be put down. The word "nonsense" included the fact that an elderly woman, once of high respectability, but now badly "cracked," had run away from her family and spent two months in Soviet Russia. Cornelia found that no newspaper in Boston manifested interest in what she had done; none desired to tell its readers about the condition of women in that city of Saratov where the "nationalization" story had started. No, the Boston papers wanted highly flavored horrors, invented by tsarist refugees in Riga and Helsingfors and Warsaw and Bucharest and Constantinople; they would pay the tolls to have such inventions cabled, but they wanted no facts which could be got by sending a reporter to an apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill.

Privately, of course, some of the "blue-bloods" got a tre-

mendous "kick" out of Cornelia's story. Henry Cabot Winters came to dinner and spent a most interesting evening. Quincy Thornwell came, and loaded up with stories to tell to the guests at Mrs. Jack Gardner's. That was gossip, and gossip has always been the privilege of good society. But when it came to public utterances—to a newspaper interview, or a speech at some meeting—that was a different matter; that was Bolshevik propaganda, undermining the bases of American civilization. The word Bolshevism had become the worst of all terms of abuse, and covered everything in the modern world you did not like. The Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce issued a pronouncement to the effect that the new prohibition amendment was a Bolshevik conspiracy!

Rupert Alvin declined to meet his mother-in-law. He might have got from her first-hand information as to the outcome of his enterprise to overthrow the communist régime in Hungary, but he would not sacrifice his dignity by admitting that Cornelia's crazy jaunt could have even that much use. Rupert proposed to handle his mother-in-law and his daughter as he had handled the policemen's strike. The time for nonsense was past.

Deborah came to see her mother, and listened with painful reserve while Cornelia assured her that Betty was perfectly all right, and there was no need to worry. Betty was turning into a very fine woman, the best of the lot of them; she was doing a useful work in Buda-Pesth, and was justified in ignoring her father's cablegrams. Nor would she suffer because Rupert had cut off her funds. Her salary of thirty dollars a week was quite regal for any part of Central Europe. As for Cousin Letitia, she might become the wife of the elderly Hungarian playwright, Hubay, if the family would put up one or two thousand dollars for a "dot." Cornelia herself had had a most instructive experience; the world was changing, and her children would have to learn, as she had learned, to adjust their minds to new ideas.

Deborah pressed her tight lips together—for she had come with a stern resolve not to wrangle with her poor distracted mother. "We have done considerable adjusting of our minds this fall," she said. "We have seen crap-games on the Common, and machine-guns also. We have known what it feels like to

lie awake all night in fear of the murderous mob." And that was true—for Rupert had not been able to convince his wife of his complete mastery of the situation. Not even four private policemen guarding her home had sufficed. Like most of the ladies on Commonwealth Avenue, Deborah had looked under all the beds that night, and had visions of her treasures being looted and her dignified person "nationalized."

IV

But if the capitalist press did not care to hear about the adventures of Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell in Russia, rest assured that there were plenty of socialists, communists and anarchists who did. Cornelia was besought to come and talk to this group and that; she was urged to write down what she had seen, and let it be printed in a pamphlet; and when she consented, it meant that she had definitely committed herself as a "Red," and was listed in the card-files of the Department of Justice as an active Bolshevik. In the month of November "red headquarters" in Boston was raided, with much uproar, and everybody in it arrested and "held for deportation." Among the truckloads of literature confiscated were some of Cornelia's; and although Rupert was able to keep it out of the papers, he brought the story home to the horrified family, and Deborah conveyed to her mother the warning that she stood within the shadow of arrest, and that her family's influence would not again be used in her behalf.

Vanzetti spent an evening in the little apartment, and heard all that Cornelia had to tell, and asked a hundred questions, and carried her answers to the "gruppo" in Plymouth and the "clooba" in East Boston. There were fierce debates going on among the anarchists as to the attitude they should take to the rapidly spreading soviet movement. Some were disposed to weaken in their anti-state principles. Government was a bad thing, so long as it was an instrument for suppressing workers; but when it became an instrument for suppressing counter-revolution, then it was no longer so easy to decide. But "individualistas" like Vanzetti stood immovable, and as a result, many of them were in trouble in Russia; some had been shot, and others were in jail. So Vanzetti hated the Russian govern-

ment as much as he hated the American, and was grieved by any good word that Cornelia had to say about it.

A very confusing situation! However, Cornelia had been watching the radical movement for four years now, and could talk the language of the different groups, and understand their reactions. That was more than the capitalist press could do, or the police, or the department of justice agents, or the courts, or any others who had the public ear in this crisis.

The job of "mopping up" the Reds was on in earnest. Congress had appropriated a couple of million dollars—which is the way to make things happen in America. All the big detective agencies were feeding at the trough, and the card-file of suspects now counted a total of two hundred thousand names—so the Attorney-General told a committee of Congress. This gentleman, oddly enough, was a Quaker, and under the combined banners of William Penn and Jesus Christ was instituting a campaign of wholesale terror, the like of which had not been known in America since the Iroquois Indians had been routed from upper New York state.

The prisoners taken in the November raids, together with a number of anarchists such as Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, were loaded onto an old government transport, the "Buford," and on the twenty-first of December this vessel, known to the newspapers as the "Soviet Ark," set forth for Russia. It was a beginning of the program recommended by all patriotic orators, "If they don't like this country, let them go back where they came from." Here and there you found one even more ardent—such as the statesman who said that he "would send them in a ship of stone with sails of lead"! Such was the "Christmas spirit," as manifested in America a year after the ending of the war to end war!

v

"Dear Nonna," wrote Vanzetti from Plymouth, "come to see us little bit for Christmas. All Italian anarchista is unhappy and fear will come truble for us after finish Russian. Is no more Cronaca, and no leader in New England since Galleani is deport. Would be good have you come for letting us know one American lady understand worker and is not afraid for

speaking. Vincenzo got bottle good Dago Red in cellar, it is not prohibited, for was there before. Trando has learn new melody by violin, it is 'When you and I were young, Maggie.' Fay is putting corns on string for decorate, it is word not in book, but is white corns which produces noise on stove. Alfonsina is working now by cordage and I have expectation of much business for Christmas, it is time for all Italian eating eel and I have order for barrel of living to be deliver from Boston. Your esteeming friend, Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

Christmas Day was on Friday, and Cornelia wrote that she could not come on that day, but would come Saturday morning and stay over Sunday. Not all the witch-hunts in New England could keep the Thornwell family from inviting her on Christmas Day, and from having their feelings hurt if she failed to appear. Clara, who had a monopoly on young children, was naturally the hostess, and "Hillview" the place. It was one of those great family reunions, when the clan say by their presence those things which are never said in words. Three faces were missing since last Christmas. Ahab would never be seen again; the spine of Great-aunt Priscilla had become solidified to such an extent that not all the pride in New England could bring her to a Christmas party; and Betty was in Buda-Pesth, handing out loaves of bread to the children of war-refugees.

"Hillview" was much changed from the day, now four and a half years past, when Cornelia had run away from it. James had kept his promise to leave the old part intact, but he had put on a monstrous new building in the rear, for the eight young ones and their numerous nurses and governesses and servants, as well as for guests—it was a luxurious hotel. The children were all over the place, racing about, shouting, bumping their heads on the hardwood floors, tramping nuts and raisins into priceless rugs, smearing chocolate candy on white brocaded upholstery. Christmas came but once a year, and one must not find fault; one must exchange sticky kisses, and admire a tree so tall that it went up to the second story, standing in the curve of the winding stairway. It shone with a myriad little lights, red, blue, green and yellow, and was piled around with enormous quantities of expensive toys, really marvels of ingenuity and workmanship, all of which would be broken and thrown on the junk-pile, or forgotten in the attic a month from now.

Also there were the grown-ups to be greeted: Clara, rounder than ever, lamenting that no arts of any specialist helped to reduce her; James, solid and matter-of-fact, expanding with his vast prosperity, and with the importance of himself as host. Not for a million dollars would he have said it in words, but his manner made clear that "Hillview" was no longer "Thornwell," it was "Scatterbridge." Deborah, stately in a creation of purple velvet; Rupert, with complexion to match his wife's dress, and a manner of impeccable cordiality to Cornelia, as if such a thing as a quarrel with a mother-in-law had never been heard of in Boston. Alice Thornwell Winters, whose elegance and grace paid no tribute to the passing years; Henry Cabot Winters, dapper and genial; their son, Josiah, still growing length ways, and pale—perhaps from overstudy, as his fond mother said, perhaps from what the savage Betty described as "woman-chasing." Also there was Deborah's older daughter, Priscilla, tall and dignified; it had been four years and more since she had raped the rug, and the crime was forgotten.

Not a word about Betty, nor anything else to humiliate Cornelia, or to remind her of her fall from grace. Unless you count Great-uncle Abner, poring over the *Transcript*, and commenting on a wireless dispatch from the "Soviet Ark," now four days at sea. "Says it's stormy, and the passengers are seasick." The deaf man's voice of Abner boomed from the library and filled all downstairs. "Well, I'd cure their seasickness if I had my way!"

"They say there's no cure for it known!" shouted Abner's son, Quincy.

"No cure?" Abner's voice broke into a hoot. "I can tell them a cure—dump the two hundred and forty-nine beggars overboard, and they'll be cured in a couple of minutes!"

There was a pause while the old man turned over the paper. When he broke loose again, it was the "crime wave," unfailing topic at all New England gatherings. "Country going clean to the dogs! See that story about the holdup in Bridgewater yesterday? Coming to a fine pass when a shoe-company can't bring its payroll from the bank without having shot-gun battles in the middle of the street! Read that?"

"Yes, I read it," said Quincy.

"Right out in the middle of Broad Street, corner of Hale—you know the place?"

"I know it."

"Big wide street, trees on both sides, trolley-car down the middle. And, by jingo, if two bandits in an automobile don't pop out and open fire on the pay-truck, just after daylight, half-past seven yesterday morning! *Transcript* says the police have no clew to the bandits. Wonder what police are for!"

"To go on strike, father."

"It's these foreigners!" And Uncle Abner leaned closer to his son's ear, which was not in the least deaf. "Infernal foreigners we've let come in and ruin the country! Sixty years I kept telling it to Josiah—ought to have stopped them. First Irish, then Jews, then Dagoes, then Hunkies, then God knows what. They've taken the country from us—the old stock might as well move out, they steal everything we've got. Ought to take every steamer that brought 'em over and make 'em take 'em back free, that's what I say!"

Did Uncle Abner know that Cornelia was in the music-room with the children, and hearing every word he shouted? Maybe so, for he was a shrewd old rascal, and you're only supposed to be polite when you know it. "Ought to ship 'em back where they came from, and all those sentimentalists that encourage 'em go along!"

VI

Cornelia left the palace of Thornwell-Scatterbridge, and went to the humble tenement in North Plymouth. Here too was Christmas, but on a minor scale. The tree was not quite up to Cornelia's shoulder, and the decorations were half a dozen red and yellow baubles, two for five cents at the grocery-store, a few strands of tinsel, some red ribbon off a package Cornelia had sent, and finally, long strings of snow-white "corns," with three pairs of small-sized but ravenous jaws waiting until Cornelia should have seen the spectacle before commencing the work of destruction. The presents, ranged under the tree for her inspection, were few and cheap—with the single exception of three fine story-books which had come from Boston. They were now set up conspicuously, and three children clamored their happy thanks.

The Brinis had long ago found out who Cornelia was; they knew that she came from a great rich family; yet not all the cruel "class consciousness" in the world could weaken their trust in her. It seemed to Cornelia that this offered some hint of how to avoid the stresses of the war between capital and labor; also for the bitter strife between the old Yankees and the new foreigners, and for the "crime wave," and many other troubles of the time. But when she told that theory to her friends of the great world, they called it "sentimental," and went on with their wiser and more practical plan of jailing and deporting and killing. Also most of the so-called "class-conscious" revolutionists would have agreed that Cornelia's program was "sentimental"; so apparently the jailing and deporting and killing had to continue.

They had a grand supper that Saturday night. Alfonsina had made bean-soup, which Vanzetti was "crazy about"—he admitted it; and budino, a kind of custard pudding, and tortellini, a dish of meat cooked in noodles. Vanzetti was a vegetarian on principle, because he thought it wicked to kill animals for food; but once in a while he fell from grace, and the occasion was apt to be tortellini. The animal was already dead, said Trando; but Bart would not permit that sophistry—when we ate meat, he said, we caused another animal somewhere to be killed, it was the law of supply and demand. He spoke of animals as his "fellow creatures," and this gave the children great glee; they would bring home a crab, or perhaps a big spider, and refer to it as "Bart's fellow creature." But that did not trouble the philosopher; he made it the occasion for a lecture on the wonders of nature. All these strange beings did really have a life like us, at least the beginnings of it; each one knew all the things it needed to know in order to take care of itself—and many a man was not so wise.

Vincenzo had given his wife a tiny glass bowl with three gold-fish for a Christmas present; and this stood now on a table in the little parlor, by the window, where the light shone through it. Bart was fascinated by these creatures, he would stand watching them literally for an hour at a time. He was wondering what it was like to be a gold-fish. If you dropped a bit of food into the bowl, the fish would know it and take it into their mouths; if it was not the right food, they would

spit it out again. What told them that? What had taught them not to flee from a man's hand—though fish in the wild state would do so? Did the fish know that man existed, and what did they think about him? Strange questions one could ask about life!

Trando got out his violin, and played "When you and I were young, Maggie." So many sweet songs made you sad! The little boy played it several times, and Bart hummed the words which the children had taught him. A wonderful act of creation, making a melody out of the chaos of all the scratchings that were possible on four violin strings! The Brinis were so proud, something fine was coming out of their lives, something better than "working by cordage" all your life, better than "living like pigs," as the Yankees phrased it.

"Some day maybe we get piano," said Bart. "Fay she learn play, we have grand music."

"Oh, yes, we'll get a piano!" said Trando, and added, in school-boy dialect, "I don't think!" He was twelve years old now, and America was teaching him to be a little "fresh" at times. "It'll be like that horse you were going to get me!" He explained to Cornelia, "He promised me a horse to drive the day before Christmas. He had a barrel of eels to deliver, and I was to help him, and for two weeks he was telling me I'd have a horse and wagon, and I didn't think about nothing else all the time. But when the day come it was the same old push-cart."

"It is baker got horse and wagon," explained Bart. "He promise for rent heem one day, but then he cannot, so must pusha da cart. Trando he see—what you call it, visione—heemself sit in seat, make noise with whip, 'Gittup!'—granda gentleman, all little Italian girl come look, say what is this, something wonderfool! But instead to crack whip, he musta carry basket with package eel. He is little scare, for eel he is live and make move—what you say?"

"Wiggle," put in Fay.

"Mooch wiggle!" said Bart. "Little boy tink maybe he come out from paper, make bite!"

"No, I wasn't scared," said Trando, "but I knew they were my fellow creatures and I didn't like to have them killed." They all laughed—even Vincenzo, who did not understand jokes in

English. Bart, with his vegetarian scruples, was hard put to it to justify his conduct in having a barrel of his living fellow creatures shipped to him by express, and turning them over to the murderous fury of two score Italian housewives, who had skinned them alive and put them in salt for the next day's feast, as much a tradition with the Italians as turkey in all Yankee homes.

VII

Sunday morning they went for a walk—on the street, because the woods were full of snow. Coming home, Vanzetti bought a Boston newspaper, because he wanted to know what was happening in Italy. Cornelia read him a brief item, how the Italian workers were forming shop-councils, preparing to take over industry from the capitalists. They talked about this, and how it would happen in different countries. Vanzetti had made a speech in a hall in Plymouth. "I force-èd be spikker," he explained, because the man who was supposed to be "spikker" had such wrong ideas. Bart knew that any one who discussed anarchist ideals in public in these critical days ran risk of arrest, and of deportation or worse. But he would not be silenced, and Cornelia knew that he would not, and did not even suggest it. "Anarchista musta make propaganda!"

The children had got hold of the comic supplement, and were devouring it, laughing over the jokes and explaining them to their mother. This humor dealt with incipient young criminals, who perpetrated every indignity upon their elders. And meantime the elders were reading about the product of a previous decade of comic papers—the "crime wave" and its latest manifestations. There was more news about the Bridgewater hold-up, which Cornelia had heard Abner Thornwell discussing. Bridgewater was only twenty-two miles from Plymouth, and in the same county, so the attempted robbery had been much talked about. Now the shoe-company was offering a thousand dollars' reward for the bandits, and Vanzetti remarked, "You offer plenty money, you catch plenty feller. Is always polissmen, witness, for swear poor feller in jail."

He went on to say, how stupid for people to be surprised by the crime wave. "You send million feller to Europe, you put

heem in army, give gun, teach heem keell; you bring heem back, he go home, find some odder feller got his job, got his girl; he look for job, cannot find, he is hungry—you think he don't steal? Is foolish for not onderstand, is people do not want onderstand."

"You think the cause of crime is always economic?"

"Shoore, Nonna, I not think all men alike. Some men is strong, is got what you call—carattere—"

"Character."

"He will not do crime, he will die before do crime. But nodder man, he is weak, is too much tempt, he sees friend do crime, get plenty money, he try sometime, maybe get caught, he go jail. Is worst place for make criminal, is jail, is like school, learn how to do it. You go like me, Nonna, you work one job, work nodder job, meet onderd, meet thousand worker, you meet plenty young criminal, young feller vanaglorioso for what he do, think he is smart feller; I hear heem talk, I know what is make crime wave. Is great reech men, spend beeg money—automobile, gooda dress, fine lady—what you say, lusso—luxury. Poor feller, he look, he like to live sooch life, have plenty money, plenty girl. He say, 'How come it reech man he get it, how come in bég-ginnin'?'—Bart accented the word on the first syllable—"how come in bég-ginnin' he make the money? Is reecha man honest? Is it sistema honest? He see everywhere beeg thief get plenty money, not ever punish. He see, you steal thousand dollar, you call-èd bandit, you steal million dollar, you call-èd banker. Is it not true, Nonna?"

Cornelia thought of Jerry Walker and his felt-plants. "It is sometimes true, Bart."

"All right, is injoostice. So long you have injoostice, is crime; more injoostice, more crime. Is like something you make in chimica—it come all time the same way. But reech man he not like to hear sooch thing, is better for heem call bad name, make polissman, put heem in blue clothe, give heem big cloob, send heem out to hit poor feller on head, put heem in jail. Big crime come, all right, get more polissman, make thousand dollar what you call it—reward—get plenty stool-pigeon, you onderstand?"

"Yes, I know what you mean."

"Is always rotten feller, swear anything for money, send somebody to jail. All polissman want is catch somebody, all

newspaper want is catch somebody, fill up jail, so reecha man is happy, is what you call law and order. You wait, Nonna, you see—thousand dollar will make sure—catch plenty Bridgewater bandit!”

Strange and awful are the fates that dispose of mortals—leading us blindfolded through curtains of black fog. How could it happen that Bart could speak such words, and no shaft of lightning split the fog, no warning finger pierce the curtain, no voice shout in thunder-tones, “You! You! You!” They sat chatting casually, criticizing each other’s theories; the children laughed, bringing them pictures of the Goofy Googles; Alfonsina washed the dinner dishes, and Vincenzo, not being able to share in the argument, fell asleep in his chair; the gold-fish wiggled their silken-filmy tails, and the Powers that sent the universe on its course, benevolent or heedless, omniscient or omninescent, sent no smallest hint of the fact that Bartolomeo Vanzetti was himself that “poor feller” whom the thousand-dollar reward was to bring down for the Bridgewater crime!

VIII

Cornelia went back to Boston, and found a letter from Betty :

“I have been having so many adventures, I hardly know where to start telling. I have been experiencing very eloquent and romantic love-making from one of the sons of ‘Archie.’ That is our nickname for the Austrian arch-duke who came in with the Roumanian armies and put himself on the throne, to the great dismay of the allies. This son is tall and somber and splendidly-idle. I can understand how it is that American husbands are found unsatisfactory. I try to imagine Father or Uncle James making such speeches! He pays endless compliments in carefully perfected English; but the trouble is he doesn’t really know me at all. He is content that I am the daughter of a rich American banker; he doesn’t guess my political opinions, and I dare not tell him, because I might lose my job! But it will be a good thing for His Highness to have his self-assurance reduced. He says that American girls are made of marble, and I smile and tell him it is his first contact with a social equal. Then I have to explain about the Back Bay!

"Also there is an undersecretary at the legation who is eating his heart out over me. He is quite different, rather tongue-tied, but serious, I fear. He comes from the middle west, and doesn't really know me either—though of course it is possible for him to understand how I can be virtuous though unchaperoned. I am also causing misery to a young lady of our mission, who is in love with the undersecretary. Apparently not all the troubles in Europe are enough to keep people from entanglements of the heart. I think it is rather the contrary, the general disorganization upsets everybody, and leaves the fancy roaming.

"While I am on the subject, I might mention that I was violently besieged by one of the Bolshevik agents before he took flight to Switzerland disguised as a chauffeur. He told me I was not truly a free woman at all, but a wretched little Puritan that would dry up and blow away at an early age. I showed him Cousin Letitia, who is still capable of being thrilled, but not of being seduced, even by the elderly playwright Hubay. There is something inside our marrow-bones, deeper than we realize, and stronger than our ideas. Roger Lowell would be surprised to hear that about me! Anyhow, I am sure there will be no love-affairs for me until I get back to America; it would be like a romance in a morgue.

"The suffering here is dreadful beyond words. I suppose you get news in the papers, but probably not true, because everything is propaganda for somebody or something. It really was the charitable Mr. Hoover who overthrew the Reds here in Hungary. I don't know if it is published at home, but here all his aides are proud of it, and tell the details and boast. We are managed by a California lawyer, one of Herbert's intimate friends, and they not merely blockaded and boycotted Red Hungary, but they bought some of the labor leaders to overthrow the Bolsheviks.

"It has been like a kaleidoscope; you never know when you wake up in the morning who is governing you—till you get to the office and hear what happened during the night. The Reds went out, and then came the Roumanian army with 'Archie,' and we had to drive him out and get a White régime—which is rapidly turning into a dictatorship. Those poor fool labor-leaders who let themselves be used to turn out the Reds have mostly been shot or had their skulls cracked, and I wonder what

our noble-minded Herbert thinks about it. There ought to be some way to make the White gentlemen come sit in the pools of blood, as we relief-workers have to do.

"It has taught me my lesson; 'law and order' talk will never fool me again. It really seems as if our master-minds want to teach labor that there can be no middle course, and no honesty or decency in the class struggle. The Reds here fell because they were too gentle, and let their enemies plot against them. The Russians made a clean sweep, so they survive. And don't let any one fool you about the amount of killing they did; don't let any one frighten you with talk about the 'mob.' From this time on I take the dear 'mob' to my heart; I am only afraid of dashing young gentlemen in gaudy uniforms, and elderly diplomats and business men in dinner-jackets. There isn't a country in Central Europe where the Whites haven't killed ten for every one the Reds have killed, and in many cases it has been a hundred for one.

"And the worst is, Grannie, these White dictatorships are all American-made—with guns and uniforms from our army and dollars from our bankers. They have got an American loan here in Hungary, and I am wondering if father is in on it. He probably won't tell you, but ask Uncle Quincy—he knows. If it's true, I'll never take another dollar from Father—and I'll tell him so.

"Dear Grannie, do please take care of yourself, because if anything were to happen to you, what would I do, with not a soul to understand me? Sometimes I get frightened, and get alone in my room and have a good cry; because, after all, it is absurd to think that a girl not yet twenty-one should know more than all her family put together. You know what Great-aunt Priscilla says, so very calmly: 'You will be wiser when you are older.'

"Maybe the 'antis' were right, Grannie—women are not meant to meddle in politics! Maybe we ought to stay at home and look after the babies, like Aunt Clara. But when we get the babies raised, the old men step in and send them off to the battle-field, so what's the use? I go over and over it in my mind, and the only conclusion is that this generation of girls must go on strike, and refuse to have babies until the men stop killing. So I shall stick it out, and when I come back the family will

find me worse than ever. I suppose you are having troubles enough at home; tell me all, but write as if I did not agree with your ideas. I have a way of getting this letter smuggled out, but your letters to me may be opened, and I don't want to lose my job quite yet."

IX

Yes, Cornelia had her troubles. The day after New Year's there burst upon Boston and the whole country a storm known as the deportations delirium. To the Quaker Attorney-General had come a brilliant idea; he would win the Democratic nomination for the presidency, upon the basis of his heroic services in deporting the Reds. The two million dollars which Congress had voted him would be turned into a campaign fund for the glory of Jesus Christ and William Penn.

The ingenious Quaker arranged to lure his victims into public meetings, and have the police appear suddenly and bar the doors, and sort out all the foreign ones, and load them into patrol wagons. The problem of getting the Reds all over the country to come to meetings on the same night was comparatively simple, because the government had put so many spies into the radical organizations that they had elected themselves to office, and were in position to call meetings whenever they pleased. Also they had been able to vote resolutions and adopt manifestos of such violence as to make the deportations legally possible. As Federal Judge Anderson of Boston said when the facts came out in his court: "It is perfectly clear on the evidence before me that the Government owned and operated a part, at least, of the Communist Party." It was one time when all business men believed in government ownership!

The raids were scheduled for the night of January second, 1920, and netted some four thousand prisoners. Twenty cities and towns in New England contributed a thousand—including thirty-nine who had met for the purpose of organizing a co-operative bakery. The prisoners were lined up against the walls of police-stations, searched and beaten by detectives, denied counsel, denied reliable translators, and sentenced on the spot by officials of the Department of Immigration. They were loaded into vans and taken to the immigration station in Boston, and

thence to Deer Island prison. In order to make the utmost possible amount of campaign material for the Quaker Attorney-General, the victims were chained together in pairs, and paraded down State Street, past the old State House, and over the rings of cobble-stones that mark the site of the Boston Massacre. Such a novelty brought newspaper photographers in swarms, and the story stayed on the front page for several days. Never such advertising for a presidential candidate.

Also the Department of Justice agents saw to it that good reading matter was supplied for the pictures. Four bombs had been found at one meeting, said the report; they were taken to a police station and put into a pail of water—and apparently dissolved in the water, for they were never heard of in court. Among the organizations raided was an amateur dramatic society, which had rented some old guns for use in a play; so the newspapers reported a "red arsenal." Apart from stage properties, the police acquired a total of four firearms: this by a search of four thousand persons, and raiding their homes and breaking into their trunks. Apparently they had selected for deportation the least military group of individuals in America.

Here were the troubles for Cornelia Thornwell. Four hundred men and women jammed into cells in Deer Island prison, with broken window-panes in the midst of New England winter, with no blankets, no mattresses, and no adequate toilet facilities. Husbands torn from wives, mothers separated from their babies—and all held according to the genial Spanish custom known as "incommunicado," denied lawyers, denied any information as to their fate. One woman, attending a meeting with her little girl, had been dragged to jail, and the child left to wander alone through the streets of Boston all that January night. One man flung himself over a railing five stories above the ground, and dashed out his brains in sight of the rest of the prisoners. Another went insane, and several others were on the verge. And concerning all this mass of misery no mention in the newspapers, and vilification for any one who dared to protest.

So Cornelia must sit at the telephone for hours, and argue and plead with her friends, and rush off to committee meetings, and get a stenographer and dictate letters, and pay for long tele-

grams to congressmen and senators and officials in Washington and New York. She must besiege club-women, and plead for opportunities to speak. She must meet newspaper reporters and give long interviews which never saw the light. She must haunt the doors of officials, and waylay them on the street when they would not see her. She must start a subscription list, and go round like a Salvation Army "lassie," irritating bankers and lawyers and merchants, and their wives and daughters in the Sewing Circle, abusing her social position in shameless fashion to get at people, and tell them such harrowing stories that they would put up good Brahmin money to buy blankets for Bolsheviks, and milk for starving babies whose mothers and fathers had committed the crime of belonging to political parties owned and operated by the Department of Justice.

And this no job of a few days, but of months. The Quaker presidential candidate was slow to realize that he could not produce evidence against eighty per cent of all those he had seized. In Boston, through an unfortunate oversight, there was a Federal judge who believed that law-enforcers ought to obey the laws they enforced. He declared from the bench that a mob was a mob, even when it was made up of Department of Justice agents. He would issue writs for one prisoner after another, and when the prisoner was able to prove that he was an American citizen, or that he hadn't actually joined the Department of Justice party, the victim would be turned loose. But all that took time—and meanwhile there were a thousand or two children to be fed, and as many falsehoods to be refuted, and only a small group of rebel ladies to do it.

X

Almost every Sunday during that winter Vanzetti came up to Boston. He was doing well with his fish-peddling, and in between times shoveling snow or cutting ice, so he had money for the trip and for propaganda. In the midst of all this repression he had made up his mind that the anarchists must have a paper, and he was raising the seven hundred and fifty dollars needed to buy a linotype machine; he had even written a couple of articles to appear in the new paper, and was working hard to "culture himself," studying both Italian and English.

He came to have supper with Cornelia one evening, and when she ventured to point out the dangers of his course, he answered that you could never accomplish anything if you quit in times of danger. The times of accomplishment were bound to be times of danger—trust the capitalistas for that.

Many of the Galleani group had been deported; Coacci had been arrested—one of those two men who had brought a package of books to Bart—Cornelia had met him. The gruppo had raised a thousand dollars' bail for him, and now he was under sentence of deportation. Also Nick Sacco was making his plans to take his family back to Italy. Great events were coming this next summer—perhaps the real revolution—and Nick as a man of action wanted to be there.

Yes, it would not be bad to be sent to Italy just now; but alas, you didn't always get there! Bart told the terrible story of Compagno Marucco, who had been put on a steamer and never heard of again. All the anarchists believed he had been pushed overboard on the way, because he had detected some of the government spies working among the group. Another man had hanged himself in his cell; had he really done that, or had somebody done it for him? You needed nerves of steel to go on with propaganda in the midst of events like that!

Bart talked about the spies. One had been exposed by Carlo Tresca in New York: Ravarini, who had posed as an anarchist for many months, one of the violent kind, a follower of Ravachol. One of his plans had been to revive "La Cronaca Sovversiva"; he had offered to get the money, and had suggested Bart for editor. But Bart had been too modest, he did not consider himself a well enough educated man.

This Ravarini had been seeking to fasten the bombings onto the Galleani group; for the government agents had apparently convinced themselves that this group was guilty. Bart discussed the idea, and he said there was no such great nonsense in the whole world. He pointed out what had happened—the police had arrested hundreds of anarchists, and searched their homes, and had never found a bomb, nor anything having to do with a bomb. Some day the truth would come out—the guilt lay with detective agents, "feller get rich by hunting anarchist."

"You think they would kill innocent people?" asked Cornelia.

"Is not many people keell-èd, Nonna! Bombe blow up little piece of house, sometime when people is out, or sleep upstairs and not get hurted. You want keell somebody, is not sooch difficultee, plenty people keell-èd all time, plenty Italian keell you cheap—what you call it, black hand. I know sooch feller, plenty, hear heem talk in café, vanaglorioso for what he do. He say, 'No sooch great keeller in whole state Massachusetts; nobody shoot so queeck, so straight.' You pay heem onderd dollar, next night your nemico he die. What for make big bombe, big noise?"

"But they sent bombs by mail, Bart!"

"Shoore, send mail—but he not put on stamp enough—the mail do not go! What follia, Nonna! Think, amica mia, how easy to find out what is postage! You not need take bombe to post-office, no sooch reesk—no, you go any post-office, any town, you say, what postage for take five pound, ten pound, twenty pound, what you like to send. You say, got package for New York, for Chicago, any place. You not go self, send odder man, send child, you get stamp, million people buy stamp. But see, Nonna—anarchista is sooch fool, he get dinnameet, he pay money, make twenty bombe, get address, send to this man, to odder man, send to Boston, New York, Lawrence, Passaic, all place—but not got sense for finding out ow mooch stamp! Is crazy thing, Nonna, is imbecillità!"

"You think government agents did it?"

"Not go-vérnment, but what you call private agent—big feller, make million dollar. He make big scare, Congress vote money, big banker get bad fright, he spend money, he say, you sava my life, you catch anarchista, you put heem in jail, so he not blow up the bank, he not keell me. Look, amica mia, you read paper, you see this morning, big banker make—what you call—notizia—avviso—"

"Advertisement."

"Avvertisement, whole page, scare people, say polissman must catch the red, the bomber, the anarchista, musta deport, must put in jail. Is patriottismo, militarismo—you see in paper?"

Yes, Cornelia had seen it, and not for the first time; it had become quite the fashion for groups of leading citizens, bankers, merchants, the Chamber of Commerce or other civic groups, to publish full-page advertisements warning the public

of the imminent danger of red riot and insurrection. "Yes, I read it," she told Bart—but was ashamed to add that among the signers that morning was Rupert Alvin, her son-in-law, and John Quincy Thornwell, her nephew-in-law!

XI

Almost a year had passed since the mailing of those "May Day bombs," and still the police had not succeeded in catching any of the senders; so naturally there was dissatisfaction on the part of patriots. What was the purpose of a huge secret service agency, built up at enormous expense? The loyal newspaper publishers forbore to express impatience in print, but privately they were outraged. A first-class red scare meant millions in increased sales, but how could the most ingenious editors and reporters keep excitement alive without a few facts?

The Department of Justice had one set of clews. A bomb had blown out the front of the home of the Attorney-General, the Quaker gentleman who was planning to move to the White House, and the man who carried this bomb had apparently himself been blown up. The authorities claimed to have identified the fragments as belonging to an Italian anarchist by the name of Valdinoci, one of the Galleani group. He had worn sandals, and in his pockets had been some leaflets in crude English, proclaiming anarchist ideas. The purpose for which the spy Ravarini had been set to work was to find the printing office in which this circular had been set up.

Ravarini sent contributions of money to Malatesta in Italy, and got letters from him, and then appeared among the comrades in Boston and New York, a very ardent Red, with literature to be printed, and precise ideas as to how it was to look. He would hang about an anarchist print-shop for several weeks, and have his stuff set up many times, or would come and set it up for himself. In this way he tried all the type in several printing offices; and at last in a shop in Brooklyn he found, or claimed to find, what the Department of Justice believed was the type from which the Valdinoci leaflets had been printed. It was the office of an anarchist paper called *Il Domani*—"To-morrow"—and the printers of this paper, two Italians by the name of Salsedo and Elia, were arrested and taken to the

offices of the Department of Justice in the Park Row Building in lower New York.

The genial custom of holding prisoners without allowing them to communicate with their friends or even with an attorney is one for which we have neglected to invent an American name. But for the custom of torturing prisoners to make them confess, we have our jolly slang, "the third degree," and all judges and lawyers in America know that it is employed, and all pretend not to know it, and when evidence obtained by torture is produced in court, all judges and lawyers solemnly accept it, and at the same time go on believing in the constitutional rights of accused men. It is obvious that in no other way can the system of inequality of property be maintained, and any one who denounces the "third degree" is liable to suspicion of "redness."

Salsedo and Elia were held for three weeks in the Department of Justice offices with no warrant of law. At last Salsedo succeeded in smuggling out a letter to Vanzetti, who took it to the anarchist group in Boston. They knew without being told that the two men were being tortured, for the purpose of forcing them to implicate other anarchists in bombing plots. On Sunday, April 25th, there was a meeting of the group and it was decided that somebody must go to New York to consult with the comrades there and see what could be done for the victims. The choice fell upon Vanzetti, and he went, and called upon Carlo Tresca, editor of *Il Martello*, whom he had never seen before. "Don't you know me, Carlo?" he said, gently. "I am Vanzetti." He had been sending in collections for the support of the paper, and occasionally writing articles. Tresca embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks, Italian fashion.

The two of them set out down the street: Vanzetti no small man, but outtowered by his companion, whom the strike-police used to call "the bull." In Mesaba, where the Back Bay families of Boston were holding onto their hills of copper, they framed him for first degree murder, and kept him in jail for nine months. They put three bullets into him, at different times. One side of his face was disfigured, and during the Paterson strike a newspaper published his picture with the caption, "Who Will Be a Good Citizen and Make the Two Sides of This Face Alike?" Seven times they arrested him during this des-

perate strike of the silk-workers. Now the Department of Justice was anxious to get him again, and was soon to do it—for the crime of demoralizing Italian Catholic women by a two-line advertisement of a pamphlet on birth control!

Carlo and Bart were going to see an Italian lawyer who had been hired to help Salsedo and Elia; he had offices directly underneath the Department of Justice rooms—an arrangement that Carlo found suspicious. But it was a problem how to change, because Carlo could not get to the prisoners, and Salsedo's wife had been so terrified by the detectives that she did not know what to do. They saw the lawyer, and Carlo wrote a note for the prisoners, and the lawyer took it upstairs, and came back and reported that Elia had refused to read it, and Salsedo was "getting crazy" and would not answer any questions. This confirmed their worst fears, so they consulted an American lawyer, connected with the Civil Liberties Union, who agreed to seek an interview. Bart said he would go back to Boston and send fifty dollars of his own money, and raise more to pay the lawyer.

There was one other thing Bart wanted to do in New York—to see the Statue of Liberty. He had missed the sight when he had come to this country, because his steamer had arrived in a fog. And while it was true that America was not living up to this statue, still it was a world symbol of the cause to which Bart was dedicating his life. But they were too late for the boat which goes out to Bedloe's Island, and Bart was so much disappointed he almost had tears in his eyes. "All the years I have wanted to see it!" he said to Carlo.

XII

The day Vanzetti went to New York Cornelia spent packing two trunks. There had come a quite amazing telegram from Betty in Vienna: "Letitia married Hubay my color discovered job floeey tired need recreation come immediately positively summer Italian lake reply Hotel Royal." Cornelia called up Deborah, and first read the message and then translated it; and after Deborah had voiced indignation at the treason of a poor relation, and horror at the idea of her daughter unchaperoned in a center of notorious gayety, she asked what

Cornelia was going to do, and actually hinted for her to join Betty. So much had four years of defeat tamed the family!

Cornelia had been exerting herself beyond her strength. She was sixty-five years old now—as her daughters never failed to remind her—and for four months she had not rested a day. A summer on an Italian lake with Betty for company sounded very good, and she said she would go, and Deborah undertook to have her husband use his influence to get some kind of special passport immediately, and to engage passage on a steamer, and even pay for it. Cornelia and Betty would be taken back into the family again, and have the services of all-powerful males to make smooth their paths in whatever part of the world they chose to roam.

The *Floritania* was to sail from New York on Saturday afternoon, and on Friday morning Vanzetti telephoned to Cornelia, still in Boston. He had just arrived from New York and wanted to tell her the news. She asked him to lunch with her, and heard from his lips the terrible story of Salsedo and Elia. She knew the former of these two men, who had worked as a printer in Boston, and had come to the “picanics”: a frail little fellow, suffering from tuberculosis—“he very bad now,” said Bart; “wife she think they keell heem.” Bart had been to the savings-bank that morning and drawn out fifty dollars and sent it to Carlo, according to his promise; and Cornelia said she also would contribute fifty, and wrote a check. She felt quite rich that day, having several of Rupert’s handsome and impressive bank-drafts.

It seemed a shame to be going away for a holiday in a crisis like this. But Bart said instantly that Cornelia must not think of it; he agreed with her daughters that she was an old lady, and needed a rest, and nothing should interrupt it. He talked about the Italian lakes, not very far from where he had been born. “Sooch lovely countree! Gooda people, work hard, live simple, naturale. You be happy, live outdoor, walk in wood, pick little flower, send to me. I pick you mayflower, send heem in letter.” Then he added, “Maybe I come, we take little boat in Italian lake, Comrade Betty she sing little song! I think I like be deport!”

“Take care of yourself, Bart!” said Cornelia. “If you want to come, pay your fare, so then you can return.”

Bart laughed, and made his usual answer: "Anarchista musta make propaganda!" She learned that even in the midst of these perils he was organizing meetings and distributing literature. He was working with that Italian, Boda—"you know heem, little feller, macaroni salesman, he drive us one time for see drama when we go Nick Sacc'."

"I remember him."

"He is got same little car. Is go bust in winter, but now he get heem fixit, pretty soon he drive heem, we distriboot the books!" And Bart laughed, like a bad boy. "Book wit' red cover what so scare polissman—you remember book is bring Coacci and Orciani one time in Plymouth?"

"Yes, very well."

"Is very bad book, molto pericoloso, is red anarchista cover, 'Faccia à Faccia col Nemico.' Is reason for deporting Coacci—they find six copy by heem, he say is the reason. He is gone two week now, maybe is Italy. I get hees what you say—address—he got wife and children leav-èd behind in Brockton. You maybe see heem in Italy."

"Have you got any of those books in your house, Bart?"

"Shoore, two, t'ree copy, sell heem sometime. Nick Sacc' is got more. Nick he is not 'fraid, he go anyhow, is got passport, ticket, all fixit. You not see Nick in Italy, he live in Sout', way down in what you call boot. He is happy feller, go Italy. Is got fifteen onderd dollar save in bank—wife, she make heem sava ten dollar all week. Now he go see rivoluzione, maybe help. Is young feller, can not stay here when sooch great time come, can not be happy for trim edge of pretty shoe for fine gentleman!"

"You really think there's a revolution coming in Italy?"

"You watch, maybe see heem! Great sight for Yankee lady—nobody harm you. Italian worker, he think America is free countree, good countree—he think he make Italy be countree like America! He do not know what happen to poor wop in Massachusetts, he not read in paper how Department of Joostice agent take poor seeck printer, torture heem, beat heem, to make heem tell what Joostice agent want to be tell-èd!"

So it was with Bart—difficult to make jokes, or to plan for a holiday, because all brain-paths led to these dreadful cruelties and sufferings. Impossible to enjoy a luncheon, neatly

served by a much-puzzled Negro maid! No, Bart would begin to twist bread-crumbs into little pellets, which was very bad manners; his look would grow abstracted and far off, and Cornelia would understand that he was up in the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York, where two comrades might at that moment be hanging by their thumbs, or having their arms twisted behind their backs.—As a matter of fact they were being beaten in the face with blood-stained shoes, said to have been worn by the bomber who had been blown to fragments in front of the home of the Quaker Attorney-General. It was a refinement of imagination difficult for an uncultured Italian to foresee.

XIII

That night there was a theater-party, given by Rupert Alvin to serve notice upon the world that all was well between himself and his departing mother-in-law. They sat, very conspicuous, in a box, Cornelia, Rupert and Deborah, their daughter Priscilla, Cornelia's nephew-in-law, Quincy Thornwell, and her second daughter, Alice Thornwell Winters, who had given up her latest adorer in deference to the family's demands, and was now being rewarded in this public manner. They saw an expensive and highly sophisticated comedy from New York, dealing with people of their own social station who did not have to give up anything, not even one another's wives. After which the Alvin limousine rolled to the station, and Cornelia and Deborah took the midnight train to New York.

Next morning they drove in a taxi-cab, and inspected the fashionable shops, and Deborah bought a few things, but Cornelia did not buy, because everything would be so much cheaper abroad. They lunched at one of the fashionable hotels, and took another taxi to the steamer; and on the way Cornelia said to the driver, "Where is the Park Row Building?"

"Way downtown, ma'am, by City Hall Park."

"We don't go near it?"

"Not unless you want to make a trip."

"Never mind," said Cornelia; and her daughter asked, "Why are you interested in the Park Row Building?"

"Oh, nothing; a couple of friends of mine have been tortured there for the past three weeks."

It was like that with Cornelia nowadays—impossible to carry on polite conversation, to enjoy any sort of holiday. Deborah had to shut her lips tight together, and pretend she had not heard. And pretty soon there was the mighty steamer; the crowds, and the partings, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the promises to take good care of yourself, and to write often, and to give my love to So-and-so; and then a tear or two, and the gangways coming up, and the great steamer sliding out into the river, and the tugs straightening it for the journey. And then the long panorama of towering white and gray buildings, the magical sky-line of Manhattan—

*Did ever a dream-city rise from the sea
That was fairer, more fleeting and fragile than she?*

But Cornelia missed all the poetical ecstasies, because she was thinking, "Which is the Park Row Building? And which is the fourteenth story?"

But there was no one to ask, and soon the sky-line faded, and there was the Statue of Liberty, and she thought of Bart, and what it meant to him. Then came the ocean, and the rolling of the ship, and she was in her state-room for two days. When she came on deck again, there was the daily newspaper, published from wireless reports for the benefit of the vessel's leisure class; and Cornelia read that at three o'clock on the morning of the third of May, an Italian anarchist by the name of Salsedo, held by the Department of Justice for complicity in the bomb explosions of a year ago, had committed suicide by throwing himself from the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York.

No more details of such a horror, to trouble the sleek and contented passengers of the *Floritania*. But two more days passed, and the ship's newspaper contained another item, this time from Brockton, Massachusetts. Two Italians, leaders of a bandit-gang, had been nabbed by the police, charged with the murder of the paymaster and a guard of the Slater and Morrill shoe factory of South Braintree, and the theft of a payroll of sixteen thousand dollars. It was believed that this band had

been responsible for numerous payroll hold-ups in Eastern Massachusetts during the past year, and the police expected to nab the other members within a few hours. Cornelia read this, but it meant nothing special, for there was hardly a day that papers did not report hold-ups from some part of the country; and in this case the news-service had not thought it worth while to mention that the names of the two arrested men were Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DETECTIVE MACHINE

I

O fates that hold us at your choice,
How strange a web ye spin!

THUS the poet; and never more aptly than of that web which the fates wove about the lives of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Their two friends Cornelia and Betty were to spend the better part of seven years trying to disentangle this web; laying bare a story which for mystery and melodrama has few equals. The narrative goes back to the previous Christmas, two days prior to Cornelia's last visit to Plymouth.

At six o'clock on the morning of December 24, 1919, Bartolomeo Vanzetti had been asleep, when one of his customers, Balboni, coming home from night-work, stopped by to get his Christmas eels. Mrs. Fortini, Bart's landlady, woke him up, and he sold the eels to Balboni, and then dressed, and swallowed his bread soaked in coffee, and got out his little hand-cart and his scales and his basket and his packages of live eels, all weighed and wrapped the day before. He had more than forty orders to fill, because he was selling Christmas eels for thirty-five cents a pound, whereas in Boston the Italians were paying as high as a dollar and a quarter. He delivered several packages before daylight; Mrs. Augusta Niccoli was still in bed, and called to him to put the package on the kitchen table; she would pay later.

Soon after seven o'clock came Beltrando Brini, having gobbled his breakfast, excited because he was to have the baker's horse to drive. He met Bart on the street, expecting to go with him to the baker's; but Bart insisted that the ground was wet, and Trando must run back home and get his rubbers. It took the boy fifteen or twenty minutes to find them in the attic; meantime Bart met the elder Brini, coming home from night-work; and then went to Bastoni, the baker, and was told that the latter

could not spare the horse and wagon—a development which caused much grief to the twelve-year-old Trando. This was at seven-forty-five, as the baker remembered, because at the moment Bart entered his home the whistle of the cordage company blew, and no one who has guided his life by that whistle ever thereafter fails to hear and heed it. “The whistle is our bread and butter,” said Bastoni.

It was during those same fateful minutes between seven-thirty and seven-forty-five that there occurred what is known to history as “the Bridgewater crime.” In the town of Bridgewater, some twenty-two miles from Plymouth, a truck belonging to a shoe-company came rolling down Broad Street. It contained the payroll for the week, and was driven by a chauffeur and guarded by two other men. As it neared the corner of Hale Street, there was an automobile standing, and two bandits sprang out and opened fire. The guards returned the fire, and there was a battle for a minute or two; until a street-car came down the slight grade—the motorman having run back into the car to hide from the bullets. The street-car came between the bandits and the truck, and frightened the bandits so that they ran, and leaped into their auto, and sped away. No one was hurt, so the “Bridgewater crime” was classified as “attempted robbery.”

The shoe-company employed the Pinkerton agency, and within a few hours the Pinkerton men were on the spot, interviewing every one who had witnessed the attempt. Their reports were known to the prosecution, but not to the defense in the case until six or seven years later. The reports proved that the witnesses of the crime could not agree upon essentials, not even as to the make of the bandit-car. As for description of the bandits, there was a wide range of choice, and the statements of all four leading witnesses varied greatly from what they were later to testify on the witness-stand concerning the crime.

Being balked of clues, and at the same time hounded by clamor and tempted by rewards, the authorities resorted to that method which is the mainstay of American police procedure—the “stool pigeon.” Underworld characters are paid to bring the gossip of their cafés and hang-outs. So-and-so has got a new car; So-and-so-other has given a diamond ring to his girl; So-and-so-else was heard to say that he did such-and-such a job. It is manifest that such clues are open to suspicion; jealousy and

revenge play a large part in them; yet, reënforced by the "third degree," they form the method by which a good part of the population of capitalist prisons is recruited.

The "stools" were active in this Bridgewater crime; and what they brought affords a problem for students of the occult and the mystical. Let historians investigate and psychologists weigh and philosophers speculate and make what they can of the fact: the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which echoed like a series of detonations around the world, which was destined to cause windows to be smashed in American legations in Buenos Ayres and Geneva, and taxi-cab drivers to throw their fares into the faces of American ladies in Paris—this cause célèbre had its origin in a "detective machine" invented by an underworld character, and looked into by an unnamed Italian woman in East Boston.

To the Pinkerton agents came a "stool" with the rumor that a certain A. C. Barr could tell about the Bridgewater crime. So there was a hunt for A. C. Barr—height five-feet-ten, weight 175 pounds, age forty, eyes dark, hair black, and so on. When found, the person proved to be an Italian—Angelo Christoforo Barragini, or words to that effect. He was questioned, and said, yes, he did know about the crime. How had he learned it? He had invented a "detective machine," with which you could solve crime mysteries. It consisted of a crystal globe into which you looked, and you there saw the crimes happening. A woman in East Boston had used it and had seen the Bridgewater hold-up, committed by Italians who lived in a little house on the outskirts of a town; there were four or five of them, and they were dark, and had a car which they kept in a shed in back of the house.

Now, detectives are paid by the day while they are working, and this has a tendency to stretch out their assignments. They followed up this "detective machine" clue, taking into their confidence Mike Stewart, the worried chief of police who kept the town of Bridgewater in order between bandit-raids. Mike, a burly "small-town cop," red-faced, heavy-lidded, good-natured but not abnormally brilliant, took the detectives in his car, and they drove about inspecting little houses inhabited by Italians on the outskirts of towns. They found several, and were suspicious of one, and caused alarm to the occupants; but they found nothing definite. The Pinkerton reports were turned in,

and the Bridgewater crime was listed among the unsolved mysteries in Massachusetts police history. The "detective machine" was stowed away in the subconsciousness of Mike Stewart, ready to pop up again sometime—according to the laws of the subconsciousness, understood in all psychological laboratories.

II

Three months later, on April fifteenth, came another sensation, known to history as "the South Braintree crime." In another "shoe-town," at three o'clock in the afternoon, the paymaster of the Slater and Morrill company took the pay-money, about \$16,000 in two steel boxes, and accompanied by a guard, started to carry it from the office to the factory, a distance of a couple of blocks. They were passing another factory, the Rice and Hutchins, when two foreign-looking men who had been lounging by the railing suddenly drew guns and opened fire point-blank. They put four bullets into one victim, killing him at once, and so wounded the other that he died the next day. They picked up the boxes of money, and at the same instant an automobile came rushing up the street and slowed, and the two bandits sprang in and were driven away at high speed, shooting at the bystanders as they went.

This very brutal and successful crime caused great excitement in the factory towns which lie to the south of Boston. So many raids had occurred during the past year, no town knew when its turn might come. Rewards were offered, and again the Pinkerton detectives came and made their investigations and turned in reports. Just as in the Bridgewater case, the numerous witnesses disagreed about essential details of what they had seen. They could not describe the car. One said Hudson, others said Buick; one said green, another said dark blue, others said black; one said shiny, another said spattered with mud. Many witnesses made statements quite different from what they afterwards made on the stand. So here was another unsolved crime—and a great clamor of the public, demanding to know what police were for. There was no clue—save only a memory lurking in the subconsciousness of Mike Stewart, waiting for a chance to pop up!

It so happened that the day after the South Braintree crime,

while all the countryside was ringing with the horror of it, there came to see Mike Stewart a Federal immigration officer, looking for an Italian anarchist by the name of Coacci, a shoe-worker sentenced to deportation and out on bail; his time was up, but he had failed to appear, and the officer had come to arrest him, and according to the custom he asked for Mike's help. So Mike sent a man with him to the Coacci home, which happened to be a little house on the outskirts of a near-by village.

They found the shoe-worker with an oval-shaped tin suitcase strapped and ready, the inevitable green umbrella on top. Also there was another Italian, a boarder by the name of Boda. Coacci had pleaded for delay because his wife was sick; but here was his wife, she wasn't sick, and Coacci admitted that that had been a pretext, he had wanted a few more days to settle his affairs. Now he was ready to go. It was late at night, and the immigration officer said to wait till to-morrow; but Coacci said no, he would go now and get it over with. Some one was taking his wife to stay with relatives, and he was all packed up, and would like to get the next day's steamer from New York.

They went, and Mike Stewart heard about it, and sat in his office and thought it over. It was midnight, a time for ghosts and goblins. Strange that a man should insist upon being taken away from a country so great and so rich as America! This fellow Coacci was a Red, and the weekly paper in Bridgewater was running a series of articles, prepared by the Department of Justice, telling the small-town population of America the crimes which the Reds were committing all over the world. Mike pondered; and suddenly there occurred a phenomenon understood in all psychological laboratories—there popped into his memory the woman in East Boston who had looked into the "detective machine"! Here was a little house on the outskirts of a town, occupied by Italians! In a flash the whole story came to Mike: Coacci had been in on the South Braintree crime, and the reason he was so anxious to get away was that he had the sixteen thousand dollars!

With another officer Mike went to the Coacci house, and there was Boda, five feet-two inches high, swarthy, with a little black mustache, soft-spoken, polite, chatty; a macaroni salesman, he told Mike; and his car was an Overland, a small car, just now laid up for repairs. Yes, he had a gun, and he let Mike examine

it—a .32 Colt. There were no signs of crime, so Mike went off and pondered some more, and then telephoned to New York and learned that Coacci had sailed for Italy. They found a trunk which he had left, and they broke it open, but found no payroll money, only a few pieces of shoe-leather, which some shoe-workers consider they have a right to "swipe" from the company when they get a chance.

Mike decided to arrest Boda, so he went to the house, but now it was empty. Boda had disappeared, and the police found that suspicious. But his little Overland car was in Johnson's garage in West Bridgewater, and Johnson was told to detain whoever came for the car, and thus have a chance at the rewards.

So the trap was set; and two weeks later came an Italian by the name of Orciani, driving a motor-cycle with a side-car containing Boda. At the same time by street-car came two other Italians, Sacco and Vanzetti. All four were anarchists, members of the Galleani group; they had made this rendezvous at Johnson's garage, for a purpose which was to be a subject of controversy for the next seven years.

They went to Johnson's house, and found that the car was repaired, but had no license plates for the present year, so Johnson advised them not to drive it; he kept them talking, while his wife ran to a neighbor's and telephoned to the police. But the four men became suspicious and went away. Bart and Nick took the trolley to Brockton, and while they were on the outskirts of the town a police officer entered the car and drew a gun and ordered them, "Hands up!" Then was the time for them to make use of the weapons they carried; for Bart to put into effect his threat of not being taken alive. But alas, it was as Alfonsina Brini had predicted, he didn't know anything about using a gun. Pretty soon came a second officer, and the prisoners were taken to the police station and locked in cells.

For years Bart had studied the life and death of "Comrada Gesu," and "made tears" for him. And now came a strange coincidence. The first action of one of the policemen, upon having got this criminal safe behind bars, was to come to the door of the cell and call him. Bart came, meekly, and looked through the bars, whereupon the other spat full in his face.

The reason for this action was that among the documents found on Bart was a letter from an anarchist friend, referring

to the evil actions of a certain priest, whom the writer called "a pig." The policeman had spat in defense of his religion, and turned away, fully satisfied in his Catholic soul. His priests had not taught him to read the life and death of Jesus; they had taught him that Jesus was a God, and if you had asserted that Jesus was a working-class agitator, he would have wanted to spit in your face also. But Vanzetti knew what had happened to "Comrada Gesu" on the cross, and he wiped his face clean, and sat upon the cot in his cell, with cold chills running up and down his spine.

III

Sitting in their separate dungeons that first dreadful night, a common thought was in the minds of both Sacco and Vanzetti. Less than three days had elapsed since their comrade, Salsedo, had thrown himself, or had been thrown, to his death. Were they going to share his fate? One duty was obvious—to avoid saying anything that would involve other comrades. So when they were cross-questioned, they denied that they knew Boda, denied that they knew Orciani, and told lies as to where they had been and what they had been doing. These lies were easily exposed, and constituted the famous "consciousness of guilt," upon which the prosecution was to insist for seven years.

In spite of all fears, Vanzetti had refused to give up his appeal to the workers. "Anarchista musta make propaganda!" He had planned a meeting for the ninth of May, four days off, in Brockton, and had drafted a circular, which Nick had in his pocket. So the police had something else to study and discuss: a series of questions, crude, yet with a primitive eloquence that disturbed even the dullest mind. "You have fought all the wars. You have worked for all the capitalists. You have wandered over all the countries. Have you harvested the fruits of your labors, the price of your victories? Does the past comfort you? Does the present smile on you? Does the future promise you anything? Have you found a piece of land where you can live like a human being and die like a human being? On these questions, on this argument and on this theme, the struggle for existence, Bartolomeo Vanzetti will speak."

It is an old idea, and has been haunting the minds of dreamers

tor thousands of years; you may find it voiced by the prophet Isaiah twenty-five hundred years ago. "And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another reap." It is interesting as a symptom of the mental state of the time, that shortly before the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, a Christian clergyman in the city of Winnipeg, Canada, had been indicted for the crime of quoting these ancient Hebrew words!

Among the questions asked of Bart and Nick was: "Are you an anarchist? Are you a communist? Do you believe in the overthrow of the United States government by violence?" These were the conventional deportation questions, and were reassuring to the prisoners in fear of torture. Bart answered them gently and tactfully. "I like things a little different," said he! When a friend came to see him next day, he smiled and said, "Well, I get free trip to Italy!" So it was that Cornelia and Betty, enjoying their second week of vacation, received a letter from Fay—fifteen years old now, and quite a cultured young lady:

"DEAR NONNA:

"I write to tell you the sad news that Bart and Nick Sacco are in the police station at Brockton. Bart asked to tell you he is not treated bad, except for being spit on once. The lawyer says he will be surely deported, because the police got a circular which he wrote about a meeting to protest about the killing of Salsedo. Bart says tell you he is happy because he will come to see you soon, and please stay on the Italian lake and do not worry, because you have worked too hard and should have a rest. As Nick was going anyhow it will save him the fare so it is all right. I write in a hurry not knowing when there goes a steamer, and Bart is afraid you might read it in the paper and be worried."

That was all for a week; then another letter:

"I am sorry to have to say that the arrest of Bart and Nick is worse than what I wrote you. The police pretend to think that they drove an automobile and shot two men and stole a pay-

roll in South Braintree last month. It is so silly that we cannot believe it yet, and Bart himself does not believe it, he says it is just to get something on him to deport. The comrades here have all paid money and engaged a lawyer to get him off. Bart insists that I must tell you there is nothing to worry for, as he was in Plymouth all that day and talked with many people, like Mr. Corl who was fixing a boat. And of course when they know about Bart they will not think he could be a bandit. It will make you laugh to hear the police are quite sure that Bart was the driver of the bandit-car, as you know that he never had anything to do with a machine, and papa says he is so clumsy he cannot drive a wheelbarrow. The comrades have found a rich store-keeper who will put up bail, so we hope to have Bart with us again soon. Please write him a nice letter in our care and tell him you are not worrying, because it is something he talks about each time we see him, that your vacation must not be spoiled for him. You know how like him that is, thinking about everybody else but his own trouble."

IV

From Italian lakes the land goes back by stages, rising higher and higher into the sky, and each stage has been taken in charge by generations of strong arms and backs, and made into orchards and gardens. Every smallest corner of soil has been terraced and buttressed with walls, and dug and planted with a row of olive trees—or a row of onions—up to where the bare rocks stick out and the white clouds gather. Here and there in sheltered places are cabins built of stone, and in them women breed prolifically, and send their progeny to Massachusetts to be known as "wops."

The lakes are blue, and the sky almost as deep a blue; by the middle of May it is summer, and all the land is bursting with vegetation of a thousand shades of green and olive-gray. The air is balmy, and ladies from Europe and America put on gay dresses and wander about in the gardens of villas and hotels, or drift on the water in little boats, holding bright parasols overhead to protect their creamy complexions. Everything is peaceful, and it is possible to float and sing "Kennst du das Land?"—and have no idea that the peasants on the hillsides are

seething with hatred of their landlords, and forming coöperatives and revolutionary societies, preparing to dump off their backs the age-old burden of parasitism.

Here in a little inn by the water-side Cornelia found her granddaughter Betty Alvin, carefully chaperoned by Joe Randall, American socialist journalist aged twenty-eight, and Pierre Leon, French communist editor aged forty-four. In the days before the war if a young lady from the Back Bay had traveled about Europe with two gentlemen, she would have caused herself to be ostracized for life; and maybe it was still so, Betty wasn't sure—but she was sure that she didn't want to know any one who didn't want to know her. These two men between them had much important information, so she had begged them to come to this Italian lake while she waited for Grannie.

Pierre Leon was stocky and broad-shouldered, with a rosy face and black mustache twisted to points. He had lived for years in London teaching French, and in Berlin teaching English; he knew enough Italian to attend labor meetings, and now was studying Russian because revolutionary events demanded it. He had been an anarchist, then an anarcho-syndicalist, for a long time a left wing socialist, and now was a communist suspected of a right wing deviation. He had read most books that had ever been published on these subjects, and most good literature besides; he could talk brilliantly about anything, and liked nothing so much as having some one to argue with until three in the morning. He was supposed to be resting for his health, but it was difficult for Cornelia to see where either health or rest came in, for he lit one cigarette from another, and would work all morning writing an article, study labor and radical papers all afternoon, and argue all night about what he had read.

His qualifications as chaperon for an American young lady were peculiar. He took toward all women the attitude of the continental male, and this had caused in the American young lady a vigorous reaction, which in return had caused in the continental male an amused curiosity. Said Betty, "He thinks the purpose of woman is to submit herself, and that every woman will, if the man is fascinating enough. But I have made him understand that I'm a queer little New England old maid, so now he's a good sport and studies me." Betty added that Grannie

was not to dislike Pierre on that account, because it was his environment, all European men were that way, especially since the war—the only difference was that the radical men could let you alone, because they had other things to think about, whereas the leisure-class men had nothing to do but chase women.

Joe Randall came from Virginia, and had wavy brown hair and a charming slow drawl. Cornelia had met him in Russia, so she knew his story; he had come as a young college graduate to an attaché's position in our legation at St. Petersburg, and had seen the war, the revolution, and the diplomatic intrigues. This had made him into a radical, he had kicked over the traces, and now was a free-lance journalist, writing mostly for papers which could not pay him anything. But he had a small income, and was expecting to shake the world with a book about the "White Terror," on which he worked diligently every morning, and talked all the rest of the day if any one would listen.

It was evident that Joe's eyes followed Betty wherever they could, and Cornelia, being still an old-fashioned grandmother, wanted to know about it. "He is a dear," said Betty, "and I have to admit that he makes me shiver now and then. But I'm not sure we shall hit it off. I'm trying to make sure."

"What is the problem?"

"Well, several. In the first place, I'll have to propose, because Joe is poor, and he thinks I am going to be rich. I'll have to explain that I'll escape being rich if I marry a Red. Also, there's his wife."

"Wife?" echoed Cornelia—but managing to keep too much surprise out of her voice.

"Didn't you know he had one? She went back to New York several years ago. She doesn't love him."

"Are you sure?"

"Joe is. It seems that she's reactionary, and you know enough to realize that no man and woman can be happy when they hold opposite opinions on the class struggle. That's what I am concerned about—I think I'm turning into a communist, and Joe still ties himself to the old social-democracy that was killed in the war and doesn't know it."

"I see," said Cornelia. Her heart warmed to Joe, because she did not want Betty to go with the fighting crowd. But she must not say so!

"You know," said the girl, "I think it's a form of our Anglo-Saxon egotism, we think we can change our social system by a method different from all the rest of mankind. We have such a marvelous constitution, and such a wise electorate, we can do it step by step—and all the while the truth is we don't intend to change a thing, but to smash anybody that dares a move. No rough stuff—except what the possessing class needs in its business. Pierre quotes Lenin's definition of the state: 'a monopoly of violence.' Don't you see it, Grannie?"

"I am still one of the sentimentalists, Betty dear."

"Yes, I know, and you'll back up Joe in all our wrangles, no doubt. Well, he needs you, for he's got all current history against him—to say nothing of the ruling class of the world!"

V

To this quartette of assorted thinkers came the news about Sacco and Vanzetti. When the first letter was read, Cornelia said it would be pleasant to have Bart here. But Joe Randall smiled dryly and told her not to count too much upon it; for capitalist policemen were not so eager to provide their victims with vacations on Italian lakes. When the second letter came, he said, "I told you so."

"But it's too absurd!" cried Cornelia. "They are innocent!"

"They have to prove it," said Joe.

And Pierre Leon eyed the old lady with a quizzical expression. "Don't forget, comrade," said he, "it sometimes happens that anarchists are guilty." Then, seeing Cornelia's startled look, he added, "I was an anarchist myself for years; and I assure you I wasn't always innocent!"

Said Betty, "You mustn't say that to Grannie. She is soft-boiled."

Pierre was interested in American slang, which he said was a new contribution to the world's poetry. He asked about this phrase, and then went on: "People that are soft-boiled had better not go wandering about in the radical movement, because they may get their shells broken." He went on to say that about anarchists you could never make a general statement, each one was a law to himself. You had to know him before you could say what he would do—and even then you didn't always know.

"Well, we know Bart," insisted Cornelia; "and we know he is no bandit."

"And the other one?"

"I don't know him so well, I only met him two or three times. But he's a gentle, soft-spoken young fellow—"

"Which means absolutely nothing," said Pierre. "Even your American two-gun-men have been that; I think it's a tradition, out on the western plains, that your deadliest sheriffs have been mild-mannered men. The first thing you have to know about an anarchist is what leaders he follows."

"Bart and Nick belong to the Galleani group."

"But Galleani is a militante. If you don't believe that, go down to Milano, or wherever he's living now, and hear him. Who gave you the idea he is a pacifist?"

"I didn't have that idea. Bart told me he was a militant—"

"But then, when an anarchist tells you he's a militant, why don't you believe him?" Pierre's face indicated that this was one more droll aspect of American ladies. "Understand me, Comrade Thornwell, it is good of rich and cultured ladies to take an interest in the exploited workers; but you suffer always from the fact that you can't possibly realize how they actually feel."

"Don't forget, Comrade Leon, I worked for a year and a half in a cordage plant, and lived on the wages."

"I know, Betty told us; and I never heard anything like it. But all the same, if you will pardon me, it wasn't practically real, because if you had been ill or out of a job, you'd have gone back to your family; it wasn't psychologically real, because you always knew you could, and you had the moral support of knowing you were a lady. No worker has that; so don't be shocked if you should some day learn that some workers commit what the bourgeoisie calls crimes in the struggle against their exploiters."

There was a pause, while Cornelia digested these uncomfortable words. At last she said, "Crimes such as banditry, Comrade Leon?"

"Well, that's a question that calls for definitions. If you mean by banditry, robbing for private advantage, the answer is no. If you mean robbing for the cause, the answer is, there have been such anarchists: not many, but a few. Take Ravachol; he

robbed the rich and gave the money to the poor, and boasted of it."

"What do other anarchists say of that?"

"I have heard a thousand arguments about it. It's a practical question, whether such a course helps the cause; some say yes, some say no. A few anarchists repudiated Ravachol, others endorsed him—Elisée Reclus among the latter, and he is a god of the movement, a great scientist and a great soul. You see, Comrade, it is difficult for any anarchist to repudiate another who has acted from good motives. There are two things a real anarchist will never do; one is to betray a comrade, and the other is to profit at the expense of the cause. So long as he is loyal, and risks his own life for the cause, nothing he does can be repudiated; that lies in the nature of the doctrine, because he is a law to himself, and has a right to be that, and other anarchists proclaim that right. How can they control him? How can they refuse to stand by him?"

"That ought to frighten me," said Cornelia, "but we New Englanders were raised on that creed—we called it Transcendentalism."

"I know," said Pierre. "There are few anarchist book shops without copies of Thoreau's 'Duty of Civil Disobedience.'"

"But we managed to keep the doctrine from involving the right to kill other people." Thus Cornelia, sure of her Boston.

"Did you really?" asked Pierre. "Stop and think now!" There was something in his tone that told Cornelia he was going to have fun with her. The twinkle was also in Betty's eye and in Joe's, so she knew they were in the secret. "Think hard!" said the Frenchman, and when she gave it up, he said, "Did you ever hear of a practicing anarchist by the name of John Brown?"

"Well," said Cornelia, hesitating; "I suppose he did kill people—"

"Yes, do suppose it! It so happens we have been reading a life of him—and while you are talking about bandit-raids, consider the one at Harper's Ferry. It was a surprise attack, you remember; it was going to give the slaves a chance to rise and get hold of an arsenal with some guns; and to that great end, four white men, quite innocent, harmless fellows, not even slave-holders, were shot dead in the streets of a country town. And remember, they took him and hanged him as a common

felon, and were certain that history would agree with them. But up in Boston your Wendell Phillips proclaimed in a public meeting, 'He has abolished slavery in Virginia!' And some anarchist poet wrote four lines—Comrade Betty, can you say those lines that you like so much?"

And Betty, who had been smiling, became suddenly serious, and recited:

*Not any spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee!
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From Blue Ridge to the sea.*

VI

Needless to say, there were many questions Cornelia wanted to ask of Pierre Leon. She realized that the time for dodging was past, it was up to her to get clear in her own thinking. She admitted to these three friends what before she had feared to admit even to herself: the doubts as to whether it could be true, as the government and the newspapers took for granted, that some of the Italian anarchists had been doing that wholesale bombing.

Said Pierre, "Set this down for certain at the outset—all militant anarchists believe in bombs. Not all make them—any more than all Christians sell their goods and give to the poor. It is too uncomfortable and dangerous. But the faith calls for it, 'anarchist christenings,' is the phrase—and when some young enthusiast comes along and wants to practice, the preachers can't very well say no. And when the boys get into trouble, then of course the movement has to rally and defend them."

"And that, of course, includes telling the world they are innocent?" It was Joe, with a touch of socialist sarcasm.

"Naturally. It goes without saying that anybody who will fight will try to deceive the enemy. What you have to get clear is the central doctrine of anarchism, that property used for exploitation is theft. That makes capitalist society a gigantic bandit-raid, a wholesale killing; any killing you have to do to abolish it, or to cripple it, always is a small matter in comparison. Twenty years ago, when I used to argue questions like this, they

were more or less academic; our generation had never known war. But now take what has happened, and you realize that to the working-class theorist, human life has ceased to have any value, compared with the bringing on of the revolution. We know that capitalism means one more world slaughter after another; it means that inevitably, you might say by definition. Every capitalist society has to compete for markets and raw materials, or else cease to be a capitalist society. It intends to take our lives by the tens of millions; and are we denied the right to save ourselves—because, forsooth, the effort means killing a few capitalists and kings and judges and police spies and what not? You can see that, to an anarchist, such an idea is childish.”

“Or to a communist,” added Joe Randall, the socialist.

Said the other, “Between the anarchist and the communist it is a question of technique. I once heard an American labor leader put it effectively: ‘Never use violence—until you have enough of it!’ That will serve for the communist formula—and I leave it for Joe to explain the polite social-democratic program of killing a tiger half an inch at a time.”

So they wrangled for a while, saying sharp and bitter things with perfect good humor. Pierre declared that some day he would have the job of putting Joe into jail—and maybe Cornelia, too, because she believed in free speech for capitalists, and might insist upon practicing her theory. Maybe Betty would be putting her own Grannie into jail—stranger things had happened in revolutions. To which Joe replied that it was people of Pierre’s way of talking that made a peaceable solution so difficult; they brought on reaction, and set the workers back for decades. So for a while Sacco and Vanzetti were left in the Brockton police-station, forgotten.

Until Betty said, “You are getting poor Grannie so balled up with your theories and your shocking facts that she’ll lose heart and be scared out of the movement.”

“For God’s sake,” exclaimed Pierre, “don’t let me do that! In the first place, I don’t know a thing about your Bart and Nick, they may be two harmless dreamers. And anyhow, innocent or guilty, no working-class rebel ever did a tenth part of the harm to society that society has done to him. No one of them ever carries a tenth part of the guilt that is borne by the judges

and officials who prosecute him. Think of the guilt of those who caused the war, in order to extend their markets or to save their investments!"

That was coming close to home for Cornelia and Betty. Said the former, thinking of her three perfectly self-satisfied sons-in-law, "Can there be guilt when there is no consciousness of guilt?"

Pierre answered, "That is the sort of question the Puritan conscience likes to wrestle with. But let us set aside theories, and consider the practical problem of labor defense. Whether an accused worker is guilty or whether he is innocent is a matter you can almost never guess in advance. If he's guilty, he won't tell you, and it would be wretched taste for you to ask. On the other hand, maybe the police have got the wrong fellow; often enough they know it, and don't care, because they figure he's done something equally bad, and anyhow he's the sort that is safer in jail. Then again, maybe it's a provocateur's job—something the bosses have planted, in order to have a pretext for raiding offices and smashing presses and throwing leaders into jail. Either way, you can't know until you get in up to your ears. You may find you've got a chance to expose the police and win public sympathy—or you may have something that will discredit the movement and turn the public against you for years."

"A complicated matter, being a revolutionist!" remarked Cornelia.

And Pierre replied, "You bet your shoes it is—to quote your American slang."

VII

On the morning after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti came Mike Stewart, bringing his "hunch," which was destined to control their lives and deaths forever after. Mike himself called it by the more dignified name of a "theory"; he told it to the district attorney, who liked it so well that he rented Mike from the town of Bridgewater, and for a year thereafter the policeman had nothing to do but search out facts to fit his "theory."

A part of it was that the same bandits who had committed the South Braintree hold-up in April had committed the Bridge-

water attempt of the previous December—the one which had been seen in the “detective machine.” The police proceeded to collect some fifty persons who had witnessed one or the other of these crimes. Orciani was arrested at his factory, so there were three bandits to be identified. The usual procedure is to mix up the suspects with a number of other men and see if the witnesses can pick the guilty ones. But in the dingy old police-station of Brockton the three suspects were put in a room, and the witnesses were brought in and told that these were the bandits, and could they recognize them? Sacco and Vanzetti were sleepless, unshaved, unwashed, uncombed—a condition in which a leader of fashion looks like a bandit. But even so, the witnesses were uncertain, some said they might be the right men, others said they were surely not.

Several witnesses had seen the bandits in special circumstances, for example with a cap on; so Sacco was ordered to put on a cap, and did so. Another had seen the bandit crouched down; Sacco was ordered to crouch, and the witness thought he looked more like a bandit that way. Another had seen the bandit pointing a gun; Sacco was ordered to act as if he were pointing a gun, and the witness was quite sure that made him look more like a bandit. Witnesses who were obdurate, and wouldn't stop saying they were the wrong men, were dropped by the prosecution, and it was up to the defense to find them if they could. In a great many cases they did so—but too late.

The police had found a Buick car abandoned in some woods, two miles from Coacci's home, and it was part of the “theory” that this had been used in the two crimes. This “bandit-car” was now brought to the police-station, and Sacco and Orciani were loaded into it, and with a detail of the state police, heavily armed, were taken for a tour of the shoe-towns. Word went in advance, “The bandits are coming,” and huge crowds gathered. At the time of the South Braintree crime several workers had run to the windows of the shoe-factory and seen the bandit-car driving away. Now the scene was reënacted, with these persons looking from the windows to judge if Sacco and Orciani looked like the men they had seen. The crowds, meantime, did not wait for a decision; they knew these were the bandits, and tried to beat them, and did spit in their faces. It was a grand public circus, and by means of it the police persuaded three shoe-

workers to recognize the bandits, and to stay persuaded until the preliminary hearing a week or two later, when they changed their minds and said they couldn't be sure. When the trial came, a year later, they had changed again, and took the stand and identified Sacco and Vanzetti as the bandits, and made three of the five witnesses upon whom the august Commonwealth of Massachusetts relied to the death.

On the day after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti the three prisoners were arraigned before a magistrate. Orciani was charged with operating a motor-cycle without a tail-light—although his motor-cycle had had a tail-light and it had been lighted; Sacco and Vanzetti were charged with carrying revolvers without a license. Bail was denied, on the pretext of a war-time law. The three victims were taken back to jail, and the task of fitting the facts to the "theory" was continued.

A week later there was a hearing upon the charge of murder; and here an unexpected thing happened—the number of bandits was reduced to two. The district attorney stated that the identification of Orciani was not sufficient. That seemed strange, because more persons had been willing to think that Orciani looked like the bandit than had been willing to think it about either Sacco or Vanzetti. What had happened was that Orciani had been able to produce an American alibi. Not merely had he punched his time-clock in the factory that morning, but he could produce his boss and several other "white men" to swear that he had been at his machine all day. It was only three weeks back, and he hadn't missed a day.

Also it developed that Sacco was to be let off from the Bridge-water charge—because he, too, had an American alibi. But on the day of the South Braintree affair, according to his own story, he had gone up to Boston to get his passports; he had lunched at a café with friends, and had gone to the consulate, where they remembered him for the comical reason that he had been told to provide a photograph for his passport, and had brought one of great size. A clerk remembered it; but then, he was an Italian, and Italian alibis do not "go" in Yankee police-courts.

As for poor Bart, alas, he had nothing but Italian alibis for both dates. On the day before Christmas he had sold eels to fifty housewives, and during the South Braintree crime he had

been digging clams and bait. But such things do not count against a policeman's "hunch," so Bart was charged with both crimes; the prosecution was going to prove that he was the bandit who had stood on Broad Street, in Bridgewater, firing a shotgun at the pay-truck, and also that he was the driver of the murder-car at South Braintree—he who had never touched a steering-wheel in his poor proletarian life! The moral of these developments was clear to sarcastic young radicals such as Betty Alvin—that good little wops had better stay close to the boss, and punch a time-clock four times a day. Instead of going home at night, they would be safer kept in pens.

VIII

A lawyer had been engaged to defend Sacco and Vanzetti at these preliminary hearings, an Irish gentleman by the name of John Vahey. Some lawyers with criminal practice employ what are known as "runners" to bring them business; and whether Mr. Vahey knew it or not, it was an Italian generally known as a "runner" who persuaded the friends of Vanzetti to employ Mr. Vahey. The lawyer himself was no "runner," but a stout gentleman who did not hurry about to find witnesses for his client; he was content to let the Brinis fetch the wops to his office. He was active in the politics of Plymouth County, and intimate with those who controlled its affairs, including the district attorney, Fred Katzmann; he was an "associate judge," and went into an arrangement to share business with Katzmann. It has been said in Vahey's defense that Vanzetti was probably the first innocent man he had ever had as a client. Very possibly Vanzetti was wrong in his fixed idea that his lawyers had "thrown him down." He was a hard client to defend, because he persisted stubbornly in denying that he had been to Johnson's garage with Boda the night of his arrest; he would not permit any capitalist lawyer to persuade him to say a word that might involve another comrade.

The friends of Sacco in Boston had also engaged a lawyer to defend him. Before a month had passed there were three lawyers in the case, and one of them was young and confiding, and told how he had heard one associate say to the other, "See if you can get Sacco to tell where he buried the money, and

we'll divide it." A part of the "theory" became that Sacco had buried the treasure in the garden of his home, which belonged to Mr. Kelley, his boss; and in each of the next seven spring-times, when Mr. Kelley's father got ready to plant potatoes, a thrill would go through the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Sacco's boss was digging for the treasure! It was hard on poor Nick, because it implied that Mr. Kelley thought he was guilty, whereas Mr. Kelley had trusted Nick as night-watchman.

Cornelia and Betty sent money to help interest these legal gentlemen. Cornelia and Betty meant to stay in one place all summer, so they would not need Betty's full allowance. They rowed on the lake, and climbed the mountain paths, and listened to all-day and all-night arguments on the theories of anarchism, syndicalism, communism and socialism, with the history of these movements in a dozen countries for three-quarters of a century. There came another letter from Plymouth, telling of developments, with a message from Bart insisting that Nonna was not to worry, and not to cut short her rest.

The idea of accusing Bart of the Bridgewater crime seemed to Cornelia such madness, she could not take it seriously. It was a case of mistaken identity, which would be cleared up when it was investigated. "They can't make such a charge against a man who has lived in a town for eight years; and when he went about that whole day, peddling eels to all North Plymouth! If it had been any day but the day before Christmas, one might say there was a chance of getting the dates mixed; but everybody knows that Italians eat eels on Christmas, and Bart can prove that he had a barrel of them. It seems as if somebody has gone crazy."

"The bourgeoisie always goes crazy when its property-rights are threatened," said Pierre Leon.

"But I was there the day after Christmas," persisted Cornelia, "and they told me all about what they had done—Bart and Trando, and the barrel of eels, and the baker's horse, and how Trando would never believe Bart's promises again. Surely I could testify to that conversation!"

"They might call it hearsay," said Joe Randall. "And anyhow, the jury would say it was a put up job—to fool you and prepare an alibi. The Italians are cunning, you know!"

They comforted themselves with the thought of the law's

delay. Criminal cases took a long time to get on the calendar in Massachusetts; and meantime, since bail was refused, there was nothing Cornelia and Betty could do. But the law is like a sleeping tiger, capable of swift and deadly leaps when it is roused. The second week in June there came a cablegram; the situation was very bad, and Bart was to be tried for the Bridge-water crime in less than two weeks. There was just time for Cornelia and Betty to get a steamer; so the little radical party broke up at an hour's notice. Pierre Leon would go back to his desk, and Joe Randall decided that he knew enough about the White Terror in Europe, and his book ought to have a chapter on Massachusetts!

IX

Their steamer came in to New York one afternoon, and there on the pier, waving handkerchiefs, were Deborah and Priscilla. Betty's sister was engaged to be married to a young mountain of copper; an enormously important alliance, which had already supplied a column of genealogy to the *Transcript*. The ladies were going to plunder the Fifth Avenue shops of their treasures; also the father, Rupert Alvin, was in town, on business connected with Jerry Walker's felt-plants, now in his care. They were going to a musical comedy that evening, and had planned diversions for several days. Betty had been away a whole year, and any normal rich girl would have brought home several trunk-loads of presents for relatives and friends. But here was this madcap pair, returning precipitately, with no purchases whatever—and very mysterious about it, obliged to decline diversions, and take the night train for Boston. After much nagging, Deborah got it out of them—they were hurrying to attend the trial of an Italian anarchist bandit! And they did actually go—Betty in spite of mother, father, and sister, Cornelia in spite of daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter.

Bart was in the County Farm Jail at Plymouth, and during the afternoon was brought from his cell into the reception room. He had on a coarse gray shirt and trousers, badly shrunken; his outdoor color was gone, he was haggard and thin, and his walrus mustache drooped mournfully. But, oh, so glad he was to see them! His face lighted up, and he came, half running, holding out his hands; the messages of his soul leaped to them, love

and pity and heart-breaking grief. Poor old Bart—the greatest lover of freedom Cornelia had ever known—shut up behind steel bars! Tears started into the eyes of both the women, and the prisoner's voice broke as he tried to speak. "Oh, Nonna, I so sorry for spoiling your holiday! Oh, Betty, I so sorry for bringing you to sooch place!"

"It's all right, Bart, we had a good holiday, and now we're here, and we're going to get you out in short order." It was Betty speaking, brave little soul—no melancholy while she was in charge! "Cheer up, old pal, it's going to be easy. This is Comrade Joe Randall, who has followed me all the way from Italy because he thinks I am going to be silly enough to marry him."

Bart turned quickly to the good-looking young fellow. "I glad for meeting you, Comrade Jorandall. If Comrade Betty marry you be very lucky feller."

"Oh, I'm not sure yet," said Betty. "I've got to make a real Red out of him. Now he's nothing but a pale pink, one of those riformistas that we don't trust. But he's going to help get you off, and that will educate him."

Their feeble effort at jollity came to a speedy end, and they talked about the trial, only two days away. "My enemy have got me," said Bart; and they knew without asking who this enemy was, the profit system, embodied in Plymouth by the great cordage company from which Bart had helped to extort two hundred thousand dollars every year, in the form of higher wages to its workers. "I think the go-vérnment not let me ever get away," said Bart, and Betty's cheerfulness could make no impression on this firm distrust.

"You see what they do," he said. "They cannot prove Nick and me at South Braintree, have not got evidence for sending two men to electric chair. So they think, first we take Vanzett', we fixit him for Bridgewater job, we make him convicted. So when it come trial for South Braintree job, jury will say, one of them fellers is bandit, he is convicted, it is not so hard for believing they both should die."

"But Bart, it's crazy to try to prove that you were in Bridgewater that morning!" It was Cornelia speaking.

"They have got it fixit, Nonna, they prove what they want. I tell all friend not fool self. They have got everything, they are friends with our lawyers."

"Oh, Bart!"

"I sure of it. Come big feller, lazy, smoke big cigar—is what for Italian worker pay money, buy him big cigar. He is funny man, he make joke, he whistle. I say, 'I am innohent.' He make funny face, he say, 'Very bad, they put you wit' Sacc!' He stick up finger in air, he make it go round, so"—Bart made a spiral motion, his index finger going up. "He say, 'Pfist!' Is hardest work he ever do for poor wop."

"I thought they had an investigator getting witnesses!"

"Have got Italian feller—he is spy for go-vérnment. He get all comrades put up money, buy him automobile, so he can go look for witness. But it pass many days, he not bring witness. Is plenty witness in Plymoot', but it must Brinis find them. Is maybe witness in Bridgewater, could find people say I not look like bandit, but cannot get them."

"Bart," said Betty, "we are not spies for the government, and we're going to rent a car right away, and take the Brinis this evening and see if we can find some witnesses in Bridgewater. Cheer up now, we're really going to help you. Joe here is an expert investigator; he is writing a book on the White Terror in Europe."

"Is same terror here, Comrade Joe, is plenty people could tell I am innohent, but will not dare speaking. Is polissman saw me on street, talk wit' me in morning, ask for price of eel, but will not tell. Is express office man, he knows I got barrel of eel, but he will not let us look for paper—what you call it, receipt. Is superintendent of cordage plant, you know him. He know I was in Plymoot' that day—but see if he come for witness! You saw him, Nonna, always, ever since strike, four year, he walk across street when I come, is not willing for meet me. Is may be hate, may be fear—but see if he help me getting out from jail! No, it is price I pay for eight year I try to educate worker. What is it they have said about Gesu, Nonna?"

"'He stirreth up the people.'"

"Joosta so! And I am joosta same age, Nonna, I am thirty-two, like it was Comrade Gesu when his enemy put him in jail! I have readed about him—it is book what they give for wop to read in jail, because all church people have not know how bad rivoluzionario was Gesu!"

This was one of the themes Bart liked to talk about; he forgot

his own desperate peril for a few minutes. When the three visitors went out, Joe Randall said, "This much is certain whatever happens, the police have given us a good martyr!"

X

The little party set out in a car that evening, and going from house to house at the scene of the Bridgewater hold-up, they found two Italians who had witnessed the crime, and had told the police that the bandit who stood on the street and fired a shotgun was a short man with a closely cropped mustache. These witnesses had been rejected by the police, as not fitting the "theory," and they were willing to appear for the defense. There were other witnesses who might have been found, if there had been more time, and if the seekers had realized the urgency. But Cornelia was hugging her notion that the case of the prosecution was bound to break down in court; and what human mind could have conceived that ghastly eccentricity of the laws of Massachusetts, which amounted in effect to this: that whatever evidence was presented to the jury at this coming trial would count, while everything that was found out later might as well have been left in the darkness of oblivion? To quote the words of the Supreme Judicial Court of the august Commonwealth, handed down in the Sacco-Vanzetti case: "It is not imperative that a new trial be granted, even though the evidence is newly discovered, and if presented to a jury would justify a different verdict." Such is the law of the Brahmins and Blue-bloods, which altereth not!

*O fates that hold us at your choice
How strange a web ye spin!*

How strange the plight in which you have placed us—that we walk backward into our lives, with eyes that see the past, but are blind to the future! With ears that hear the past, but are deaf to the future! Betty rented a car, and Joe drove her and Cornelia and Vincenzo and Alfonsina to Bridgewater, and along with that little party went a vast throng, made up of twenty-six hundred and nine days, each one with a separate burden of griefs and regrets. Days, black-clad and somber, wav-

ing black veils unseen! Days wailing and moaning, shouting alarms unheard! Cornelia and Betty and Joe and Vincenzo and Alfonsina got out of the car, and separated and walked up and down streets, and rang door-bells and went into houses asking questions of strangers; and into every house with them went ten million mourners, ten million protestants marching, singing, carrying banners in a hundred foreign tongues. Mobs roared their fury, shrieked their imprecations; bombs exploded, sheets of plate glass were shattered; cavalry charged, clubs fell on human heads, sabers clove human flesh, men fell and bled and died—and of all that tumult not one sound reached the deaf ears, not one glimpse penetrated the blind eyes!

Voices, ghostly voices calling, up and down the streets of the little town of Bridgewater, all through that warm spring night! Run, Betty, run, on your swift young limbs that have been trained by climbing mountains! Run, and rest not, until you find those other witnesses who will testify that the bandit had a closely cropped mustache! Run, Cornelia—one last effort of those old legs, shrunken and withered so that you do not like to see them—find some one who can bring you to those Pinkerton men who interviewed the witnesses of the prosecution, and heard them say they could not identify the bandits! Joe Randall, driver of the car, don't go back to Plymouth to-night! Turn your headlights to Boston, an hour or two away, and use your newspaper introductions to find the reporter who was first upon the scene, and will testify to what all the witnesses said! Cornelia, put your family influence to work, get the shoe-company and the insurance company to give up those Pinkerton reports—now while they will count, and not later, when they will be thrust into a pigeon-hole and forgotten by a governor's secretary, who is paid a double salary to see that the great man's mind is not burdened with details!

Look, Cornelia! Look, Betty and Joe, look at that man, waiting in the future; a man with a smile made of marble, with eyes like two agates, cold, expressionless, a supersalesman of automobiles who will play the part of final jury, and will politely accept your evidence, and remain of his own opinion! Joe Randall, "expert investigator," now is your hour! Drive to Atlantic Avenue, where the wholesale fish-dealers have their stores, and find that Italian who shipped the barrel of eels! Pull

off your coat and climb into the attic and search the boxes of records—it will not be so hard now as seven years later, for there are not so many records, and the dust is not so thick! When you find the book of express receipts, showing the barrel of eels consigned to “B. Vanzetti, Plymouth,” six days before Christmas, 1919, it will count with the jury—instead of being set aside, unseen by the agate eyes!

XI

The little party turned their car home that night, well content with what they had achieved. Next morning they sat down to a conference with eminent legal authority, and Cornelia offered her testimony, and learned that it was not available, because most of it was hearsay, and anyhow, she had better not take the stand, because she would be questioned concerning Vanzetti's beliefs, and it was not desirable to have the jury know that he was an anarchist. Of course everybody in Plymouth knew it perfectly well, but if it was not introduced in the evidence, the jury would be ordered to disregard it, and would do so—that being the merry fiction of the merry legal game. Could Cornelia testify that Vanzetti was a pacifist, and repudiated violence? Could she testify that he did not believe in the overthrow of the United States government by force? No, she could not testify that, and therefore nothing she could say about Vanzetti's character would count with the jurors. How could they fail to be suspicious of an American woman who confessed to intimate friendship with a dangerous Italian Red?

Furthermore, there was a question whether Vanzetti should be a witness himself. He could not deny his anarchistic opinions, which would so antagonize the jurors that they would find him guilty of anything, regardless of evidence. It was a delicate matter, because Vanzetti was a draft-evader, and the jury would consist of men who had gone to the war, or had sent their sons. Also he was an infidel, and the jury would consist of devout church-goers. There was that letter found on Vanzetti, denouncing a certain Catholic priest as a “pig.” The jurymen in Plymouth County were not apt to be Catholics themselves, but they would think that Italians ought to be Catholics, and it would be

better to appeal to the district attorney's sense of fair play not to introduce that letter.

Vanzetti was stubborn, and clamorous to be heard in his own defense; but then, he would not stop denying that he had met Boda at the Johnson place the night of the arrest; and how could he expect to get away with that, in face of the testimony the prosecution could offer, if the issue were raised? No, Vanzetti must be made to realize that under the law he was not required to testify, and no conclusion unfavorable to him could be drawn from his failure to testify.

Again the future rose up and shouted! Ten million hands were waved unseen, ten million warnings were voiced unheard! The fates that held Cornelia and Betty at their choice granted no forewarning of the man with the marble smile and the agate eyes, the supersalesman of automobiles who seven years later was to be the final jury in the case. Not once did they hear him repeat his formula, which was to make him seem like a gramophone through the weary months of the future; the formula which would balk the friends of love and justice who traveled from all over the world to appeal to him; the formula which took the place of all evidence and all thought—"Why did not Vanzetti take the stand in his own behalf?"

CHAPTER IX

THE WEB OF FATE

I

PLYMOUTH COURT-HOUSE stands at the head of the square, a large and stately building of red brick, with ivy climbing the walls, and white colonial entrances, and a niche containing a figure of justice, open-eyed. The court-room is bare and white, with a throne of polished wood, and over it a great seal of the "Plymouth Society," with the flags of the United States and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts draped on top. It is all extremely solemn and formal; the bailiff wears a uniform, and carries a "wand," or long stick with which he holds the spectators in awe.

On the morning of the trial of Bartolomeo Vanzetti the room was filled with spectators from Bridgewater, curious to behold the wicked bandit; also a few working-people of foreign birth, Italians and Portuguese of North Plymouth who remembered what Vanzetti had done for them in the strike. The men had put on celluloid collars with gilt studs and no ties, the women wore shawls and aprons; they sat, morning and afternoon, following with strained attention a mysterious procedure in a strange tongue. There were spectators from Boston, but no reporters from there; the case excited only local interest, and was left to local correspondents.

The prisoner was brought in, shackled to a deputy by each wrist; also a steel cage was brought in, and he was locked inside. This in itself was almost equivalent to a conviction—it made him look so alarming to a jury, so much like a wild beast. The district attorney entered—a stocky man of German parentage, florid, blond, good-looking, smartly dressed. Fred Katzmann was his name, a Mason and a "joiner," prominent in the political ring which governed the county. Most political rings in America are financed by the local cor-

porations, and exist to carry out their will; the efficiency of a public official usually consists in the fact that he knows their needs and wishes so thoroughly that he does what they want without having to be told.

In this case Fred Katzmann's course was very easy—to consult his prejudices. He knew that the Reds were pledged to destroy American institutions, and therefore it was a patriotic service to destroy the Reds. Later on he went before the alumni of his college, assembled for banqueting, and the chairman introduced him as a hero who was going to save the Commonwealth from its secret foes; the banqueters cheered him tumultuously, and he made a speech accepting the stern duty. All the district attorneys of the neighboring counties were making such speeches at this time—it was an easy way to be popular, and to conceal orgies of grafting and blackmailing—what was soon afterwards to be described, in the charges against one of the most oratorical, as “malfeasance, misfeasance, and non-feasance in office.”

Fred Katzmann was personally an easy-going man, and cultivated a manner of geniality which made a hit with juries. When the lawyers for the defense came in, carrying briefcases and looking important, he greeted them cordially; they were his friends, and during the procedures he would refer to them as “my brothers.” He would carry on a merry battle of wits with them, and the moment court was adjourned, he would walk out side by side with them, and they would sit at lunch and “josh” each other about the points they had lost or won. It was exactly like a tennis tournament—except that in tennis they used a ball, while in this legal game it was a wop.

II

A door in the front of the court-room opened, and there entered a thin, shrunken old gentleman with a white mustache and a face like parchment. He wore a black silk robe, and the moment he appeared the bailiff pounded on the floor with his wand and shouted, “Court!” and all the lawyers stood up, and the spectators stood up, and remained standing. The bailiff drew a breath and shouted, “Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having anything to do before the Honorable, the

Justices of the Superior Court, now sitting within and for the County of Plymouth, draw near, give your attention, and you shall be heard! God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" Whereupon the wrinkled old gentleman sat down, and everybody else did the same.

Webster Thayer, judge of the Superior Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was what the pathologists call a "ticquer"; that is, he blinked with a nervous affliction as he gazed about his domain. His sharp, withered face was a symbol of the old Puritan spirit; his voice, like a steel saw cutting through wood, was an ancestral inheritance, produced by three hundred years of cold and foggy winds. He aspired to exhibit repose, but his fear of so many foreigners in his court-room showed itself by incessant nervous glances. He was obsessed with a phobia on the subject of Reds, and talked about it incessantly, with so much repetition that many persons avoided him, or ruthlessly shut him up.

Cornelia had never heard of "Web" Thayer before, but he was to be the subject of her study for seven years, and before long she knew him completely. During this Plymouth trial he did not know who she was; but during the second trial, that of Sacco and Vanzetti a year later, he had heard about her, and he summoned her three times to his chambers to impress his personality upon her and to justify his ways. So she learned that the basis of his being was an inferiority complex, a sense of the gulf which yawned between him and the great ones of his community, and which he would never cross, even though he won his way to the Supreme Judicial bench. He was a Thayer, but not of the "right" ones; and in Massachusetts it is a special offense to bear an honored name unless you are one of the "right" ones. There are the "right" Cabots—and assuredly they are not those who used to be called Caboto and Kabotinsky, and got permission from a too complaisant court to Americanize themselves. There are "right" Coolidges, and Calvin is not among them, and would not be, though he were president of the United States for half a dozen terms.

"Web" lived in Worcester, which is a city in the wilds of the far west—that is to say, forty miles removed from the cultural influences of the Back Bay. It is a hardware center, the home of hardware men, who hustle and "boost" and make "selling

talks." "Web" had gone to Dartmouth, a small college in the hills of New Hampshire, whose graduates are looked down upon by the haughty scions of the Harvard "Gold Coast." "Web" asserted his uneasy personality, and drew attention to himself, something the "blue-bloods" never do, because they do not have to. In this Sacco-Vanzetti affair "Web" would do what the Commonwealth wanted him to do, but he would do it in such a way that the Back Bay would blush for him, and comfort itself by calling it one more sign of the degradation of politics, a consequence of turning over public affairs to the "mob."

He was a man of intense vanity, and played the judicial game as a drama in which he was hero and king. But he could never be sure whether he was successful in the rôle, and the actor would stop in the middle of the play to ask the audience. To the lawyers, or any one else who came to his chambers after the sessions, he would say, "Am I handling this all right?" To the newspaper reporters he would say, "Now, boys, give me a good deal on this." If the reporter happened to be a young and pretty woman, as it did in at least one case, he would employ the arts of gallantry, which are somehow less welcome from an old man with a skin like a mummy's. He would take a seat beside her on the train going to the trial, and smile and ogle, and present a flower to her, and discuss the case. His voice had a penetrating quality, and when the train stopped, every one in the car would hear what he was saying. He must have known the mental discomfort he was causing to his auditor, yet something drove him to go on.

There is an ancient tradition among those who deal with the law that a judge must not discuss a case in public, at least not while it is actually before him. But in handling Sacco and Vanzetti, "Web" Thayer could not keep within these traditional limits. He would talk about the case in a club dining-room, until all the men would leave the table; he would approach a Dartmouth professor on the football field, asking in a loud voice, "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards the other day?" The horror of these words became such in Massachusetts that the Commonwealth had to send its policemen with hickory clubs to crack the skulls of demonstrators who carried the words on a banner. Because there was no way to keep them from being spoken aloud, Boston Common had to be

closed to public speakers for the first time in its three hundred years of history.

III

One by one the talesmen took the stand, and were questioned; under the Massachusetts practice, all this questioning was done by the judge, and the defendants' lawyers could only exercise the right of challenge. One by one the jurors were selected: Arthur W. Burgess, shoemaker of the town of Hanson, Henry S. Burgess, caretaker of the town of Wareham, Joseph Frawley, shoe-finisher of the town of Brockton, Charles A. Gale, clerk, of the town of Norwell—so it went, all Anglo-Saxon names. Put none but Americans on guard! Edwin P. Litchfield, shoeworker of Pembroke, Oliver B. Poole, clerk of Brockton, Alfred M. Shaw, Jr., laborer of Carver, Charles C. Wilbur, tackmaker of Kingston: such little people of the old stock, having failed for one reason or another to become rich, looked with bitter contempt upon the immigrants who came pouring into the country, to beat down wages and make life harder for the "white men" of New England. Far from having any sense of class solidarity, they clung to the American idea that their children would rise and join the leisure class; their attitude to the Italian was that of the poor whites of the south to the Negroes. "All these wops stand together," said one jurymen to another, discussing the case at lunch in a restaurant. The remark was overheard, but nothing came of it.

Another juror, Arthur S. Nickerson, a foreman in the Plymouth Cordage Company! Another foreman of that same company had thrown Vanzetti, the agitator, out of their plant, and kept him out four years and more; others had refused him employment, and some one had caused him to be shadowed by detectives for eighteen months after the strike. Now Nickerson was to help decide whether or not Vanzetti should be set at liberty to lead another strike, and deprive the cordage company of another two hundred thousand dollars a year in extra wages! Vanzetti's friends saw with dismay his lawyers permit such a juror to be accepted. They asked themselves, could it be because one of the lawyers was a stockholder in the company, and looking to the company for legal business as well as for dividends? It was permissible to ask.

The assistant district attorney rose, and addressed the jury, telling them what he was going to prove. He told them all that elaborate "theory" about the Coacci house and the bandit-car, which had been stolen a month before the Bridgewater crime, and found in Manley woods abandoned after the South Braintree crime. He brought this car, a Buick, in front of the courthouse, and he told them about Boda, and how he was going to prove that Boda had been driving a Buick car a short while before the crime. He told them about Orciani—despite the fact that they had had to drop Orciani on account of an American alibi. He told them about Sacco, despite the fact that they had had to drop Sacco from this case on account of another American alibi. He built up in the jury's mind an elaborate picture of bandit-gangs, bandit-houses and bandit-cars—and then in the course of the trial he failed to produce a particle of evidence to connect either Sacco, Coacci, Orciani or Boda with any crime, or to connect Coacci's house with any crime, or to connect any one of the five men with the so-called bandit-car. One scrap of testimony—a milkman had seen Boda driving a Buick car a month or two before the crime; or at least he thought it was Boda and he thought it was a Buick. Yet they brought in all this complicated and alarming mass of "theory," not merely at this Plymouth trial, but at the later trial of Sacco and Vanzetti for the South Braintree crime; they showed the bandit-car in both cases, and the bullet-hole in it, and planted the mass of suspicion in the minds of both juries.

IV

Benjamin F. Bowles to the stand: a special officer employed by the shoe-company, and at the same time a member of Mike Stewart's police force in Bridgewater. He had been riding in the seat alongside the driver of the truck, when two bandits, one with a shotgun, the other with a revolver, had rushed out and opened fire. The chauffeur of the paytruck had fainted from fright, and Bowles had seized the steering-wheel and guided the truck with his left hand, while with his right he fired a revolver at the shotgun bandit, until the bandit turned and ran. Later in the trial Bowles took the stand again and changed his testimony, so as to make it fit with the story he had told at the preliminary

hearing: he now swore that he had fired, not at the shotgun-bandit, but at the other one, the revolver-bandit. So here was the picture this super-policeman presented to the jury: he had steered a fast-moving truck with his left hand, fired a revolver at a bandit with his right hand, and at the same time used his eyes to study the appearance of a second bandit, so effectively that he could give a detailed description fitting the features, hair, eyes and clothing of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, now sitting in the prisoner's dock before him! At the preliminary hearing Bowles had been "pretty positive" that the shotgun bandit had had a "short and croppy" mustache; but now at the trial he was "positive" that this bandit had had a "bushy" mustache.

Next came a shoe-inspector, Frank Harding, known as "Skip," who had witnessed the crime. He had talked to a reporter of the *Boston Globe*, an hour or two afterwards, and described the bandit as "smooth-shaven." At the preliminary hearing he had described him as having "an overgrown Charlie Chaplin mustache." Now at the trial he identified him as Vanzetti. He had positively identified Orciani as the other bandit; but that fact was not evidence at the trial. Neither was the *Globe* reporter's testimony, for that was not discovered until years later—when it might as well not have been discovered at all. To the Pinkerton detectives "Skip" had described the bandit-car as a Hudson; and he had been an automobile mechanic and knew cars. But now he swore it was a Buick—which happened to be what the "theory" required.

Then came the paymaster, Cox, who had described the shotgun bandit at the preliminary hearing as "short and of slight build." Now he made it agree with Bowles—"five feet eight." But no effort of the district attorney could get him to say that he was sure Vanzetti was the man.

Then came the elderly Georgina Brooks, and with her the age of miracles came back. Mrs. Brooks testified that she had looked out of the window of the Bridgewater railroad depot—she specified which window—and had seen "fire and smoke from a gun." It so happened that between that window and the spot where the firing had occurred, there intervened the full bulk of two two-story houses. The Sacco-Vanzetti defense employed a

surveyor to make a map of the scene—but like everything else, it was too late.

Also Mrs. Brooks testified that on her way to the depot, and before the crime, she had inspected the bandit-car and the bandits. She identified Vanzetti as a man she had looked at twice, and who had looked at her "severely." Why she should have turned to look at the car a second time, and been so particular about examining the features of a man sitting casually in an automobile was something Mrs. Brooks could not explain. But she admitted that with one eye she could barely make out the silhouette of objects, and that she had been undergoing treatment for the other eye.

Then young Shaw, a schoolboy who had heard the firing and dodged behind a tree. He had seen the shotgun-bandit run away, at a distance of a hundred and forty-five feet, and said that he could tell the man was a foreigner by the way he ran. "What sort of a foreigner?" and the boy replied, "Either Italian or Russian."

"Does an Italian or a Russian run differently from a Swede or a Norwegian?"

"Yes."

"What is the difference?"

"Unsteady."

Then came Mike Stewart, large, powerful, heavy-lidded. He brought with him his theory—but you may be sure he never mentioned the "detective machine," from which the theory had been born! Neither did he mention the Pinkerton reports, and how they confuted the testimony of "Skip" Harding. "Skip" had taken down the number of the bandit-car, and given a memorandum to Mike, who had unfortunately lost it. Also, unfortunately, there was no number-plate on the car which the police had found in the Manley woods.

They introduced Vanzetti's cap, and a man swore it resembled the cap worn by the shotgun-bandit—although Cox and Mrs. Brooks had sworn to a shotgun-bandit in a soft hat. And that was practically all they had to offer, except for an empty twelve-gauge shotgun shell which they claimed to have picked up at the scene of the shooting. When Vanzetti had been arrested, he had had four shotgun shells in his pocket, and these were put into evidence, but the jury never heard Vanzetti's story of

how he came to have them. He had spent the day of his arrest at Sacco's, while the family was packing up for Italy, and these shells, left over from hunting, were picked up on a shelf; Vanzetti had put them into his pocket, saying that he would turn them over to some comrade and get fifty cents for the cause. But that story must not be told to the jury, because Vanzetti would be asked what he mean by the "cause," and he would have to answer that it was the evil cause of anarchism. Nor would it do to put Sacco on the stand, or his wife, because that would bring in the other crime, and the lawyers were maintaining their legal fiction that the jury knew nothing about it—although, of course, every one of them had read about it on the front page of all the papers, and the assistant district attorney had brought Sacco in as a part of the "theory"!

v

Such was the case of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against Bartolomeo Vanzetti. And now it was the defendant's turn to produce his alibi, and persuade a Yankee jury to believe it. Cornelia and Betty and Joe, watching these proceedings day by day with strained and fearful attention, realized too late how difficult it was going to be. There sat those native sons of New England, lean-faced and stern—elderly men, most of them, because the younger and more active found means to avoid jury duty. Men with such names as Burgess and Gale and Litchfield and Nickerson and Shaw were invited to believe the testimony of Vittorio Papa and Carlo Balboni and Vincenzo Brini and Enrico Bastoni and Teresa Malaguti and Adalaida Bongiovanni and Marguaritta Fiocchi: men with black hair and eyebrows, broad faces and high cheek-bones, uncouth and sinister, clad in ill-fitting cheap store-clothes; women short and stout, with broad mouths and low foreheads, with no collars to their shirt-waists, wearing aprons in front of them and dingy shawls about their shoulders, speaking a foreign jabber which was turned into English by an interpreter who looked as much like a bandit as the others. These were the "Dagoes" who were taking bread out of the mouths of the old stock, swarming into the factory towns, carrying fire-arms, living like pigs, and raising litters of as many little pigs as any farmer ever saw. "These wops all

stand together," said one juryman; and all native New England agreed.

Mrs. Mary Fortini, Bart's landlady, told how she had waked him up at six o'clock that morning before Christmas, and how he had gulped down his bread and coffee, and hurried to get out his cart and his eels. Carlo Balboni told how he had come home from his night work, and caused Mrs. Fortini to wake Bart, so that he, Balboni, might be the first customer. John Di Carlo, who kept a shoe-store, testified how Bart had brought him eels while he was cleaning out the store, a little after seven. Each of these witnesses was harrowed by the prosecution, who sought by every legal trick to trip them up in their testimony.

The issue of "radicalism" was not supposed to be brought into the trial; the jury was not supposed to know about it, and in the years that were to follow you would hear judges and editors and governors and college presidents and other eminent persons stoutly maintaining that this issue had not entered the case until the defense had brought it in at the second trial. But behold, here was the suave district attorney, questioning the shoe-store proprietor: "Have you ever discussed government theories over there between you? Have you discussed the question of the poor man and the rich man between you?" And later comes Michael Sassi, a gardener, to the stand, and the prosecutor asks, "Have you heard anything of his political beliefs? Have you heard him make any speeches to your friends in the cordage company?" This questioning led by accident to some character testimony—in spite of the effort to bar such testimony. Said the district attorney, "You have dined many times with Vanzetti, haven't you?"

"With Brini, as his guest, I dined many times: Vanzetti boarded with him and sometimes he was present."

"You used to play cards with the defendant?"

"Vanzetti does not play."

"To smoke, didn't you?"

"I do not smoke."

"How many times have you drank with him?"

"Vanzetti does not drink."

Said Bart, commenting on this evidence: "What a method to find out whether I had been robbing in Bridgewater or delivering fish in Plymouth on the 24th of December, 1919!" Poor

Bart, who had to sit in complete silence, watching all this from inside a cage, sternly rebuked on the one occasion when he dared to interrupt! He had to see the rascalities of the prosecution, and the unconvincing quality of the defense—he who, from first to last, understood the case better than any other person interested in it, even the most famous and most expensive of lawyers! He who could read every motive, understand every character, predict every event, and advise, generally in vain, what should be done—he had to sit and watch everything done wrong, and ruin come down upon him like a slow-grinding glacier.

VI

One by one came Italian witnesses, telling the story of Vanzetti's movements through every hour of that fateful day. Vincenzo Brini had come home from night-work, and got some eels, and chatted with his friend and former boarder. Bastoni, the baker, had refused to rent the horse and wagon; the time was exactly seven-forty-five, because the cordage whistle blew as Bart entered the store, and "that whistle is our bread and butter." And then Beltrando Brini, twelve years and a half old, bright-eyed and eager, speaking very good English, and thoroughly alert to the meaning of this scene. Trando had first been with Bart about seven-thirty, and had been sent home to hunt out his rubbers from the attic. He had rejoined Bart just as the latter left the baker's, and told about his disappointment over the horse and wagon, and how he had talked about it every day thereafter. He told how he and Bart had gone from house to house, up one street and down another, delivering their eels, until two-forty that afternoon. He named the streets and the people, described the houses and told of conversations, every detail that lived in his mind.

And Mr. Katzmann took him and spent two hours trying to trap him; making him tell parts of his story over and over, hoping that it would vary; pretending that Trando had said things he hadn't said; trying to mix him up about the number of hours he had been with Bart—because Trando took out the time he was hunting rubbers and the time he went to lunch, and Mr. Katzmann pretended not to understand this. He asked what

did the basket of eels weigh, and could Trando carry it the long route he had described. Trando replied that any one could see, the basket got lighter as he delivered. In the end Katzmann had to give up, and pay Trando the high compliment of calling him such another as Katzmann himself. Turning to the jury he said: "The parents of such an intelligent boy are right to be proud of him, but what he told you from the stand is a lesson learned by heart."

There came a string of Italian housewives, telling how Vanzetti had sold them eels; eight or ten testified, and there were twice as many more, but the lawyers said it would be a mistake, "the jury will be bored with so much eel-talk." If they refused to believe a score of Italian witnesses, would they believe two score or three score? The lawyers insisted that the alibi had been proved. But Bart was not satisfied, he was angry because of the efforts of the prosecution to claim that he had had a "cropped mustache." He pointed to his soft and silky hairs, which could not be got to stand out; there were so few of them, that was why he had always worn his mustaches long; if he had cut them short, there would have been nothing. For eight years he had been going about this town of Plymouth with his walrus mustaches, and everybody knew him; but this jury contained only one Plymouth man, and did not know him. Bart insisted that the truth about his mustache must be proved, and in a passion of indignation he told his lawyers that if they did not do it, he would rise up in court and denounce them for treason to their client.

So at the last moment the Italian "runner" went scurrying to find some of Vanzetti's friends who knew that his mustaches had never been trimmed. Also Cornelia and Betty and Joe and the Brinis went hunting—and strange was that experience, painful that discovery about human nature, in this terror-ridden town of Cordage. Policemen who knew Vanzetti, and had seen him on the street many times a week for eight years, were afraid for their jobs if they testified as to the length of his mustaches! Contractors who had hired him were afraid for their future contracts! Italian barbers were afraid for their little shops, and their little bootlegging on the side!

In the end they found two policemen who gave nervous and halting testimony that Vanzetti had always worn his walrus

mustaches. They found an Italian cement contractor, Christofore, who had employed Vanzetti, and found him a good workman, and had always known him with his mustaches. The prosecuting attorney browbeat this witness, who knew no English, asking him about the mustaches of this person and that—among them of Beltrando Brini, aged twelve and a half years! He asked about the proprietor of one of Plymouth's big hotels—what kind of a mustache did this gentleman have, and Christofore described it, a small mustache that he was growing. After the noon recess the gentleman was put upon the stand, and exhibited to the jury a completely smooth-shaven face! What was the use of all this mustache-talk, said the district attorney, when they put a mustache on a man who had never had one?

The only time in her life that Cornelia ever heard Vanzetti swear was when he talked about this dirty trick which had been played upon him. For trick it was—whether the hotel proprietor had got shaved especially for his appearance as a witness, or whether it had just happened, that he had got shaved since the Italians had last met him. This much was certain: Christofore had seen this hotel proprietor with a mustache, and so had Vanzetti and many of his friends. The jury could not know, because, with one exception, they were outsiders. But Katzmann and Judge Thayer had sometimes been known to stay at this man's hotel, and to sit in front of his fire-place in the evening, gossiping with him about what had happened during the day.

VII

Such was the closing scene of this duel of evidence. The jury listened to the genial Mr. Katzmann become suddenly stern and patriotic. "Dagoes stand together!" he exclaimed—and it was easy for them to draw the conclusion that Americans should profit by their example. Then came Judge Thayer, thin-faced, tight-lipped, sharp-voiced, such a great man as these little men of the jury had been taught to reverence. Nothing of the inferiority complex now, nothing of the restless uneasiness, the vulgar craving for attention. It was the great actor now, playing the part which had been his life-study. He knew exactly what instructions to give to these Yankee jurymen, to appeal to

their prejudices without seeming to do so. When students of the case sought to ascertain what he had said, it was discovered that the court stenographer's notes had been burned, and that the copy furnished the defense was strangely lacking in part of the judge's charge.

The jury retired to deliberate, and carried with them the four shotgun shells which were alleged to have been found upon Vanzetti. They had been identified as ordinary hunting shells, containing bird-shot, which would not be apt to kill a man. But the jurors decided to investigate further, so they opened them, and behold, they were filled with buckshot, which would surely kill a man!

Now there is no point upon which English and American law is more strict than this, that all evidence in a criminal trial must be produced in the presence of the defendant. Vanzetti was entitled to know about those buckshot, and to explain the fact if he could. Maybe he would have taken the stand, maybe Sacco would have done so; maybe they might have wished to ask, who had had the keeping of those shells for the past six months, and what were the chances of their having got mixed up with other shells. There were no identifying marks upon them—but Vanzetti never had a chance to point this out. The jury went ahead and brought in a verdict; and next day one of the jurors happened to meet Judge Thayer in a restaurant, and showed him several of the buckshot. Judge Thayer knew at once that if this story leaked out, the whole expensive trial would go for nothing. He hurried to Katzmann, who came and got the buckshot from the juror before he left the place. Then Katzmann phoned the other jurors to come to his office, and warned them, and the matter was hushed up.

It was half a year later that the facts got out, and then several of the jurors made affidavits about it. An effort was made to invalidate the trial on this ground, but the matter was never argued. If it had been, it would have been argued before Judge Thayer! Whenever during the next seven years the defense discovered new evidence, they would make a motion for a new trial, and under the laws of the august Commonwealth of Massachusetts, a decision would be handed down by Judge Thayer! When the defense set up a claim that the judge in the Sacco-Vanzetti case had shown prejudice, they made a motion,

and it was referred to Judge Thayer, who solemnly listened to arguments, and solemnly handed down a decision to the effect that he had no jurisdiction! Incidentally he solemnly stated that he had no prejudice; and this after he had been going about among his clubmates for several years, saying, "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards?"

The indictment charged "attempting to rob" and "attempting to kill." The judge in his instructions had directed that the second charge should be ignored, because the evidence showed that the bandits had merely sought to intimidate the guards; they could hardly have missed their targets with a shotgun at such close range. But after the jurors had opened the shells and found the buckshot, they decided to ignore the judge's instructions, and brought in a verdict of guilty on both counts. The judge, in an effort to correct this error, took the liberty of ignoring one-half the jury's verdict and sentencing the prisoner to the maximum penalty of fifteen years in state's prison for attempting to rob.

The scene in the court-room when the verdict was brought in was a heart-rending one. For ten days the friends of Vanzetti had sat in a tension of anxiety, and now their grief was not to be restrained. Cornelia bowed her head in her arms and wept, while Betty sat, white-faced and quivering, clutching Joe's hand. The Italian women became hysterical; they screamed and wailed, and the contagion spread from one to another—it was a scene of utter desperation, never anything to equal it. Vanzetti had to stand up and cry to them, "Coraggio! Coraggio!" His guards permitted that much before they shackled his wrists to their own, and led him swiftly out by a side door, and put him into a car and whisked him away to the jail.

Next day when Cornelia and Betty went to see him, for the first time they met an utterly broken man. Again and again he said the words with which he had first greeted them, "My enemy have got me!" He told them what the rest would be—he, the clear-sighted one, the thinker, the analyst of class forces. "I am a convicted. Nick is the friend of a convicted, he is a bandit already, he is a dead man. The jury will say, 'One of them is bad, why should other be better?'" And when Cornelia pledged her word that she would move heaven and earth to have this verdict set aside, he told her, "You will try, Nonna, but never

will be succeeded. It is not for bandit I am convicted, it is for anarchista. If men do sooch trick like you see in court, what is use for hoping?"

Then it was that he swore, because of that mustache trick which had been played by the hotel proprietor. At that time he did not know about the buckshot. He did not know about the Pinkerton reports, which had been kept hidden by the prosecution. He did not know about the witnesses who had been rejected by the police because they did not describe the bandits according to the "theory." But he did know about the great cordage company, and the losses he had caused it in the strike; so, when Cornelia talked about decent people who would not stand for that "mustache trick," he laughed a bitter laugh. "You will see, Nonna. They will say, it is for jury to decide. They will say, musta trust jury, musta stand by court."

VIII

They put Vanzetti in an automobile, and with another car full of armed men in front and a third one bringing up the rear, they drove him to Boston and shut him behind the stone walls of the dingy old Charlestown prison—built in 1805, when the population of Massachusetts was one-tenth what it is now. It stands directly across the river from the city, so placed that on certain mornings when the sun rises clear, the shadow of Bunker Hill monument strikes its walls. An odd turn of fate, that this Italian seeker of liberty should have been convicted within sight of Plymouth Rock, and killed on ground over which Paul Revere had ridden.

They weighed him and measured him and scientifically scrutinized him, and dressed him in faded khaki, and put him in a cell containing an iron cot, and a free space eight feet long and one foot, ten inches wide, with light falling from a narrow slit in the ceiling. In that cell he would stay, fifteen and a half hours out of twenty-four, for the next seven years—except for the holidays of another indictment, trial and sentence. Of the remaining hours a day he would spend seven working in a tailor-shop, and forty minutes in a yard, overcrowded, smoky and dusty.

Soon after the beginning of this régime the Catholic chaplain

of the prison came to see him. It is a Catholic maxim—therefore a prison maxim—that “once a Catholic, always a Catholic”; and even an alleged atheist is a human being, and may respond to kindness and sympathy. The good Father Murphy talked to him, not about religion, but about general matters; and then, having got on friendly terms, remarked, quite casually, “Tell me, Vanzetti, who drove the car at South Braintree?” Thereupon the alleged atheist rose up with dignity, and asked for the privilege of being alone in his cell, and the consolations of organized, institutionalized and subsidized religion were missing from the remainder of his life.

Instead he sought the consolations of literature. He wrote a long letter, pouring out his soul—and incidentally revealing that he was coming to feel at home in a new language; he no longer had to look up every word.

“I was just thinking what I would do for past the long days jail: I was saying to myself: Do some work. But what? Write. A gentle motherly figure came to my mind and I rehear the voice: Why don’t you write something now? It will be useful to you when you will be free. Just at that time I received your letter.

“Thanks to you from the bottom of my heart for your confidence in my innocence; I am so. I did not spittel a drop of blood, or steal a cent in all my life. A little knowledge of the past; a sorrowful experience of the life itself had gave to me some ideas very different from those of many other uman beings. But I wish to convince my fellow-men that only with virtue and honesty is possible for us to find a little happiness in the world. I preached: I worked. I wished with all my faculties that the social wealth would belong to every umane creatures, so well as it was the fruit of the work of all. But this do not mean robbery for a insurrection.

“The insurrection, the great movements of the soul do not need dollars. It need love, light, spirit of sacrifice, ideas, conscience, instincts. It need more conscience, more hope and more goodness. And all this blassing things can be seeded, awoked, growed up in the heart of man in many ways, but not by robbery and murder for robbery.

“I like you to know that I think to Italy, so speaking. From the universal family, turning to this humble son, I will say that,

as far as my needs, wish and aspirations call, I do not need to become a bandit. I like the teaching of Tolstoi, Saint Francesco and Dante. I like the example of Cincinnati and Garibaldi. The epicurean joi do not like to me. A little roof, a field, a few books and food is all what I need. I do not care for money, for leisure, for mondane ambition. And honest, even in this world of lambs and wolves I can have those things. But my father has many field, houses, garden. He deal in wine and fruits and granaries. He wrote to me many times to come back home, and be a business man. Well, this supposed murderer had answered to him that my conscience do not permit to me to be a business man and I will gain my bread by work his field.

"And more: The clearness of mind, the peace of the conscience, the determination and force of will, the intelligence, all, all what make the man feeling to be a part of the life, force and intelligence of the universe, will be brake by a crime. I know that, I see that, I tell that to everybody. Do not violate the law of nature, if you do not want to be a miserable. I remember: it was a night without moon, but starry. I sit alone in the darkness, I was sorry, very sorry. With the face in my hands I began to look at the stars. I feel that my soul want goes away from my body, and I have had to make an effort to keep it in my chest. So, I am the son of Nature, and I am so rich that I do not need any money. And for this they say I am a murderer and will condemn me to death. Death? It is nothing. Abominium is cruel thing.

"Now you advise me to study. Yes, it would be a good thing. But I do not know enough this language to be able to make any study through it. I will like to read Longfellow's, Paine's, Franklin's and Jefferson's works, but I cannot. I would like to study mathematics, physics, history and science, but I have not a sufficient elementary school to begin such studies, especially the two first and I cannot study without work, hard physical work, sunshine and winds; free, blassing wind. There is no flame without the atmospheric gasses; and no light of genius in any soul without they communion with Mother Nature.

"I hope to see you very soon; I will tell you more in the matter. I will write something, a meditation perhaps and name it: Waiting for the Hanger. I have lost the confidence in the

justice of man. I mean in what is called so; not of course, of that sentiment which lay in the heart of man, and that no infernal force will be strong enough to suffocate it. Your assistance and the assistance of so many good men and women, had made my cross much more light. I will not forget it.

"I beg your pardon for such a long letter, but I feel so reminiscent to you that hundred pages would not be sufficient to extern my sentiments and feelings. I am sure you will excuse me. Salve.

"Give to all my best regards and wishes, Your

"BARTHOLOMEW VANZETTI."

IX

Cornelia and Betty and Joe were back in Boston, the first two having been hurriedly summoned for the funeral of Great-aunt Priscilla. It is highly inconvenient, belonging to one of these big families; there are so many funerals, weddings and christenings, which it would be unthinkable not to attend.

An extraordinary thing had happened to this aged female Brahmin in the closing months of her life; the bacillus of eccentricity, which lurks in all Boston blue blood, had suddenly flared into activity. Priscilla Quincy Adams Thornwell, spinster, aged eighty-seven, stiff as a ramrod and model of every known or conceivable kind of propriety, had suddenly fallen under the spell of an Episcopal faith-healer, who was traveling about the country insisting that every bishop, even every country parson, could demonstrate the living presence of God, work miracles, and stop the slow dribble of Episcopalians into Christian Science.

Great-aunt Priscilla almost succeeded in arising and taking up her bed and walking, in spite of the complete ankylosis of her spine; she insisted that she would have done it, had it not been that her relatives persisted in reminding her of her great age—a "negative suggestion." She took up the habit of being what she called "instant in prayer," which meant that she was liable to start talking to God at any moment. It was embarrassing to her relatives and friends, because of course no one likes to interrupt a talk with God, and feels something of an interloper even to sit and listen to it. Great-aunt Priscilla

summoned her brother, Abner, over whom she had great authority, because he was only eighty-five years old, and tried to persuade him to appeal for a cure of his deafness. But Abner argued that if God had meant him not to be deaf, God wouldn't have made him deaf; and this was a relief to the family, because it frightened them to imagine Abner becoming "instant in prayer," with that deaf man's voice which filled the biggest house in Boston.

And now it was discovered that Priscilla Quincy Adams Thornwell, spinster, had left a letter asserting that the Episcopal service for the burial of the dead was a denial of the faith of Jesus, and specifying that she was to be buried from Trinity Church with the services for Easter Morning! It was a problem for authorities in ecclesiastical etiquette; but to defy a Thornwell was unthinkable, so the rector and his assistants finally decided that One to whom a thousand years were as a day might conceivably accept any day as Easter. There were no lilies on the market, but there were plenty of roses, and the occasion created almost as much excitement as a vaudeville show that was likely to be raided by the police. It was as if everybody were secretly wondering whether the Lord might give some sign of his displeasure at this setting back of the church calendar for three months. But apparently the Lord understood Boston, a city which is governed by the old, and especially the old ladies.

They were all at this service, even though they had to motor a hundred miles from the country. They wore their black dresses and bonnets, some new and shiny, some old and rusty—but never forget that the rustiest might be the richest. To wear a dowdy dress and a mangy fur tippet might mean one who was able to scorn ostentation—just as illiteracy in an English duke means that he is above the laws of grammar. One of these old ladies might dispose of millions upon a whim, and her lightest word was social law. They sat in family pews which had belonged to them since the great brown-stone church was built; beside them the younger generations—sweet-faced ladies, better dressed, and oh, so neat and clean, gazing with rapt faces at a fairy-story setting of white roses and candles and stained-glass-window saints, and a procession of toddlers in white robes, singing in cherubs' voices to the rolling music of four organs in four different corners. How beautiful it all was, and

how serene—and how amazing to come to it out of that world of lies and cruelty which Cornelia and Betty had just left!

Look about you at these perfect Anglo-Saxon faces—not a foreign one among them—so elegant and so satisfied! Note the costumes, polished to the last pin, and chosen with impeccable taste—broadcloth and patent leather and spats for the men, veils and laces, silk stockings and delicate scents, flowers and unostentatious jewelry for the ladies! Note the soft, cultivated voices, the gracious manners, rehearsed for centuries! Note the ancient formulas, the ritual established since eternity; the prayers and anthems rising to an Anglo-Saxon God, untainted by His temporary sojourn in a Hebrew womb. Bland saints in all the windows, with golden haloes and bright-colored robes, untainted by contact with the fishing industry. A rector who was the last word in Back Bay fashion, the Harvard manner grafted upon a mediæval ecclesiastic.

While the sweet-faced ladies gazed up at him adoringly, he pronounced a little eulogy upon the virtues of the dear departed, whose faith and funds had nourished the church for two generations and a half. It wasn't customary to make speeches at church funerals; but since this was an Easter Sunday service, a different rule might well apply. The rector referred to the recent new fervors of the deceased, a matter which required tact, because this rector had got his training in days when the theological department of the university was separate from the medical. He made an excursion into the field of modern thought, revealing that he had heard of the science of astronomy and knew that the earth was small; more amazing yet, he gave up the Virgin birth, saying that we did not know just what had happened on that occasion, and perhaps would never know. It sounded like a hint at some scandal in the Holy Family, and would have made a scandal in Episcopal circles in other cities: but not in Boston, where everything is far advanced, and Trinity Church has to compete with King's Chapel, which is Unitarian, and even more intellectual, and if possible more fashionable.

X

The funeral had the effect of bringing Cornelia and Betty back into the family, and they heard the latest gossip. Alice

Winters was still supporting her "little theater," but very unhappy, because her poet, supposed to be storming Parnassus, was getting drunk every night, and neglecting his muse for a brazen, yellow-headed flapper. Clara Scatterbridge was getting stout, and the best reducing experts could not solve her problem; she concealed the dire truth from these advisers, but not from the Argus eyes of the family—that she kept an assortment of sweets in her boudoir, and nibbled chocolates and candied fruits all day.

Great-uncle Abner was very melancholy now; he was the last of the old generation, he said, and his time would come soon—which was certainly a negative suggestion! He could no longer remember the chess moves he had made last week, and his son Quincy was losing games on purpose, in order to keep up the old man's spirits. Abner had gone to stay with the Scatterbridges, because he liked to be with the children; each of the younger ones had a donkey to ride, and Abner had one too, and rode at the head of the procession, all over the estate—a most laughable sight. But everybody had to keep a sober face, because if you laughed at anything whatever, the old man would think you were laughing at him, and would take ineradicable offense.

Deborah came to the little apartment to have lunch with her mother and daughter; and presently it transpired that the Argus eyes of the family had observed Betty going about town with a young man by the name of Joseph Jefferson Randall. Who was he? A grandson of the actor? Betty said no, he was one of the Randalls of Pakenham Court House, Virginia, and a nephew of Senator Randall, now ambassador to one of the South American countries.

"Don't you think, dear, you had better let your mother meet him?" inquired Deborah, mildly.

"No, Mother, I don't," said the younger generation. "Joe is much less radical than I, but he always says what he thinks, and so he would make you very unhappy."

"Don't you say what you think, my daughter?"

"Practically never, Mother. I bite my tongue off several times every hour."

Deborah said no more, but Betty knew what she would do—and so did Deborah. What are the secret, underground channels

of the blue-bloods, by which they find out whatever they wish to know? Do they have indexes and card-files, like the Quaker attorney-general, so that they can telegraph and ascertain who is who, and what are his family scandals? Anyhow, the next time Deborah came to town, she knew that Joe's father was a "drinking man," whose wife had divorced him. Fortunately Deborah hadn't found out that Joe himself was married; but she imagined the worst, because divorces are a matter of heredity, like cancer, she said.

Deborah's hope was to persuade Cornelia and Betty to accompany Betty's older sister to Europe for the rest of the summer—since young Priscilla's wedding had been put off by the death of her great-aunt, whose namesake she was. Failing in that, Deborah's next campaign was to persuade the pair to come out and spend the summer at the Rupert Alvin palace on the North Shore. Deborah was lonely, she said, pathetically; her husband had so many cares just now, owing to the collapse of business. Deborah even went so far as to promise that Cornelia and Betty would be free to believe and say what they pleased, and she would not argue with them—a most remarkable "come-down" for so haughty and stern a lady.

Anything to get Betty away from the companionship of that dangerous young Virginian! To divert her with yachting and tennis and lawn-parties and picnics, in the company of sound and wholesome graduates of the Harvard "Gold Coast," their blood free from the hereditary virus of divorce! But both Cornelia and Betty were obdurate; they were going to stay cooped up in that hot little apartment all July and August, to consult lawyers and organize committees and raise funds for the defense of two anarchist bandits!

XI

The men of the Thornwell family indeed had their hands full that summer. The expected post-war collapse had come—or rather it had been brought about by those who realized that prices had got too high, and that "deflation" was necessary. Naturally, these men wanted to deflate everybody but themselves, and having the power, they did so. The heads of the great banking groups, of whom Rupert Alvin was one of the

most careful and conscientious, had devised what they called the "Federal Reserve System," a chain of banks financed by the government and run by the bankers; its function was to enable the great bankers to save themselves in times of panic, by issuing vast sums of new money, and lending it to the big industries, whose stocks and bonds are the mainstay of banking credit. That meant that when a panic came, it was the little fellows and the outsiders who were "deflated," while the big bankers and their friends sat on a rock and waited for the storm to blow over.

Having this power in their hands, Rupert and his associates in the course of that summer of 1920 had their Federal Reserve banks suddenly raise the discount rates in the farming country; the result of which was to force the dumping of the country's farm produce on the market. Prices collapsed to a point where most of the farmers were bankrupt, and in the Northwest there were whole counties with every single farm sold for taxes. Meantime the big industrialists of the East, having bank-credit, were able to hold their products, and close down their plants and wait.

But if Rupert and his Pilgrim National crowd thought they were going to have a happy time riding that storm, they learned a sad lesson. The saying that uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, applies to the kings of modern credit as well as to those of Shakespearean drama. It was as if Rupert were the guardian of a huge honey-pot, and had the job of apportioning its contents to all the flies in New England. They swarmed about him, making a quite terrifying buzzing—and it was a fact that many of them had stings, more or less dangerous, and threatened to use them, and sometimes did. Impossible for a great banker to sleep with all that clamor in his ears! Impossible for any member of his family to sleep—because there were lady-flies as well as gentleman, and they too could buzz and sting!

To drop metaphors, it was a fact that a small group of bankers had to decide, during that panic, which industries of the community were to be saved and which were to go to the wall. And needless to say, in a place like Boston, it was not a question of vulgar material efficiency, it was a question of social status. Who was who, and who was married to whom, and what was the relative blueness of this blood and that? The difference

between the attitudes of Boston and New York in this matter are set forth in a story which all financial men delight to tell, about the New York banker who wrote to a Boston friend, saying that he had a position for a capable young man. The Boston banker sent one, with a letter explaining that he was a great-nephew of the late Josiah Quincy Thornwell, a nephew of John Quincy Thornwell and of Rupert Alvin, a cousin of the Cabots, and so on. Whereupon the vulgar New Yorker dismissed the applicant and sent a telegram, reading: "I did not want a young man for breeding purposes, I wanted one for banking."

The emergency now was the most desperate the Boston blue-bloods had faced for a long time. It was no mere play question, like belonging to a Sewing Circle, or getting your daughters into Camp Putnam and the Friday dances, or your sons into the "Porcellian" and the "Alpha Delta Phi." No, it was a question of your very life-blood, that privilege upon which your family existence was based. So you forgot your good manners, and fought as your ancestors had fought, in the days before they had any manners. You threatened and stormed, and raked up ancient, long-buried family skeletons, and made life miserable for a great banker who had for years been suffering from high blood pressure, and had been warned by Morrow, eminent authority upon diseases of the rich.

Rupert became morose under the strain. His pink and purple bulges, which had seemed to be radiating geniality, now took on the aspect of a threatened explosion. He fell to grumbling about human nature. Nobody cared about anything but money; friendship, family pride, honor, all were gone. He would carry his burden of sorrow for days, and suddenly it would become too heavy, and he would dump it in some quite unsuitable place. An elderly widow, a friend of Cornelia's, sought him as adviser about the purchase of bonds, and the great and busy head of the Pilgrim National Bank kept the astonished lady for half an hour while he impressed upon her the solemn duty of guarding her property. "Hold on to it! You have nothing else—absolutely nothing! When it is gone you will discover that nobody respects you, your friends have no use for you. Nothing counts to-day but money!" The widow-lady might have had her feelings hurt, but she understood that it was impersonal, a revelation of the banker-soul.

But for the most part Rupert kept his pessimistic thoughts to pour out upon his spouse in the privacy of their chamber, after the lights were out, and they lay in the chaste retirement of their twin beds, under brocaded blue silk counterpanes. He would expatiate upon the abnormal greediness of this one and that, and after he had begun to snore, Deborah would lie still and petition the Lord to soften the hearts of the greedy ones, and spare her good and noble husband, who was sacrificing his very life to preserve sound and conservative banking in New England—which meant, of course, banking under the control of the Pilgrim National group.

XII

There are some whose claims were not to be questioned. Unthinkable that any Thornwell should go to the wall, or any one who could claim kinship, even by marriage. Those huge Thornwell Mills had to have many millions of credit, to enable them to store their manufactured products, and turn off their operatives to starve. And of course they got it; you have only to imagine the hysterics that Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge would have had in the boudoir of Deborah Thornwell Alvin, if Rupert had dreamed of refusing! John Quincy Thornwell needed a small fortune, for a shipping deal he had been putting through on the side; and he got it from Rupert's bank. Rupert also needed a fortune, for some of those subsidiary plants which he and Henry Cabot Winters had taken away from Jerry Walker, and had kept all to themselves. Rupert got this money from the Fifth National Bank, of which John Quincy Thornwell was president. So these big fellows shifted millions about from their right-hand pockets to their left-hand pockets, and shrewd lawyers like Henry Cabot Winters were there to tell them exactly how to do it, so they need never worry if some spy told on them, and caused a government bank-examiner to drop in.

They knew that their rivals had spies on them, because they had spies on their rivals. And when these spies would bring in reports of what was going on, Henry Cabot Winters and the other legal spiders would be called in to consider how to meet the rivals' moves. If it was discovered that some little fellow,

having less expensive legal talent, had slipped up somewhere, and done something which the law did not allow, then was the time to use your pull with the bank-examiner, whom you had caused to be appointed a few years ago, and whom you were going to make into a bank-president in the course of another year or two—after he had completed the job of putting your rivals out of business.

That was the way the blue-bloods kept the banking industry a strictly blue-blooded affair. The foreigners, and especially the Jews, had got into everything else. For decades they had been boycotted as department-store owners, but now several of the biggest and most successful stores were in the hands of Jews. They had got clothing and wool and leather; they had the theaters, and were breaking into law and medicine—but they were never going to get the banking-business, not if Rupert Alvin and the rest of the “high hats” could prevent it. And they could!

At this time there was a Jewish banker who had broken into the reserve. Simon Swig was his name—which in itself was enough to demonstrate the impropriety of allowing a Jew to become directing head of a bank! He had come into the country as a common immigrant, and now had got hold of the Tremont Trust Company, an honorable institution, and was running it on bargain-day principles—paying five and a half per cent on savings accounts, and advertising the fact, which was unethical, but brought in the business. He was a rascal, so the blue-bloods said, and doubtless it was true, but you had to remember that in high finance rascality is a question of degree. The respectable bankers were breaking any number of laws, but having the banking authorities in their clubs, they were not punished. Neither were they exposed, because they had the newspapers, and their “news bureaus,” run by large stout subsidized “experts”—whose expertness lay in making the public believe whatever Rupert Alvin and men of his sort desired.

In the course of that chain of troubles, the state bank-examiners swooped down one morning and tacked a notice on the door of the Tremont Trust Company, to the effect that it was closed and forbidden to do business. And that was all there was to it—the Tremont Trust stayed closed, and it didn't do any business. If it had been a “blue-blood” bank, it would have been “tided over”; instead of which it was turned over to a “blue-

blood" receiver, and paid its savings depositors a hundred cents on the dollar—which seemed rather to justify the claim of Simon Swig that it had been sound all along.

XIII

What started the trouble that summer was the problem of Charles Ponzi. An Italian immigrant who had come to America about the same time as Vanzetti, and with even less money in his pocket, Ponzi, too, had washed dishes for a living; but he had not wasted his time dreaming about "joostice"—no, he was the sort of immigrant America wants, he had dreamed of making a million dollars in a week, and he had done it. He discovered a curious situation in international exchange, so he said; it was possible to buy postal coupons in Vienna, and sell them at a higher rate in Switzerland, and thus you could turn a thousand dollars into twenty-five thousand. It made good advertising copy, and was no more false than what the big bankers were telling the public about their Federal Reserve System. Anyhow, Ponzi opened a dingy little office in School Street, quite in the correct Boston tradition—for many of the big New England corporations had dingy little offices in some of those two-hundred-year-old houses in dark and narrow streets which had been laid out by cows.

Charles Ponzi advertised that he would sell you a forty-five-day certificate, which you were free to redeem at any time, but if you would wait till the end of the forty-five days, you would get fifty per cent interest. The tidings spread among the million inhabitants of Boston, and all those persons who cherished the dream of getting rich without working came to buy certificates—which meant that Ponzi had approximately a million customers. Such a mob of people tried to get into his dingy office all at once that the police reserves had to be called out to keep them from being crushed to death. In that suffocating room you saw rich ladies in silks and jewels, newsboys, street peddlers, workingwomen with babies in their arms, scrubwomen clutching in their hands the earnings of half a lifetime on their knees. They all wanted to give it to Ponzi, and he took it, and fulfilled the immigrant's dream by buying himself a palace in

the country, with the most expensive custom-built limousine in Boston to bring him to town.

Ponzi was imperiling the savings banks by causing the public to draw out all their money; he was buying into the big trust companies, and in danger of becoming a real banker. Worse yet, he was filling the public mind with unrest, talking recklessly to the newspapers. He kept saying that in making a hundred per cent profit in three months he was merely doing what many big bankers were doing—the difference being that he was giving the public fifty percent, whereas the big bankers gave only five percent. If any one were to say how near to the truth that was, the person would not be believed, so it would be useless to say it.

The bank-examiners and district attorneys got busy, and filled the papers with rumors that Ponzi was about to be arrested. It was difficult to take action because the ex-dishwasher was now worth about twelve million dollars, and actually had five millions cash in Boston banks, and nobody so rich had ever been arrested in New England. Moreover, he had hired a very able lawyer, who was later on disbarred as a "fixer"; he paid that lawyer a million dollars before he got through, and would undoubtedly have got off, had not Rupert and his crowd been so determined to get him out of the way.

As often occurs with financial storms, this one got out of control, and brought down several institutions: the Cosmopolitan Trust, the Prudential Trust, the Fidelity Trust—it was a rollcall of respectability. It so happened that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had several hundred thousand dollars in these banks, and several counties had as much. The city of Cambridge, the home of Harvard University, just across the river, was stuck for half a million—the greater part having been got by a trick played upon the city treasurer a few months before the crash. All this caused a terrific scandal, and a long train of consequences most distressing to Rupert Alvin and his friends. For the examinations of the banks disclosed that many of the state legislators had been borrowing money without any security, and had used this money to buy stocks in public utilities, while passing a bill to triple their value.

Not so long ago the Pilgrim National crowd had driven the Boston Elevated Railway onto the financial rocks, and taken it over; then, in order to put it back on its feet, they had jammed

through the legislature a so-called Public Control bill, whereby the Commonwealth guaranteed dividends to the Elevated stockholders, which made necessary a ten-cent fare. So here was the blue-blooded and high-hatted and in all ways ineffable Rupert Alvin playing Santa Claus and angel to the politicians and legislators of his Commonwealth! The disclosure was half a year in the future, but that only meant the prolonging of Rupert's worry; for of course he knew what was in the records of the banks, and he knew that when the public has lost a lot of money and become furiously angry, it is much harder to keep news out of the papers.

XIV

Another trouble looming, if possible even more serious! Jerry Walker had come back from his nervous breakdown, and had found out some details of the intrigue by which Rupert and Henry Cabot Winters had persuaded the other bankers to join in taking his ten-million-dollar properties. Jerry had consulted lawyers, and made a deal with one of them, a bristling little bull-dog of a man who had taken many a million away from big bankers on previous occasions. Now, under the law, Jerry had a right to put questions to Rupert, as to what Rupert had done to him, and Rupert was compelled to answer, under penalty of being considered to have admitted his guilt! So there would come to the Pilgrim National crowd and their lawyers long letters full of questions, agonizingly direct and to the point; and there would be conferences of great financial and legal personages, and private conferences in Rupert's study late at night, in which Rupert and his brother-in-law would go over what they had done to Jerry, and many times wish they had done it a little differently!

Betty Alvin found out about this, because she ran into Lucile Walker in the lobby of one of the hotels. They had not met since Betty's departure for Europe, more than a year ago; so they rushed into each other's arms, girl fashion, and then adjourned to the tea-room to talk things over. Lucile had solved her financial and other problems in the good old established way; she was now Mrs. Percy G. Townsend, her husband a manufacturer of some kind of electrical equipment. He was

young and enthusiastic, and so was his wife, and they were going to work hard and build up a business, and then some day one of the big thinking groups would take it over.

Betty told a little about her adventures in Hungary and Russia and Plymouth, Massachusetts; after which there was an embarrassed pause on Lucile's part, and she said, "I suppose you know what Papa is doing?" When Betty said she didn't, Lucile told about the suit that was coming; and when Betty said that she was not taking her father's side in his business fights, Lucile told more of the story. It was going to mean a dreadful lot of publicity for all of them, because those big State Street bankers would be put on the witness stand and questioned about the deals they had made, and how they had divided Mr. Walker's properties. Betty said she had told her mother that she would never touch any of that money; just now she was wrestling with the problem whether she ought to take any money at all from her father. She was able to earn her own living, and wanted to—but also she wanted to give her time to organizing a Sacco-Vanzetti defense, and she couldn't earn a living at that.

Betty went home and told her grandmother; and so when Cornelia happened to meet Henry Cabot Winters, she was able to pose as a woman of the world, in touch with secret news channels. Henry, of course, had no trouble in guessing how she knew, and there developed a curious situation. A couple of years ago he had been indignant at the idea that Jerry Walker might be using Cornelia as a means of getting information from the Thornwells; but now he wanted to use Cornelia to get information as to the plans of Jerry Walker! He went so far as to propose a "swap": if Cornelia would find out all she could from the Walkers, Henry would use his inside connections to help Cornelia's beloved bandits. He would get in touch with the officials, and find out what their plans were, and might even be able to find some way to get those rascals off.

Somehow this tickled Cornelia's funny-bone, and she burst into laughter. "You and Rupert must be badly scared," she said; and after Henry had made sure that she was not going to talk to the Walkers about it, he admitted that they were. It was not that they had done anything wrong—nobody in Boston ever does that—but it was going to be such a mess, to have the letters

and telegrams and confidential memoranda of a great banking project spread out in the newspapers.

"Can't you clean out your files?" asked Cornelia, with a twinkle in her eye. He answered that it wasn't so easy as it sounded, because one document referred to the next, and there were copies in a dozen different banks. If you took out very much, your employees were bound to know it, and that exposed you to spying and blackmail. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!

xv

Troubles! Troubles! Even in far-off Italy, that summer and fall, people were occupied in making troubles for Rupert Alvin and his associates. The big bankers had filled up their vaults with the gold-embossed and red-sealed financial promises of European governments; and vain was the hope to save themselves by unloading this paper on the public. Because after a bank customer had bought it, he generally came back to leave it as security up to eighty percent of its market value; and how could Rupert refuse to lend money on a bond which he had certified as an investment for widows and orphans? So it had come about that every time a European premier sneezed, Rupert Alvin jumped in his sleep; when the anarchists paraded in Milan or Turin and waved their black flags, Rupert couldn't sleep at all.

That summer the radical labor unions of Italy made their long expected coup—moving in and taking possession of the principal steel and machine plants of the country. But having got in, they didn't know what to do next, because they could not turn a wheel of the plants without coal, and the coal had to come from England or America, in English or American ships, upon English or American credit. Were English or American coal men going to extend credit to Italian anarchists, anarcho-syndicalists, communist-anarchists and left-wing socialists? The coal men of England and America, like all the other big business men of those countries, were going to do what their Rupert Alvins told them; and the Rupert Alvins said thumbs down on Reds. So the Italian workers had to make peace with their masters, and give up the plants; and then it was necessary

for the masters to organize a counter-revolutionary government, to break up the labor unions and kill off the leaders. To do that they had to have the machinery of reaction and slaughter—and where else should they come for it but to America?

So it happened that Rupert Alvin, in the midst of all his troubles with Ponzi, and Simon Swig, and the half dozen closed banks, and the threatened Elevated Railway scandal, and the hiding of evidence in the Jerry Walker case, and the unhappiness over Betty and Cornelia—with all this nightmare-load riding his shoulders, Rupert Alvin had to interview agents of the banking and manufacturing interests of Italy, and listen to plans for the coup d'état which was to turn that country into a dictatorship of big capital. No possible way to avoid it—unless all the money that had been loaned to Italy during and since the war was to be lost. The bankers of Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Chicago had to get together and do for Italy what they had already done for Hungary and Roumania and Czechoslovakia and Finland and Esthonia and Latvia and Lithuania—so many miserable little bonded states that it gave a hundred percent American a headache to learn the names.

And meantime Bartolomeo Vanzetti paced his cell, in the space eight feet by one and a half allotted him for pacing. He knew what was happening, because his friends brought him a few facts, and he could reconstruct the rest, with that clear mind which understood social forces. He knew that it meant the ruin of all his hopes, all chance of freedom for the peasants and wage-slaves of Italy for years, perhaps decades. He knew what the American bankers would do; he foretold how, when the time came to float the loan, they would have the newspapers bought and the propaganda ready, and would carry the mass of Italian-Americans into reaction with them. Meantime they had Vanzetti in jail, where he was safe—and they were going to see to it that he stayed!

CHAPTER X

THE LEGAL SYSTEM

I

ON the 11th of September, 1920, the grand jury of Norfolk County brought indictments against Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, charging them with the murder of the paymaster and guard at South Braintree in the previous April. This county shared with Plymouth the same district attorney; and Nick and Bart were brought before the same Judge Thayer. They pleaded not guilty, and the trial was set for February. Meantime Bart went back to the tailor-shop at Charlestown, serving his sentence for the Bridgewater crime; while Nick returned to the county jail at Dedham—a very unhappy man, because they gave him nothing whatever to do in this prison, and he nearly went out of his mind.

Meantime a little group in Boston set about organizing what they called the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. In the beginning it consisted entirely of Italians, the foremost among them being Aldino Felicani, anarchist printer, a tall, ascetic-looking young man, soft-voiced and reserved. He would set up type for the circulars, and translate them into Italian. Others would address envelopes, and visit the meeting-places of radicals in neighboring towns, and circulate subscription lists. So would come a few dollars here and a few dollars there. At the outset there was no office, no secretary, only the volunteer labors of a few comrades.

Joe Randall had finished his book on the "White Terror"; he had lost hope of bringing it up to date, since events happened faster than pen could move. Now he became a volunteer press agent for the committee; he wrote news stories, and made carbon copies, and went about trying to cajole this editor and that into giving a little publicity. With him came another young journalist, Art Shields, a tireless worker; you would see lights burning and hear typewriters clicking in the office until two or

three o'clock in the morning. Betty learned to make speeches, and put her youth and beauty and social prestige to work; she would visit labor headquarters and "vamp" the officials, seeking to overcome the bitter prejudice of Irish-Catholic and Yankee labor leaders against a pair of wops who were admitted to be infidels, anarchists and draft-dodgers. Cornelia and Betty would go together to places where they encountered ladies with blue blood ever so slightly tinged with pink. The services the pair had rendered to the suffrage cause—now victorious—gave them prestige, and they could get small checks.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee was from the outset a peculiar organization. It consisted largely of a name, and nobody could say just who were its members, or what was their authority. Those Americans who later joined and helped to build it up did so from sympathy with an oppressed group, and they served as a "front"; they were featured in the newspapers, they made speeches, and conferred respectability. But they did not know so much about the case, and naturally they had to defer to the Italians in a crisis.

Among these latter, also, appeared a division; there was an Italian "front": such men as Felicani, the printer, and Felice Guadagni, the journalist whom Cornelia had met when he came down to help in the Plymouth cordage strike; also Rosina Sacco, wife of the prisoner, an alert and intelligent woman, devoted to her husband's cause. These were known; but there were others who stayed in the background, and in a time of crisis would reach out a hand, as it were from behind a curtain, and influence a decision. These were anarchists, intimates of Sacco and Vanzetti, and it was easy enough to understand why they kept hidden; they stood in danger of deportation, and perhaps of being accused of crimes, along with the two in jail. But it made committee functioning difficult, when you never knew what decision would be changed, or by whom, or for what reason. Public statements would be prepared and issued in English, and then translated into Italian, and the discovery would be made that the Italian version was quite different, and even contradictory; yet it would not be known just how this had happened.

There was the element of fear, and of course, the element of suspicion. It was inevitable that the enemy should send spies

among the committee—and that these would be persons sufficiently cunning to pose as “good radicals.” From first to last the prosecution was fully informed as to everything that went on among the committee, the decisions that were taken as well as the arguments and the quarrels. These spies came and went; and after they were gone, they would joke about how they had collected money for the cause and spent it having a good time in their own fashion. Then you would hear the great ones of Massachusetts, who had employed these spies, solemnly charging that the funds of the committee had been stolen!

II

Among both English and Italian groups there were sharp divisions according to political beliefs. Some insisted that this was a criminal case, and should be handled as such; others thought it was a case of labor persecution, to be featured as an episode in the class struggle. Strange as it might seem, the anarchists for the most part took the former view; they saw clearly that efforts to make anarchist propaganda might not merely bring about a conviction of the two men, but might get their defenders into trouble. But a socialist like Joe Randall was free from such fear, and to him the case was an effort of big business to put two of its dangerous enemies out of the way; he could never write anything about the case that was not disguised propaganda for socialism, and of course he did not like to have his propaganda cut out by non-socialist members of the committee. Young persons like Betty Alvin, who at this stage of her life insisted that she was a communist—such young persons wanted to put in a different kind of propaganda, and their persistence increased as the case grew more conspicuous.

It was a controversy that would never cease, up to the very last hour, and even beyond it—when men and women fought with deadly bitterness over the question of what should be done with the ashes of the victims. You saw the germs of it at the first meeting, when eight or ten ill-assorted enthusiasts fell to discussing what kind of lawyer should be employed for the trial. Should they get a labor man, who would make an appeal to the movement throughout the country? Or should

they get a respectable lawyer, who would confer dignity upon the case, and impress the public and the jury in the good old Boston way? Still another possibility, should they look for a criminal expert, with knowledge of the trickeries of a highly technical game? Joe and Betty united for the first plan, Cornelia urged the second, while the Italians divided between the first and third.

A powerful factor in the decision was, of course, the two prisoners, who never wavered for a moment; to them it was a class-war case, they were being persecuted because of their threat to the rich of Massachusetts. To Vanzetti the very idea of respectability was an insult, the idea of legal trickery nearly as bad. All such hopes would prove delusive, and only the labor movement could save them. "Unless a million men can be mobilized for our defense, we are lost!"—so he said in the first days, and so he said in the last.

As for Sacco, he was even more extreme; shut up in his half-dark cell in Dedham jail, he was like a rat in a trap, a creature all of steel springs and fury. He brooded incessantly, and ate his heart out, and never let himself be fooled by a hope. "They have got us, they will kill us," he would say; and whenever his enemies came near him, he would throw his revolutionary convictions into their faces. "Viva l'anarchia!" were his last words, and this summed up his attitude at every stage of the seven years' struggle.

III

Cornelia went downtown to have lunch with Henry Cabot Winters, who knew all the lawyers in town. First he would make the protest which family proprieties required; and then he would betray his secret amusement—being in truth rather proud of his runaway mother-in-law, who was telling the world to go to the devil in the very best "old Boston" manner.

But this time Cornelia missed the usual twinkle in Henry's fine dark eyes. In the first place, the great lawyer was worried by some of the things he had learned that Jerry Walker had learned about him. And in the second place, Henry had been shocked by the Wall Street "bomb explosion." Five days after the indictment of Sacco and Vanzetti a wagonload of explo-

sives had gone off in front of the building of J. P. Morgan and Company in New York, and thirty-three persons had been blown to fragments. The newspapers were certain that this was the work of anarchists, and the *Boston Traveler* had come out with a full-page article, to the effect that the crime had been traced to the Galleani group, a vengeance for the arrest of the bandits, Sacco and Vanzetti.

"Mother, that is a horrible thing!" said Henry; and Cornelia said, yes, it was indeed horrible for a newspaper to prejudge the case of two accused men, and make it impossible for them to get a fair jury in the community. Henry, as a lawyer, must know that such an article would have that effect, and under the very strict laws of Massachusetts was contempt of court.

But Henry did not discuss that aspect of the matter. "I am told," said he, "that the Boston anarchists made no attempt to conceal their glee when they learned of that explosion."

"Why should they?" said Cornelia. "If they had learned that an earthquake had destroyed every building in Wall Street, they would have been still more pleased; but that would not mean they control earthquakes. Their glee expressed their conviction that the practices of Wall Street cause boundless suffering to the workers of America; and in that they are right."

"Now, Mother," said Henry, "let's look at the menu. We don't want to get off on politics."

Cornelia laughed. "I am always entertained to discover the identity of attitude of my Back Bay and my anarchist friends. The anarchists don't want to get off on politics either, they share your faith in direct action."

Henry ordered the lunch; and Cornelia repeated what she had learned from the radical papers, that the explosion had been caused by a load of blasting gelatine, being illegally taken through the city in the daytime; while Henry repeated what he had read in the capitalist papers, that it was an anarchist bomb. He wanted to know, with some irritation, "Do you think that anarchists never use bombs?"

"I have been told they sometimes do."

"Yet you can be certain these two friends of yours never did any such thing?"

"They aren't accused of having done that, Henry."

"I know. But people say—"

"What people, Henry?"

"Well, friends of mine who are in position to know the inside."

"Will you tell me their names?"

"I can't do that."

"Did you ask who gave them the information?"

"No, but—"

"I am interested to watch the process of rumor. People say this and people say that, and always when you try to get something definite, there is nothing. Can you bring me a single fact, Henry—one that you as a first-class lawyer would respect? I am ready to deal with it honestly; and surely it's worth the family's while to keep me from being led into a trap." Cornelia looked her son-in-law in his dark fine eyes, gravely and steadily; and he said all right, he would try to help her.

IV

The waiter brought oysters, since there was an "r" in the month. And after he had set down the crackers and the lemons and the paprika, and made all the necessary flourishes, he went his way, and Henry returned to the dangerous subject of bombs, which haunted the thoughts of all leisure-class Boston in those desperate days. Despite his pretenses of omniscience, Cornelia represented his only direct contact with the anarchist movement.

"You know, Mother, somebody did make bombs—the ones that went through the mail. You can't dispute that."

"No, of course not."

"What do your friends say about those?"

"Vanzetti is quite certain it was a frame-up."

"By whom?"

"Some one of the big detective agencies, which are making millions out of this anti-red agitation."

Henry smiled pityingly. "You accept that?"

"I don't accept it as a fact, because I don't know. I certainly accept it as a possibility."

"Believe me, Mother, you'll have to look for a better alibi. Frame-ups don't happen."

Henry saw the pair of brown eyes fixed upon his dark ones. They were soft, and always kind, but they were persistent,

and he had learned that they saw deep. "Be careful, and don't commit yourself too completely. You may need an alibi yourself, my son." And that was hardly fair at the beginning of a luncheon; a poor appetizer for a great lawyer who was going to be a defendant, and get large daily doses of his own medicine. His look clouded, and for a while he was less quick to interrupt.

"Five or six years ago, Henry, I'd have agreed with you about the frame-up; I'd have said it was a device of criminals in trouble, and a sign they were hard-pressed. But now I know that the frame-up is a regular weapon in the class-struggle, just as well understood as, for example, jury-fixing, or the buying of labor leaders. Did you ever have William M. Wood for a client?"

"No, Mother, I have never been that fortunate."

"How rich is he?"

"I don't know; pretty rich—ten or fifteen million, maybe."

"Enough to be one of our leading industrialists, the president of our great woolen corporation. You'd think he was big enough not to frame up conspiracies against his workers, wouldn't you? Do you happen to remember what he did in the Lawrence strike, seven or eight years ago? He couldn't see any other way to break the union, so he had dynamite planted, to be blamed upon the union leaders. He was indicted and tried for it—"

"And acquitted, if I remember correctly."

"Yes, you know what it means for a great mill-owner to be acquitted in his own bailiwick. It is a fact that the men he hired to do the job were convicted; and I leave it for you to suggest that he didn't know what they were doing for him. This much is certain, the story was given out to the newspapers that dynamite had been found by the police in a shoe-box in the union headquarters. The box had been brought there by a detective, and somebody slipped up on the time, and the story was in the *Boston American* before the raid took place and the dynamite was found! That was bad management, at least."

The great lawyer could not help smiling. "I will say that if I had had the matter in charge, it wouldn't have happened that way."

"Well, don't forget that it is a part of American labor his-

tory, and graven into the consciousness of all those people you call 'Reds.' So when the great gossip machine starts to grinding, and we hear that 'people say' our friends are guilty, that 'everybody knows it,' and that 'frame-ups don't happen,'—well, Henry, we fall back on the good old tradition of English and American law, that every man is innocent until he is proved guilty. And in the effort to get him a fair trial we go to a lot of trouble—such as inviting ourselves to lunch with our rich and famous sons-in-law, and asking for the names of lawyers who might possibly care about justice!"

v

Henry supplied the names of respectable lawyers, and Cornelia went to interview them, but in vain. Later on, after years of struggle had made a world issue of the case, it would be possible to interest great lawyers in it; but at present there was no man who would burden himself with the defense of two anarchist infidel draft-dodgers accused of murder.

Also Henry named some of the legal tricksters, and Cornelia had curious experiences interviewing these. There was one uniform objection to all these powerful ones, the amount of money necessary to start their powers into action. Some said fifty thousand, some said seventy-five; and this was a stage in the life of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee when there were discussions as to whether they could afford to rent a post-office box, and whether it would be the part of wisdom to buy a second-hand typewriter.

Later on there would be ladies of wealth and fashion interested in the case, and money would be pouring in from labor groups all over the world; but at this stage, when money would really have counted, the only large sum in sight was what Cornelia could raise on her income and lend to the committee. She had discovered by talking to bankers that she could not raise very much, because her life expectancy at sixty-five was limited. If she had wanted fifty thousand dollars for an orphan asylum, or for a house to live in, or even for a string of pearls to hang about her withered neck, she had three daughters and three sons-in-law, any one of whom would have written her a check, and been glad to get such a hold upon her. But when

it was a question of imperiling the Commonwealth by aiding and abetting anarchism, Cornelia did not have to ask for the money, she could hear in advance the polite but firm rebuke.

The problem of a lawyer was settled by the Italians. It happened that Lee Swenson was in New York, recuperating from the labor of saving a bunch of I.W.W. from jail in Kansas, and swearing to himself by all the gods he disbelieved in that never again. But Carlo Tresca came to see him, and Swenson knew Carlo from the Ettore-Giovannitti case. Carlo told the pitiful story of two anarchists in jail in Massachusetts, who had the skids under them, all ready to be slid into the electric chair; he told what a fine fellow Bart was, and how he had all but had tears in his eyes because he missed seeing the Statue of Liberty, and now maybe he would never see it; and about Nick's wife and little boy, and the new baby expected in a month or two. Carlo came again and again, and appealed to Lee Swenson's friendship, until finally he said he would go up to Boston and look things over.

Lee Swenson was of Swedish descent, and came originally from Minnesota. He had been in practically every big criminal case which involved labor during the past fifteen or twenty years. As a cub lawyer he had helped to get evidence for Moyer and Haywood in Idaho; he had helped to defend the McNamaras in Los Angeles and Tom Mooney in San Francisco, and several groups of the I.W.W. in Chicago and the middle west. He stood six feet and a couple of unnecessary inches, and was badly put together; he did not know what to do with his big hands and feet, nor in fact with any part of himself; he liked to sit on his neck, and his feet liked to get up off the floor. He had a thick shock of yellow hair, and when it was not arranged it looked as if one of those western windstorms had hit it, and when it was arranged it appeared to be done with vaseline.

Lee Swenson was too intelligent a man not to know the disturbing effect he produced upon the respectable citizens of New England. Was he really rattled by them, as he pretended, or did he enjoy the effect he produced, somewhere back in the deeps where he kept his laughter until it came rumbling forth like thunder from the mountains? After he had been nosing into the case for a couple of weeks, he asked for a conference

with Cornelia, and she invited him to her little apartment to dinner, on an evening when Joe and Betty were scheduled for a hearing before the carpenters' union. Before they went into the dining-room, Lee Swenson sank into Cornelia's one Morris-chair, and then slid most of the way out of it, and said, "Will you be shocked if I cross my legs?"—and did it without waiting for an answer.

"Not at all," said Cornelia, hastily.

"Not even when you discover that I wear woolen socks?"

"I know you are making fun of Boston, Mr. Swenson."

"My God," said he—"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Thornwell, but this is a terrible place for a man that grew up in a sod hut. I realized when we were defending Ettor and Giovannitti in Salem that I didn't fit, but I never had time to go into details, and never happened to meet the right person. But I believe you are it."

"Is that why you wanted to talk with me?"

"No, but you can do it on the side. Tell me how to avoid shocking judges and juries who talk through their noses."

"Do you really want me to tell?"

"I said it."

"Well, why do you wear a broad-brimmed black felt hat such as nobody ever saw in Boston?"

"But it's what I had when I came to town, and I can't afford another."

"Are you really that hard up?"

"Maybe you don't know how it is with a radical lawyer. Imagine a score or two of cases, each like this one. There is two dollars and fourteen cents in the treasury to-night. They offer to pay me a hundred and fifty a week while the case lasts, but you know how it will be, they'll be seventeen weeks behind in their payments at the end of eighteen weeks, and when I get a check, there'll be some emergency next day that I'll pay out of my own pocket. You see, I'm not really going to be a lawyer—that will be merely incidental; I'm going to be organizer, propagandist, press agent and promoter; any money I get, I've first got to raise, and understanding that the committee will begrudge me every cent I take."

"Surely it won't be as bad as that, Mr. Swenson!"

"You are a newcomer, Mrs. Thornwell; but this is my twen-

tieth committee, and believe me, I know them. It won't be their fault, they will be sincere and devoted, most of them; but they will be poor, and narrow-minded—not used to spending money with the magnificent abandon of us privileged persons. They won't see what I need with so much, and when the newspapers and the outside public begin to tell how I have got away with one or two hundred thousand on the sly, they will think maybe it's the truth. I tell you this in advance, because, when it's over, my one chance of getting arrears of salary will be by vamping some of the rich ladies, your friends who will be interested in the case. And then I'll get my new hat."

"Meantime," said Cornelia, hastily, "you can at least get a haircut."

But the other replied, "If I did, the hat would be bigger than ever, with nothing to hold it but my ears."

VI

After they had dined, and were back in the little living-room, in front of the coal grate-fire, the lawyer asked if he might close the door. He drew his chair close to Cornelia, and slid down into it and began: "Mrs. Thornwell, I have been digging into this case, and I am completely baffled, and don't know what to do. The last time I talked with Vanzetti, he told me that you were the one American he would trust. He admires your granddaughter, but he's afraid she would be shocked if I talked straight to her."

"He is mistaken," said Cornelia, smiling in spite of herself. "I am far more easily shocked than Betty. The younger generation is taking life into its own hands."

"Well, if you don't mind, I prefer the old ones. You and I have suffered, and we have a deeper foundation under us. Do you mind if I ask for your confidence?"

"Not at all, Mr. Swenson. I will tell you anything I can. But I fear it won't be much."

"First, all you know about these two boys—everything that will help me to judge them."

"Sacco I hardly know at all. I only met him two or three times prior to the arrest. I have been to see him three times in

Dedham, partly because I wanted to make up my mind about him."

"And what are your conclusions?"

"He is a difficult man to know, under the circumstances. He has a primitive mind, I judge. He does very little thinking; he is satisfied with a formula, that the rich exploit the poor, and are the enemies of the poor, and always have a self-seeking motive in relation to them. And of course I don't fit into that formula. Why should a rich woman, who might have everything she wants, burn up gasoline and tires traveling down to Dedham to visit an anarchist in prison? He is instinctively polite, and affectionate to his friends, I am told. He hasn't given me any hint of a suspicion, but he probably fears that I may be another trap the enemy has set for him. You know, of course, they put a spy in the cell next to him soon after his arrest?"

"Yes, he told me that."

"Also they wanted to get one into his home, to try to board with his wife. I'm told the district attorney had that bright idea. I suppose it is too much to expect those gentry to have delicate sensibilities, but you'd think they might have guessed that a woman who was deprived of her husband, and was expecting another baby in two or three months, would rather have a woman-boarder than a man. Anyhow, somebody found out about it, and naturally the Saccos are very suspicious. So I haven't tried to talk about the case with either of them. When I have seen Nick, I have talked about his garden, and the wonderful tomatoes he used to have—those tomatoes were like so many babies to him. I take him a bunch of chrysanthemums—they let him have flowers, though they won't let Bart have any."

"Oh, surely not!"

"It's a regulation at Charlestown, I suppose that a saw or a knife might be hidden in them; or maybe drugs. I get round it by wearing one flower, and when I ask the guard if I may leave it with Bart, he is ashamed to say no. I am trying to win the hearts of all of them, because it seems to me the jailers are in jail as much as the prisoners."

"We are all in jail, Mrs. Thornwell. Take it from one who has been playing the game twenty years—we are prisoners of the system. I walk about with a chain on my wrist, and at the other end are fastened so many lies that it seems like the popu-

lation of all seven of Dante's hells. That is a part of what I want to talk to you about."

VII

It took Cornelia a good hour to tell the story of how she had come into the Brini home and what she had seen there. She told about Bart's ideas and dreams, his work and his play and his personal habits. She told about the sick kitten he had refused to have killed, and the rabbits he had brought home in a sack, and kept in pens for several months—until the sorrowful realization was forced upon him that there was no earthly way to keep those creatures from getting out and gnawing the vegetables of his Catholic neighbor, Mrs. O'Dowd. She told about the lost purse he had refused to take from the policeman, and the boots he had let the poor laborer keep, and the lessons in hygiene he had given to the "riformista," Compagno Culla—all those incidents which were destined to become Vanzetti legends, and be repeated whenever his Italian friends mentioned his name.

Also, because a lawyer had a right to the whole truth, she told him about the fights; and how the anarchist youths had come armed to the Galleani meeting, vowing to defend their hero to the death; and how Bart had got a gun and declared that he would never let himself be taken and put through the third degree.

"Now you are getting to what I want," said Swenson. "Do you know whether that gun is the same one that he had on when he was arrested?"

"I believe he gave it away," said Cornelia. "From what I know of him, he wouldn't keep any piece of property as long as four years."

"Well, I can't get them to tell me where they got those guns; at least, I can't get them to tell me the truth. That's why I'm so up against it. They are afraid of me, afraid of everybody."

"They have reason to be cautious. But won't they take Tresca's word for your reliability?"

"I suppose if I could get them both together with Carlo, we could come to an understanding; but as it is, they go on repeating the stories they told to the police; and their friends

outside do the same. Orciani has been driving me about, looking for evidence, and I've been appealing to him. Do you know him?"

"Only slightly."

"He has the courage of a man with the mind of a child: a simple Italian peasant, picked up off the countryside and dumped into the maelstrom of America. I have managed to win his affection, and he will talk to me frankly about everything in the world but this case. I point out his contradictions, but it doesn't make any difference. It is a peculiarity of Italian anarchists that I have observed, they can go on insisting that black is white longer than any other human beings I have ever seen. But somehow it has got to be put across to them that they can't go before a Yankee jury with those stories—it will be throwing away their lives."

"What stories, Mr. Swenson?"

"Well, the one about what they did on the night they were arrested. I can't get a single one of those fellows to admit to me that they were in front of the Johnson place that night; yet it's a physical fact that any jury will see—there's a swampy meadow on both sides of the road, and no other way for Sacco and Vanzetti to have got from the place where they admit they got off the street-car to the place where they got on again. If we're going to save them, we've simply got to make a story that a jury will believe."

There was a pause; Lee Swenson got up and went to the door that led into the dining-room, and opened it, to make sure the Negro maid was not listening. Then he came back, and when he spoke again, it was in a lower voice. "Mrs. Thornwell, I know enough about Boston to understand that you will be startled to hear me discuss the 'making' of stories to be presented to a jury."

"You use what I might call an optimistic phrase, Mr. Swenson."

"Every professional man does that when he deals with the shady parts of his job. You may know that when the fashionable ladies go to a surgeon for an abortion, he refers to it as a 'curettage'."

"I have three daughters," said Cornelia, placidly. "But I

thought that in this case, if we are dealing with men who are innocent—”

“You thought we might trust to the truth?”

“I admit I was that naïve.”

“Well, Mrs. Thornwell, I can only tell you—in my experience with labor frame-ups in a dozen states, I have always found it necessary to fight the devil with his own fire.”

VIII

Cornelia's little round face wore an anxious look, and her soft brown eyes were wide open, staring at the man in front of her. She saw a big, rough-hewn face, marked by small-pox; with a lower jaw which had a way of thrusting itself up, making a deep crease on each side of the mouth. The eyes were set under shaggy yellow brows—in short it was the face of a fighting man, no product of a Back Bay drawing-room.

But somehow Lee Swenson had learned how people felt in drawing-rooms—possibly from Henry James, whom he read incessantly. “You are saying to yourself that I grew up in the wild and woolly west, Mrs. Thornwell, and things are different in Massachusetts. But I assure you it is one system, from Maine to California, when some radical is accused of violence in the class struggle. The authorities are sure the man is guilty, if not of this crime, then of others just as bad, and so to ‘make’ a case against him is a worthy work. When a class-war trial begins, you will see on the stand police officers who know that it is part of their job to swear to whatever the chief tells them; and maybe an ex-convict, who knows that the prosecution has something on him, and testifies as a condition of getting off; and a prostitute, who carries on her ancient profession at the discretion of the police. In this case there will be workers from that shoe factory, semi-morons, incapable of knowing the difference between right and wrong, but knowing what a reward is, and having rehearsed a lesson until they can say it in their sleep. It will be simple and easy—‘Yes, I saw the bandits, I saw them shoot, I am positive these are the men.’ These witnesses will sit with Sacco and Vanzetti in front of them, and when they are asked to describe the bandits, they will describe the men in front of them, and what could be more convincing?”

"I attended the Plymouth trial," said Cornelia. "I was shocked by its unfairness, but I hated to believe it was a deliberate frame-up."

Said Lee Swenson: "My knowledge of your Massachusetts procedure was got at the Ettor-Giovannitti trial, seven years ago, as perfect a frame-up as ever came under my eyes. The men were no more guilty of murder than I was; every particle of the testimony was 'made,' and the whole case prepared and the indictments drawn up by lawyers of great corporations. The victims were Italians, I.W.W. leaders, efficient and dangerous—the more so because one of them was a fine poet. And how did we save their lives, Mrs. Thornwell? Was it by trusting to the truth? As a matter of fact, we had seventeen eyewitnesses to the shooting of Anna Lo Pizzo, and they absolutely insisted that it was done by a police officer, and they identified the officer; but because they were all Italians, and there were so many of them, we didn't dare use their story, for fear the jury would think it was a frame-up! That's how far the truth gets you in Massachusetts!"

Lee Swenson waited for Cornelia's comment; but what could she say?

"Some day," continued the lawyer, "I'll tell you the inside of that story—as weird a tangle of plot and counterplot as you could want for a crime-romance. The district attorney was carrying on a political fight against William M. Wood, the head of the woolen trust, and so we were able to get hold of the checks which Wood had paid to have dynamite planted, in a frame-up against the union leaders. With that evidence in hand we practically blackmailed the executives of the woolen mills, and made them take the stand, one after another, and testify that the speeches of the strike leaders had been opposed to violence. I could name several laws of your great Commonwealth we broke in putting that job across—and if we hadn't done it, the world would never have read 'Arrows in the Gale,' by Arturo Giovannitti."

Cornelia sat staring before her, pondering this strange moral dilemma. At last she said, "I have always been taught, Mr. Swenson, that one gets a certain moral backing from telling the truth."

"I know—I also have read Emerson; but how would it work

in our courts of law? Consider Vanzetti's trial in Plymouth. There was an alibi, as good as any one could want. The crime occurred on the day before Christmas, and everybody had something to remember—the eels. Did you accept that alibi?"

"I was absolutely convinced by it. I have been all over North Plymouth with Trando, and he showed me the places; every spot is alive to him with the memory of Bart, whom he adored. The things jump out of the child, in a way that couldn't happen if he had had to learn them. He will interrupt a talk, 'There is one of the houses where I took the eels, and Bart was across the street, and I had to go for change.' He will say, 'Under that tree he dismissed me, and gave me fifty cents for the work.' If you knew those simple, kindly people, Mr. Swenson, you couldn't doubt their story."

"All right—but where does that leave your argument? You trusted to the truth with that Plymouth jury—and it got you nowhere! No, Mrs. Thornwell, we must fight the prosecution with its own weapons. We have to do the reverse of what they have done—convince ourselves that the boys are innocent, and that whatever we do to get them off is a worthy work. And then take a joy in the performance—learn to build a good alibi with the same pleasure that a novelist gets from constructing a detective story, with every detail fitting precisely, and contributing to the final result—an acquittal, and a booming reputation as a lawyer who has never lost a client."

"Is that really what you want me to believe about your profession, Mr. Swenson?"

"In strict confidence, you understand, Mrs. Thornwell!"

"Oh, of course."

"I want you to believe there is no other way to be a successful criminal lawyer in America; I have never heard of any man who has done it, and I do not believe it can be done. That is the game, and you either play it, or you play some other game."

"It sounds as if it would be hard on the nerves."

"This is America, and you know our motto, 'It's a great life if you don't weaken.' You play for high stakes, and every time it is 'doubles or quits,' if you understand the slang of the gambler. Win the big case and you're on top of the heap; lose it, and you're a dead one! That's why it's so foolish of me

to take a case like this. There is no way to win except to make a big public splurge; and then, if I don't make good, it is back to the sticks for me. That is the real moral problem that confronts a radical lawyer, Mrs. Thornwell—can he afford to have a heart? Can he feel sorry for some hero-soul like your Bart, who has apparently got into a jam not of his own making? It's a decision I have to make, and naturally it depends very largely upon Bart's friends."

There was a pause. "Just what is it you want me to say, Mr. Swenson?"

"For the present, nothing in particular. That may come later. What I want is for you to know the situation—what a murder trial is, and how it has to be fought—so that later on, when you find out about this detail and that, you won't be horrified and disgusted with me, and draw out and leave me alone with the Italians."

IX

Lee Swenson had said his say, and it was up to Cornelia. She sat with her two hands locked together, and her eyes closed, and only the trembling of the lids to tell what was going on within. When at last she spoke, her voice was weak, and so were her words. "I never had anything like that put up to me in my life, Mr. Swenson."

"I can believe that. Your life has been lived among people who are not accused of crimes. And you have your strict moral code—which doesn't allow for perjury!" Then, seeing a trace of tears in the old lady's eyes, he added quickly, "I fear that I misunderstood you in one way, Mrs. Thornwell—I thought you knew more about your great moral city than apparently you do. You went to consult Larry Shay about this case, didn't you?"

"How did you know that?"

"Well, I have sources of information. How did you come to go to him?"

"My son-in-law, Henry Cabot Winters, named him."

"Why did he name him?"

"He said he would be the best man to get the boys off."

"And what happened when you went to see him?"

"He wanted fifty thousand dollars, and I told him we didn't have it."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he pointed out that it was a capital case, and would mean a lot of hard work."

"What did you understand by that?"

"Wasn't it obvious? It will take a lot of time to prepare the case, and it may be a long trial."

Lee Swenson laughed, one of those polite laughs which he kept inside him, out of consideration for Boston. "You are much too good, my dear Nonna! I think I will call you by Bart's name, if you don't mind, because it is friendly, and at the same time respectful."

"I don't mind," said Cornelia.

"Out west," said the other, "they call me Lee, and they don't wait a whole lifetime, as they do in Boston. But now let me explain about Larry Shay: if he had taken the case, there wasn't going to be any trial."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that Larry is the official 'fixer' for the political ring which governs Boston and its environs. If you have committed a crime, and got caught, your friends go to him to find out what it will cost to have the case dropped."

"Oh, Mr.—Lee!"

"You, lovely and naïve blue-blood lady, carried to this legal shark a proposition to bribe some of the prosecuting officials of your state, and he made you an offer, and you didn't even know what it was about!"

"Do you really know all that?"

"Everybody knows it that knows about the insides of this town. Worse than that—they 'make' the cases, for the purpose of collecting blackmail. I could tell you quite a number of stories, only they are not fit for a lady's ears—having to do with women and road-houses."

There was a pause, while Cornelia thought hard. "You mean, Lee Swenson, that if I raise fifty thousand dollars and pay it to these politicians, I can have the case against our two boys dropped?"

"I mean exactly that. And there's another moral problem for a blue-blood lady who has lived a sheltered life, and listened to

her husband, the governor, make fine speeches about their noble Commonwealth!"

x

The telephone rang; Betty calling. She and Joe had had a successful time at the carpenters' union, had got a twenty-five dollar contribution. Now Betty was going somewhere else. She could not explain over the phone, but she would be late, and Grannie was not to wait up for her. Go to sleep. She hung up, and Lee Swenson took his departure, saying that he had put enough burdens upon her mind for one evening. He would not ask anything definite, she would need time to think matters over. Cornelia thanked him.

She did not go to sleep, but sat in the Morris chair which the lawyer had vacated, and moral whirlwinds seized her thoughts and flung them this way and that. She, Cornelia Thornwell, widow of the sternest governor that Massachusetts had had for a century, the most ruthless punisher of law-breakers and corruptionists—she had sat in this room and listened to a proposition that she should conspire to commit perjury! Yes, that was it, no use mincing words. She had heard, and from now on would be accessory before the fact to whatever might be done! She had not risen and denounced the proposer and ordered him from her home; no, she had hesitated—which in itself was guilt—and when he had told her it was confidential, she had assented, which was double guilt!

Punishment for Cornelia Thornwell, feminist and suffragist! Now she knew what the wise men had meant when they told her that woman's place was the home! Woman's place was the Sewing Circle, where they made long flannel petticoats which the poor would not wear! Woman's place was the Parish House of Trinity Church in the City of Boston, where perfect ladies gathered to arrange for visitation of the sick and care of widows and orphans! If a lady insisted on going out into the harsh and wicked world, this was what she ran into—perjury, subornation of perjury, conspiracy to commit perjury! Cornelia saw these awful phrases in the headlines of all the newspapers of Boston.

The soul of Bartolomeo Vanzetti came to keep watch with her, and share her worries. Bart did not sleep soundly in his prison cell; he lay awake and brooded over the case, and thought of letters to write, and suggestions to make to friends and lawyers. So now he came in spirit, and Cornelia asked him all those questions she would never ask in the flesh. What did he want her to do? What would best serve his cause, the "joostice" for which he lived?

She questioned her own soul. What was right, what was wrong? To stand by the stern moral code of Puritan Boston—which all of them preached, and some of them practiced? Say that the law was sacred, and an oath was binding before God, and it was better for men to die than to break God's law? Easy to say that, when it concerned yourself; something in you would take pleasure in dying for a code. But when it was some other man's life, did you have the right to force your code upon him?

Vanzetti had proved that he did not subscribe to that code, because he had told lies to the police. But then, he faced the same problem as Cornelia; it wasn't for himself that he lied, but for others. Sometime previously Cornelia had put to him a very grave question. There appeared to be much more evidence against Sacco than against him, so it might be wise to demand separate trials, and save at least one of them. But Bart had turned the idea down without a moment's hesitation. "Save Nick, he got the wife and kids!" That was his attitude, from first to last.

Something easy to understand—to lie for a wife and kids! In contrast with that, Cornelia's ideal seemed far-off, cold and aloof. In this world truth was a luxury, denied to all but the fastidious, the ivory-tower personalities, who had no hearts and no sympathies! Who were good at shutting their eyes and refusing to know uncomfortable facts!

Cornelia thought over Lee Swenson's statement, that her life had been lived among people who were not accused of crimes. A careful and lawyer-like phrase! Not those who did not commit crimes, but those who were not accused! Cornelia searched her memory, and forced herself to face reality. Did her sort of people really refuse to lie? The case of Jerry Walker leaped to her mind, because she had just been talking to her son-in-

law about it. Had Rupert and Henry lied to Jerry Walker, in order to get his property away from him? Of course they had! Henry had even lied to Cornelia, and treated it as a matter of course. They had lied to their associates, and their associates were now accusing them of it—so Cornelia had learned from family gossip.

Sooner or later Rupert and Henry were going upon the witness-stand, to be cross-questioned as to what they had done. Were they going to admit their conspiracy to take ten million dollars' worth of property from Jerry Walker? Were they going to say that the law was sacred, and that an oath was binding before God? Of course they were not! What they were going to do was to follow the Lee Swenson formula—sit down with their lawyers and frame up an elaborate story, learn every detail of it by heart, and go upon the witness-stand and lie like troopers—or, in the modern equivalent, like policemen who know that it is part of their job to swear to whatever the chief tells them! Rupert and Henry would do that, and all State Street would know they were doing it, and take it as a good joke, nothing worse.

XI

A world of lies, a world run on the basis of lies, so that when you talked about truth-telling you were a Utopian and a dreamer; worse yet, a traitor to your friends, to your business associates, your family, your class! A fastidious person, an ivory-tower esthete, preferring your own peace of mind to the rights of those who had taken you into their confidence, assuming that you would play the game as everybody else played it, for your profit and comfort as well as their own!

Lies! Lies! It was the autumn of the year 1920, and a great political campaign was at its climax; America had ceased to be a republic, it was an absolute monarchy, its ruler the Prince of Lies! That little man, "Silent Cal," whom Cornelia knew so well as governor of the Commonwealth, was being elected vice-president of the United States by a lie! He who had run away from the police-strike was being rewarded for breaking the police-strike! His backers had managed to suppress the report of the citizens' committee, which had worked so hard to avoid

a strike, and had told the whole truth; instead, they had made a nursery-legend, such as the pious Parson Weems had invented about George Washington and the cherry-tree!

And worse yet, look at the man they were making president! Cornelia's mind was a witch's caldron, with the tales Joe Randall brought home; for Joe knew the newspaper men, and picked up the gossip which could not be printed, and used it to spice the meals he ate in the little apartment. Joe's mind had turned rancid, after four months' contact with American morals and American justice; he found his pleasure in believing the most shocking things about the great and noble persons of the land. This Senator Harding, who was to be the next president, had been picked out by the oil-men, who were planning to loot the oil-reserves of the nation; he was handsome and dignified, a magnificent statesman, when you read about him in the capitalist newspapers—but Joe called him an old booze-fighter, a small-town rake, whose idea of entertainment was to sit in his shirt-sleeves and chew tobacco and play poker all night with his cronies, "the Ohio gang." His managers had had to get a newspaper man to write his speeches for him, because, when he was turned loose for himself, he used polysyllables like a Negro preacher, with no idea what they meant.

And worse yet, he traveled round the country with a young girl who was his mistress! He stayed in rooms in various cheap hotels with her, and when the house-detectives ventured to object, he would present them with his card! It was something entirely new in American history, and Joe Randall turned his fancy loose to play with the theme; some day, he said, the American people would build a memorial to this oil-statesman, and when the radicals came into power they would carve an inscription across the front of it, and set it with flaming red rubies: "Nan Britton's Boy!"

XII

A cruel, cruel world! Impossible to live in a place where such wickedness was done! A sudden weariness seized Cornelia, a failing of the heart; it was time for her to quit, to move on and leave the world to a new generation, which had stronger nerves

and could face such issues. The runaway grandmother would run back to shelter.

The fire in the grate had burned nearly out, and the room was growing cold, the chill creeping into the bones of the old woman sitting in the chair. She looked at the clock; it was after two in the morning, and suddenly she realized that Betty had not come home. What could the child be doing at that hour?

Lee Swenson had asked her not to tell Betty about these problems. But that was hardly fair. Betty had come to be her mainstay—she realized it all of a sudden. Betty was young, Betty was not afraid, Betty could face any facts there were! To try to hide anything from her would be one more deception, in a world which seemed to be made of nothing else.

There was a sound in the hall, and Cornelia turned her head. A key in the latch, and the door opened. There was Betty, rosy, shining from a walk in the chill night air. "Why, Grannie! You waited up for me! You shouldn't have done that!" She closed the door, and came to Cornelia, brimming over with affection and concern. "You poor dear, you let the fire die down, you are cold!"

Betty herself was warm; the blood flooded her cheeks and throat, it came and went, like northern lights in the winter sky, a lovely thing to watch. Her eyes shone—something must have happened to-night, they were so much alive. Such an eager face, a smile with two rows of white teeth, even and smooth, almost translucent. She wore a soft brown coat, with a neck-piece of fur, matching her hair, her eyes—a picture that people turned to look at on the street. So delicate, so quick and sensitive—and she knew about this wickedness, she could face it and not quail from it, not feel old and chilly, ready to die!

"Grannie dear, what is it? You're worried about something!" She could read Cornelia's mind as if she entered it. "What is bothering you? Has Lee Swenson been telling you something discouraging?" Then quickly, "Don't let him frighten you, my dear! We're going to get those boys off! Is he afraid about them?"

"No, dear—"

"Then what did he say? Tell me, what?"

"We talked about many things, this case and others. It is a terrible world, Betty dear."

"Yes, they frame people; and then sometimes, people have done something, too! It's hard to tell which is which, and your poor dear head is addled with trying to know it all! Is that it?"

"Mr. Swenson didn't want me to talk—"

Betty laughed gayly. "The old rascal! He thinks he's going to keep secrets from Joe and me! I know, it's very dangerous, and we mustn't whisper. But you tell him, I know what's in your head before you do, and he can't run this case without Joe and me. This is a young folk's job, believe me!"

Betty shed her coat, and the little brown bowl of a hat trimmed with fur, and knelt down and put her warm cheek against her grandmother's cold one. "The idea of worrying a nice old Victorian lady with secrets and mysteries! I suppose he told you that government witnesses don't always tell the truth, and defense lawyers sometimes fight the devil with fire. Is that what you're worried over?"

"Where were you so late, dear?" countered Cornelia—the only evasion she could think of in a hurry.

"Never you mind—that's more secrets and mysteries, I'll tell you in the morning. Now you go to bed, before your old bones turn to ice." She led Cornelia into her bedroom, and turned down the covers, and brought her a glass of hot milk, describing her as "seecka kitten," from the days when Cornelia had been worn out with the work in the cordage-plant, and Bart had nursed her so tenderly. When she had drunk the milk, Betty tucked her in like a baby, and kissed her good-night and put out the light, and raised the window, and said, "Now be a good child, and in the morning you shall hear some nice gossip!"

XIII

Bright sunlight, and the Negro maid building the fire, and Cornelia in her dressing-gown in the big chair before the grate, drinking her coffee and nibbling her toast. Betty sat by her in a blue silk kimono, and when she was through eating, took the tray and set it one side, remarking, "So you won't upset it or anything in your excitement." Then she closed the door, and took a seat close to her grandmother, and pushed her bobbed hair back from her forehead, and said, "Now, bless

your old dear heart, get yourself together and don't faint dead away—Joe and I are married."

Cornelia's hands went limp in her lap. "Married!"

"Yes, dear."

"But Joe has a wife!"

"Yes, that's an old story."

"But then—but—you can't marry a man who is already married."

"We can, Grannie dear, we arranged it; you see, we married ourselves."

Something inside Cornelia quit working for a moment—heart, or lungs, or solar plexus which controlled them both—and her voice failed her altogether. Betty's voice was steady, but one of those waves of color flooded her neck and face, right up to the bobbed brown hair. "You see, Grannie, since the law won't be sensible, we took matters into our own hands. Joe's wife is in Reno, but it takes a lot of time, one can't be sure how long; and it was too silly that we who love each other should sit around waiting for some politician to give us permission to live our lives."

There was a pause. Cornelia's voice had not yet come back.

"Let me say right away, Grannie, this isn't any free love foolishness. You'll be thinking about Mary Wollstonecraft and all that, but I was only a child then, I was using a lot of romantic words. But now I'm twenty-two, and I'm in love, and I want my man, and I want him for life, and he knows that—I've told him that if any other woman tries to take him away, I'll scratch her eyes out. So you see it's perfectly respectable and conventional."

"Y-yes," said Cornelia, feebly.

"I have waited—I've been a good six months and more making up my mind I wasn't making any mistake. Now that I'm sure, I'd be perfectly willing for any judge or clergyman to say the magic words that would change it from immorality to the holy bonds of matrimony; but you see how it is, the judge won't do it for an indefinite time, and the clergyman never will, because Joe's wife has not committed adultery—at least, she has, her man is out there with her, but it isn't going to be legally proved, so the curiosity of the Episcopalian clergymen will not be satisfied according to canon law. I have looked all

this up in the library, and I'll explain it if you don't know what I mean."

"No, I understand," said Cornelia—still feebly.

"Well, Grannie dear, in your marrying time no one did his own thinking, but now the world is changing, so my dear blessed old chaperon has got to sit down and ask herself this plain question: Do you think that my love for Joe, or his for me, would be in any way more sanctified or purified by any formula that any judge or clergyman could pronounce over us? Do you really believe that?"

Cornelia had to think.

"Be sure, now."

"No, I guess I don't."

"All right, then. And do you think we'd be apt to be more true to each other if we had dressed up in party clothes, and spent several thousand dollars for flowers in Trinity Church, and had four organs play the Lohengrin wedding march going in and the Mendelssohn wedding march going out, and had the rector say a formula which seems absolutely superfluous to both of us? Do you believe that?"

"No, dear, I suppose I really don't. Only—we always have done it in our family."

"Most of the time," said Betty. "But this is a special case, and Joe and I talked it out and decided that it is just too silly that our love-life should be maimed for we can't tell how long. We decided that the law is an imposition, and we have taken the liberty of being our own clergy, that is all."

"Yes, dear. But—suppose you get into trouble?"

"Well, we'll do our best to keep it from happening. We have taken the best advice. But if there should be an accident, we'll face the consequences. I promise you I won't have what they call a 'curettage'—as you remember Aunt Alice did not so long ago. You didn't know I knew about that, I suppose! And neither will I have an appendicitis operation, like Cousin Julia. I wouldn't mind a bit having a baby by the man I love, and telling the world exactly what I had done and why; only, of course, the family would die, so if the worst comes to the worst, you and I and Joe will take another trip to Europe, and stay there till we can marry. And meantime you must be a good sensible soul, and tell yourself that Joe and I are married be-

fore God and you, and when he comes in you are to kiss him on both cheeks and welcome him as your grandson-in-law. Because, you see, he's quite embarrassed about it, knowing how eminently respectable you are. Indeed, he's that way himself, coming from Virginia—he's almost as bad as Roger Lowell, and I had to take matters into my own hands, and do all the marrying, so to speak. But now it's done, and I want you to feel comfortable and happy about it, so that we can be comfortable and happy too. The sensible thing is for you to chaperon us, and let us meet here, because it's very disagreeable having to go to third-rate hotels, and besides, it's dangerous, because the politicians in this pious Puritan city are preying on the free lovers—those who happen to be rich and prominent. Joe says they have a regular blackmail ring, they catch some man in a hotel room with a woman, and it costs him anywhere from twenty to two hundred thousand dollars—that is, of course, unless he can show the card of a United States senator and presidential candidate!"

There was a pause. "That's all, Grannie." Then another pause.

"You are putting a heavy responsibility on me, dear."

"One more secret to keep!" Betty stood up, looking like a new-risen sun with laughter and joy and health. "Bless her dear old frightened soul!" She stooped and put a kiss on each of Cornelia's cheeks, and one on her forehead; then, laughing again, "You don't have to carry the burden if it's too heavy. I'll take it all off your blessed shoulders."

"How, dear?"

"Say the word, and I'll move into an apartment with Joe, and write a note to Mother, telling her all about it. What do you say?"

This time there was no pause. Cornelia said instantly, "No! No!"

XIV

"Bring me good choosing book," wrote Bart. "I will get the fundament which I have so long needing." So whenever Cornelia went for a visit, she would take two or three volumes from her little library: Benjamin Franklin's autobiography and

Paine's "Rights of Man," the letters and speeches of Jefferson, Thoreau's "Walden" and Emerson's essays, a life of Garrison and one of John Brown. She thought he ought to know that New England in which he was to fight for his life, and he agreed with her in this. He had the most intense interest in history, and the lives of men who had played a part in it, especially in the cause of liberty and "joostice." He identified himself with these great characters, he lived their lives, finding comments on his case in their words, and vindication in history's verdict upon them. He read every minute that the prison regulations permitted, and at Cornelia's request he would write comments on the margins of the books, and many pages of pencil notes. It was a regular college course in New England culture, and each time they met there was progress to report.

The old Charlestown prison is built in the form of a cross, and in the center is a large airy room, in which the prisoners are permitted to see visitors. Cornelia would come, with her books and her one flower. She would have to wait while he washed his hands and face—because he was shoveling coal now, and wheeling it in a barrow for the prison furnaces; he would apologize for the condition of his clothes, which he could not help. Cornelia had interceded with the warden and got him this job, instead of the work in the tailor shop, which fitted him ill. Outdoor labor was what he had been used to during his ten years in America, and it kept him in physical condition.

He was a model prisoner, except that he would not stand indignities from his keepers. Once when Cornelia came she was told that she could not see him, he was in "solitary" upon bread and water, because he had refused to do his work. There followed sessions with the warden, and it transpired that Bart considered that the guard had addressed him in a way injurious to his dignity. It took tact on Cornelia's part to patch up this situation; for the American prison system does not allow for dignity, and it is not easy to persuade authorities that an anarchist has a soul. But they could understand that it was unwise to exasperate a man who received visits from ladies of high social station, and who might cause a fuss in the newspapers.

Also Cornelia visited Mrs. Sacco, in the village of South Stoughton. The new baby had arrived, a lovely little girl, and

Cornelia and Betty took this news to the prisoner in the county jail at Dedham, and received a warm welcome. Poor Nick required a great deal of cheering, because he was a man who had lived by physical activity, and could not read and study and think like Bart. He had to learn to spend about twenty-two hours a day in a cell, with nothing whatever to do, and he did not want to wait for a trial, he did not want lawyers to fool with his case and waste the money of the anarchist movement—he wanted to be killed and have it over with. Cornelia and Betty would argue with him, in patient half-English and half-Italian, finding ways to appeal to his pride, reminding him of revolutionary heroes who had managed to endure prison. Why not work out a régime for himself—do gymnastics, of both body and soul? Why not study English, so as to do better work for the cause if he got out, and to write his message to the world if he failed?

The next time they came, they would find that he had shaved himself meticulously, and wore one of the flowers they had brought him. He was practicing walking about the cell on his hands, and counting the number of times he could “chin” himself on his cell-door—he had got up to forty-something, which was remarkable for any man. He was proud of that, and when they told him about the lovely eyes of the baby, his spirit bounded as high as previously it had sunk low. Two races comprise the Italian nation: those of the north who are descended from Teutons and Gauls, and are capable of reflection, like Vanzetti; and those of the south, descendants of Greeks and Carthaginians and Moors, brown and excitable people, who live their lives outside, and utter extremes of emotion with many words and gestures. An odd turn of fate that so many of these should have come to Massachusetts, to annoy the stern and forbidding ghosts of Puritans!

XV

Lee Swenson had decided that he would take the case. He said no more to Cornelia, but evidently there had been some understanding with Betty and Joe, for the young couple sat in at long conferences, and covered half the state in Betty’s run-about, interviewing witnesses and tracing clews. Cornelia suc-

ceeded in raising five thousand dollars by pledging one-half her income—which meant that a money-lender was willing to gamble that she would live more than two years, in spite of all her worries and labors. She brought in this money, after which the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee had an office, and a post-office box, and no less than two second-hand typewriters clicking away on envelopes. There was a pamphlet telling about the case, mailed out to lists of radicals all over the country. Articles appeared in socialist and labor papers, both in America and Europe; for Joe and Betty wrote long letters to Pierre Leon, and he would translate them into French and publish them in his paper. So the readers of anarchist and communist and socialist papers all over Europe began to hear about two Italians who had fallen victims to the White Terror, in what had once been the sweet land of liberty, but was now the banking-headquarters of reaction for the whole world.

Also Cornelia's labors among the blue-bloods were not without fruit. Many of these people knew the corruption of their political parties, and the alliance between the politicians and the exploiting interests. They had heard of the Ettore-Giovanitti frame-up, and had watched another strike in Lawrence, a little more than a year ago, with several near-murders committed by thugs in the mill-owners' employ. They had seen the "Reds" paraded down State Street in chains, and had seen the government forced to turn most of them loose, having not even a pretense of evidence against them. So a few well-to-do persons began to take an interest in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. This gave an air of prosperity—and brought a new development, highly characteristic of the great Puritan city. One afternoon Lee Swenson called Cornelia on the phone. "How are you to-day? Nerves fairly strong?"

"What has happened?"—for Cornelia knew his way of teasing her.

"Do you remember the talk we had in your apartment, when I told you there might be a way to put our boys on the street?"

"I remember."

"Well, can I drop in for tea and tell you about it? Send the maid out if you can—it's a time for being alone!"

The lawyer came, and this is what he had to report. Felice Guadagni, journalist, who was one of the mainstays of the

committee, had had several visits from an Italian woman named De Falco, an interpreter for the district court at Dedham, in Norfolk County. She claimed to come from the district attorney's office, and offered to have the men released at the price of sixty thousand dollars. There had been several conferences, and Felicani, the printer, had met the woman, and when he pleaded poverty, she had offered to get the price reduced to fifty thousand. The sum was to be disguised as a retaining fee for the brother of an official, who was to be hired by the defense. The Commonwealth would then decide that there was not enough evidence against the pair, and they would be turned loose. "So there's your righteous and law-abiding Boston!" said Lee Swenson—and looked at Cornelia with a twinkle in his wild western blue eyes.

"You think it's really genuine, Lee?"

"Lawyers tell me it's a common procedure in other countries. The woman undertakes to give us satisfactory assurances."

"What would they be?"

"She has already given Felicani the names of other cases she claims to have settled in the same way, and we can investigate them. But first we have to decide the question—do we want to buy the boys off, or do we want to trap the rascal politicians and get something on them?"

Said Cornelia: "It seems to me it all depends on whether we are sure our boys are innocent. I believe they are. Do you, Lee?"

He answered:

"Yes, I do. But that is not the only point. Even though innocent, they may be convicted; and the problem is, do they want to risk their lives for some propaganda?"

The lawyer would be allowed to see his clients in the evening, so he said that he would run out to Charlestown and ask Bart about it. "I'll make my guess," he added, "if no ladies are present, he'll say, tell them to go to hell."

CHAPTER XI

THE GRAFT RING

I

QUINCY THORNWELL was dining with his Aunt Cornelia. He called her that, scrupulously, though he was only two years her junior; he had done it, scrupulously, for forty-five years, since he had been a freshman at Harvard, and she had married into the older generation. Every so often he came to dinner, as a mark of respect, and because family solidarity must be maintained, as the last trace of order in a disintegrating world. For the same reason he put on his honorific clothes; a matter of ritual, a symbol of membership in a group which did the right thing always, as a matter of course and without discussion.

Cornelia also did her part. Her dinner-gown was years out of fashion, but that was a sign that she was superior to fashion. Her little apartment was in a tenement, but that did not matter, because everybody knew it was eccentricity, not necessity. Visiting members of the family had brought boxes now and then, quite casually, and almost without mentioning it; so now she had silver, and shining crystal, and old family china, and linen with strawberry designs, lighted by four tall thin tapering candles. There were flowers in the center of the table—sent with Quincy's card. The Negro maid wore a white cap and apron, and had learned how to serve a meal, because Deborah had sent a real servant to give her lessons. No matter how "red" your poor mother may turn in her old age, she must be kept in touch with the decencies of life.

Quincy—continue to pronounce him like a disease of the throat—was dieting under a doctor's orders, and shrinking up rapidly in the process, so that there were more wrinkles in his face every time you met him. He had become almost entirely bald, and with a bright pink scalp. His nose and cheeks were red, with fine little veins of purple—his blue blood showing

through, he would say, mockingly. The extraordinary thing was that when he opened his mouth in laughter, which he did frequently, you saw a cavern of exactly the same color; it seemed unhuman, and when you knew him well you realized that it was.

No more canvas-backs, cooked a quick brown on the outside and deep purple inside, according to the fastidious taste of an habitué of the Somerset Club! No more good honest roast beef, not even any more Boston beans, since they too were high protein, and suspected of uric acid! You must have fish for Quincy, and then chicken—white meat, if you please; and no mayonnaise on the salad—the devil of it was it made you talk about food, and started other people telling their diets, and the women with their everlasting reducing. Thence the company got onto the subject of drink, and after that there was nothing but the private life of their bootleggers. Good conversation was dead in Boston.

What Quincy meant by good conversation was gossip about the hundred or two persons he knew, and the thousand or two he knew about. They were always doing queer things, or getting into trouble, and he would tell the tales with comical embellishments, and throw back his head and chuckle. He had been a widower for the greater part of his life, so no woman had felt free to point out to him how queer he looked when he revealed his dental plates. But his mother or some one had taught him very young that it is bad form to laugh, so he had a series of chuckles which became convulsive, and turned his face a deeper red, but never became audible.

He talked about the family. Poor old Father was failing fast; he had to have a man to go about with him. He still insisted on riding a pony along with the Scatterbridge children, so the attendant had to have a pony too—impossible to imagine a more comical spectacle than that family procession, riding all over the estate but never going off it, for fear of automobiles. Impossible to play chess with Father any more, yet it was necessary to pretend to play, to avoid breaking the old man's heart. The universal curse of life, that our ambitions exceed our abilities! Nothing of that sort for Quincy, he had found out what he could do, and confined his wishes to the possible. He might never be heroic, but he would be a lot safer.

James Scatterbridge was one of the unsafe ones. Tried to do

too much with those enormous mills. It seemed there would never be any market for cotton goods again. Rupert and John Quincy—that was Quincy's older brother—were having the devil's own time pulling James through. Both of them were showing the strain of running all the finance of New England. To the devil with it, said Quincy; enough for him if he could watch the beast, and judge the right moment, and step in and slice off a juicy chunk. Rupert and John scolded him because he didn't produce anything; and he chuckled—a fine mess they had produced!

The maid brought in a pitcher of steaming hot water, with a couple of glasses; and Quincy took from his hip-pocket a silver flask, comfortably curved to fit that portion of the anatomy. He understood that he had to "bring his own" when he came to Aunt Cornelia's, because she was engaged in more serious kinds of law-breaking, and could not afford to expose herself to the lesser risks. Quincy mixed himself a mild dose of rum and sugar and water, and Cornelia took a sip, in order to be good company. "My ancestors used to smuggle in molasses to make this stuff," said the old gentleman. "Now the stuff itself is smuggled, and a new aristocracy is emerging, that will dine on spaghetti from gold plate."

So he talked about prohibition! They were bringing it in by the schooner-load, everywhere along the coast, every night that didn't happen to be moonlit or stormy. Yet the prices got higher and higher, and the quality worse and worse. You might get ever so good a bootlegger, and investigate his ancestry, his police record, his church affiliations and all that, and still you couldn't be sure, because the rascal dealers would fool him. They were making synthetic stuff in the cellars of Boston slums, putting it onto boats, unloading it on the shore, and selling it for Canadian Scotch. The "booties" were being held up all along the line, they would pay the police where they started from, and then the police would send a motor-cycle cop after them to hold them up and get some more.

It was a good thing for labor, Quincy admitted; made it possible to get work done on Monday, so for that reason the law would probably stay. But it was mighty demoralizing; graft was spreading so fast, you hardly knew the old New England. Quincy had been talking that day with a politician in a board-

room, watching the course of stocks, and this politician had quoted the value of the pickpocket, burglary, and confidence men concessions of Suffolk and Middlesex counties. "What do you think of that?" said Quincy, and had one of his convulsions of chuckling.

"It makes me think of something I want to ask you," said Cornelia. "I also have connections with the underworld nowadays."

"I know," said Quincy, "those two wops of yours."

"No," said his aunt, "not the wops, but the officials who are prosecuting them. I need a lot of advice, provided it can be confidential."

The old gentleman became instantly serious. "My dear Aunt Cornelia, I gossip about every family in the world but one!"

II

Cornelia set forth her problem. The Italians who were trying to save the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti found no difficulty in believing that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was corrupt. They knew all the bootleggers—some of them *were* bootleggers—and were used to paying the police. But Cornelia herself found it hard to believe that the woman, Mrs. De Falco, who told them they could buy the freedom of Sacco and Vanzetti for fifty thousand dollars, really knew what she was talking about, and had the power she claimed.

Quincy Thornwell looked thoughtful. "Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money, Aunt Cornelia, even for our politicians. My advice would be, say forty, and when you come to the real showdown, it will be thirty."

It might have been possible to see a humorous aspect to that reply, but Cornelia was not in a smiling mood. "You mean it is genuine, then?"

Quincy answered, it surprised him a little, coming from Plymouth and Norfolk counties. Suffolk everybody knew about, it was Irish, and the decent people had moved out and let the "micks" have their own way. Suffolk County comprised the city of Boston proper; and years ago, when it had gone Democratic, the old aristocracy of wealth and fashion had begun an exodus, and now lived in suburban towns, where they could run their

local governments and spend their own taxes. They regarded Boston as the place where they came to clip their coupons and do their shopping and go to the theater. So long as the politicians refrained from stealing the banks and public buildings, the blue bloods generally let them alone.

"It sounds like regular city hall stuff," continued Quincy. "You know that people refer to the city hall as the 'steal works.' When they arrested those wops, the gang thought they had no friends, and could be sent up without trouble, and it would be a good mark for the police. But now it appears they have money, and money is more than good marks. It seems obvious enough."

"Quincy, do you think a civilization can endure on the basis of corruption like that?"

"No, of course it can't."

"You give up our civilization?"

"I gave it up a generation ago, when I saw we didn't have sense enough to keep the scum of Europe out. We built a nation on the basis of self-government, and we could do it because we had people who were capable of self-government. But when we let ourselves be overrun by hordes of peasants, we signed our own death-warrant. A few of us old fogies protested, but we couldn't stop it, and we gave up. I said to Uncle Josiah, thirty years ago, I wouldn't touch politics again with a ten-foot pole. And Father said the same."

"Josiah insisted we could teach them, Quincy."

"The last thing in the world they want is to learn anything from us. They hate us because we are different, and better, and we know it. All they want is to rob us of everything we have. You saw those wops plundering the shoe companies—and now the Irish step in to plunder the wops. That's the way it goes in the jungle."

"But, Quincy, the government in Norfolk County is Yankee, and so are most of the voters!"

"That's all right, but if you dig into it, you'll find it's the Irish ring, mark my words. Some of the loot will go to Larry Shay, the head fixer for the crime concessions."

Said Cornelia, "I went to see Shay about this case. Henry told me he'd be a good lawyer to try it."

"None better in Massachusetts. What did he say?"

"He wanted fifty thousand dollars."

Quincy had one of his spells of chuckling. "And you didn't notice the coincidence in price! Don't you see, Aunt Cornelia—when you didn't take up Larry's proposition, he tried it on the Italians! He figured that you, being a simple old lady, might really believe the wops to be innocent; but the Italians wouldn't share your touching faith, so they'd talk turkey. If the politicians had been wise, they'd have warned the Italians not to mention the matter to you."

"As a matter of fact, they did," admitted Cornelia. "They tried to keep Lee Swenson out also. The woman has refused to meet him."

"Well, there you are," said Quincy. "He has a bad reputation—he's a labor agitator and a publicity seeker, and they want to deal with criminals. No, Aunt Cornelia, you don't have to worry about it, all you have to do is raise the money. Have you got it in sight?"

"I don't know. Some of the Italians have hinted it might be got."

"Send out the boys and raid another payroll!" said Quincy, with a grin. "Well, I'll tell you, I'm not a millionaire, as you know, and I have to work for my money—even though it seems easy to those who never played the market. But I'll chip in a few thousand to help you out of this trouble. I think the family would put up the whole amount, if they could be sure it would teach you a lesson."

"You mean," said Cornelia, "I would never again believe in the government of Massachusetts?" There was a naughty twinkle in her eye.

But now her worldly-wise old nephew was "talking turkey" himself. "I mean that you'd take a little care of yourself, and quit fooling with anarchists."

"But, Quincy, don't you think it is up to us people of the old stock to set the wops an example? If I sell out, what will be left for them?"

"Don't you really want to get your friends out of trouble?"

"Yes, but I want to get a lot of others out of trouble also. It would be a poor bargain, from our point of view, to save two men from the electric chair and leave millions in slavery."

"Now, Aunt Cornelia, don't start your Bolshevik propaganda

on me! I know I'm a parasite and a bloodsucker, but every last one of your wops would take my place if he could get it, and I assure you, before he does get it, he's got to fight."

To which Cornelia replied: "If you only knew how much like a Bolshevik you talk, you'd be quite shocked by yourself!"

III

The first serious split in the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee was developing over the problem of the De Falco offer. On the one side was Lee Swenson, backed by Betty and Joe, who were like two bloodhounds held in leash. On the other side were some of the anarchists—those who stayed in the background, and were not seen in headquarters.

Lee Swenson came to Cornelia. "Nonna, we have a marvelous case to fight. I know what I'm talking about, I can make it the most famous labor case in American history, if the committee will only stand behind me, and give me the funds. This De Falco thing is plain blackmail; the police know that Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent of the crime, but they think they've got other things on the group, and expect to trade on our fears. You know how it is with the anarchists, they are liable to be deported—and maybe there are other secrets that break their nerve. Some of them want to settle; they won't say it plainly, but they are blocking my moves."

"But, Lee! Yesterday Bart said to me he'd rather die than be bought out."

"I know; but Bart is in jail, and it's the committee that is paymaster. I have an idea some of them are going ahead with their plans to raise the money and close the deal. If we persist in having our way, they might throw us down and ruin us."

"Oh, surely not that!"

"You are new at the game of intrigue, Nonna. It might even happen by accident—we have got to allow for the spies on our committee. The prosecution will have one, and the Department of Justice will have one, and they probably won't even know each other. If we delay too long and talk too much, we may find ourselves arrested, charged with an effort to bribe the noble-minded authorities."

Joe and Betty had already made a few automobile excursions,

following Mrs. De Falco's car. They had seen it spend a couple of evenings parked near the car of the gentleman who was to be employed for a retaining fee now reduced to forty thousand dollars. On one of these occasions a public official's car had come up, and he had entered the house. Also Lee Swenson had investigated some "references" the woman had offered; that is to say, murder cases and other crimes which had resulted in dismissals and acquittals through her intervention. What Lee found was that when he started to question the lawyers and relatives who had negotiated these settlements, they became ill at ease and refused to talk—which was to be expected under the circumstances.

Also he had an "investigator" looking into Mrs. De Falco herself. She was one of the many who hung around the courts, looking for openings to be of service to lawyers and witnesses. In short, she was a "runner," one of those who intervene between accused persons and lawyers. Ignorant foreigners who have broken the law are badly frightened, and the "runner" is a comforting friend, who helps to steer them in a strange world—and incidentally finds out how much money they have, or how much their friends can raise, so that the lawyer can fix the fee at the maximum, and then "split" with the "runner." Such a person soon learns the tricks of the courts, and profits by many forms of graft. An odd circumstance, that the investigators reported Mrs. De Falco had an improvident husband, and the fruits of her legal labors went to maintain a home for several children. A complicated world to work in!

She persisted in refusing to see Lee Swenson under any circumstances; so Lee sent to New York for his dictograph—the one he had used in breaking up the government witnesses in a frame-up against the I.W.W. in Seattle five years previously. He set it up in the room where Felicani had been meeting Mrs. De Falco, a big barren place in an old tenement house, next door to a print-shop. He got his own stenographer, and another whom he could trust—and whom the jury would have to trust, because she had served with the A.E.F. in France! The trap was set for seven o'clock in the evening, and the De Falco woman came on schedule time and repeated her assurances of what she was able to do, and explained that it was impossible to come any lower in the price. Meantime several

persons strolled casually into the room and out again, so as to be able to testify that Felicani and Mrs. De Falco were talking; and the stenographers diligently took down what they got of the conversation. Unfortunately the printer next door, not having been warned of the plot, started up one of his presses, which caused the dictograph to sound like an avalanche in Switzerland!

However, part of the conversation was recorded; and now, what next? Some of the committee insisted upon waiting, they wanted to get money and mark it, and pay it to Mrs. De Falco. But they delayed to act, and Lee Swenson suspected they were playing for time, their real purpose was to raise the full amount and settle the case. He insisted, such a story would not lie quiet more than a day or two; so many persons knew about it, and the moment the authorities got a hint it was a matter of minutes which would act first. Joe Randall, as a newspaper man, backed up Lee in this; everything depended on how the story first reached the public. If the authorities filed a complaint, charging Felicani with an effort to purchase justice, that would be what the world would believe about the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, regardless of what evidence might later be produced. Trust the capitalist press for that!

So Lee took matters into his own hands, and filed a complaint, charging Mrs. De Falco with soliciting a bribe. It was a matter for which some of the anarchists never forgave either him or Joe. Who were these two, non-anarchists, therefore enemies of anarchism, to come in and play with the lives of two comrades? To involve Sacco and Vanzetti in an effort to use capitalist courts, which they regarded with abhorrence! Was not Mrs. De Falco herself a human being, a victim of the class system? What business had an anarchist giving information against her, and trying to send her to jail? The Italians did not hesitate to charge that Lee Swenson wanted to get the money, instead of the De Falco woman; he wanted a big legal case for himself!

IV

A terrible world to live in! A world full of tangles impossible to unravel, of dangers impossible to foresee! A world in which

wild beasts roamed in the darkness, slaying and devouring—no change from the old days of the jungle!

About twenty-four hours after the De Falco story was spread on the front page of all the Boston newspapers—"Reds Charge Bribery Plot to State," and so on—Cornelia's telephone rang, and she heard the voice of her oldest daughter. "Mother, is that you?" The voice was trembling, so that Cornelia's heart started at the first sound. "What has happened?"

"Oh, Mother, the most dreadful thing! I can't tell you over the phone! I will come at once. Be at home!" There was a sob in Deborah's voice, something that was rarely heard. But no chance to ask more—she hung up the receiver.

Half an hour later she came in, breathless from hurrying up the stairs. Her mother had never seen such distress on her face. Mutely she held out a letter, which Cornelia took. It had a canceled special delivery stamp, on an ordinary envelope, such as you buy at the post office, addressed on a typewriter to Mrs. Rupert Alvin at the Commonwealth Avenue address. Cornelia opened it, and found a typewritten sheet of paper, which seemed to burn her eyeballs as she read:

"Call off your daughter and your mother from the aiding and abetting of anarchists, or you and your family will live to regret it. Why do you let your daughter travel about town day and night with a young anarchist with a criminal record? Look up his wife he deserted. Do you want the world to know that your daughter sleeps with him under your mother's protection? We want no Russian free love in Boston. We will expose them in the papers if they do not get out of town, and your other daughter's wedding will be postponed again.

"AMERICAN PATRIOT."

So there was a bagful of cats turned loose, to rampage over the place, and maintain a dreadful clamor. No possibility of counting them—any more than the stream of wild questions flung at Cornelia's gray head. One horror, of course, led the rest: was it true that Betty was living in adulterous relations with a married man, and Cornelia abetting the crime? It was a question difficult to answer without sounding cynical to a pillar of Trinity Church in the City of Boston. Cornelia said, as

calmly as she could, that Betty and Joe loved each other truly, and were going to marry as soon as the law permitted, after Joe's wife had got her Reno divorce. Oh, horrible! horrible! Deborah broke down, and hid her face in her hands, because she could not contemplate such depravity in her mother and her daughter. Or would it be more accurate to say, because she thought that she ought not contemplate it? Human motives are complicated, and in the effort to have our own way we sometimes contrive elaborate emotional dramas.

Said Cornelia: "They will be a perfectly respectable married couple as soon as it is over. There are some in our most fashionable society who have done the same thing."

"At least they had the decency to wait till they were divorced!"

"As to that, Deborah, you should ask your cousin Quincy. He dines frequently at Mrs. Jack Gardner's, where I understand they discuss such cases in detail."

Then the other counts of the indictment. "No Deborah, Joe has no 'criminal record,' I assure you."

"But how do you know it?"

"I know it because I know Joe. He is a fine young idealist, whom I love, and was glad to accept in his present rôle."

"An anarchist free-lover!"

"In the first place, he isn't an anarchist, but a socialist, which is the opposite pole of thought. He is much more conservative than Betty, and their honeymoon quarrels are over his efforts to tone her down. You should be grateful to him."

"But what does this letter mean—his 'criminal record'?"

"It is nothing but a coward's attempt to frighten and distress us. Joe was connected with the American legation in Russia, and he saw President Wilson begin his private war on the Russian people, which was nothing but wholesale murder for the benefit of the British Tories. Joe said what he thought about it, and he may have actually done something to try to stop it. If he has a 'criminal record,' that is it, I am sure."

"And his wife—she is really going to get a divorce?"

"She is planning to remarry."

Deborah made a face of disgust. Ugh, such a world! it seemed to say. It did not improve the long lean features, so much like those of Josiah, which Cornelia had come to know too well.

She waited until the ugly moment was past, and then said, very gently: "There are two great improprieties, Deborah—one is love without marriage, and the other is marriage without love. The latter was my portion, and I assure you, if Betty had to choose one or the other, I am glad it was the other. I did not will this situation, and if they had asked my advice, I would have told them to wait. But they settled it for themselves, and it was a condition and not a theory that confronted me. Betty offered to tell you, but I could see no good in distressing you."

V

They argued the ethics of free love versus purchased love for a while; until Deborah's practical mind got to work at its customary task of telling other people what to do. "We must not have a scandal—now that Priscilla's wedding invitations have been sent out! We must think up some reason for Betty to go to Europe at once, and stay until the man can marry her."

"I fear you will not be able to arrange that, Deborah. Betty is wrapped up in this case of Sacco and Vanzetti, and the trial is coming in the spring. She and Joe are working over it day and night, and surely, when a young couple are busy and happy, it is not the part of wisdom to break them up."

"But this, Mother! This!" Deborah held the letter in her trembling hand. "How can we face this horrible thing?"

"It is an effort to break our nerve, and it must not succeed."

"But what can we do—if they expose us?"

"How *can* they expose us? Betty lives here, and Joe visits here occasionally, but never unless I am in the apartment. Are they going to break into my home to look for evidence against my granddaughter?"

"Betty must come back and stay with her parents at once!"

"Betty is a grown woman, responsible for her own life. I think you will have to let her make her own decisions, and face her own enemies."

They argued back and forth, and in the process Cornelia's mind became more clear. "I am quite certain nothing will happen, Deborah, except the writing of more letters. The police have spies in the office of our committee, and they pick up bits of gossip, but they don't really know anything. Surely we can

stand upon our family dignity, and ignore anonymous slanderers! You and I and Joe and Betty are the only ones who know the facts, and we are not going to tell any one else—except, of course, Rupert.”

Poor Rupert! He was almost worried to death, his wife broke out. That dreadful man Jerry Walker was bringing a suit and charging all sorts of outrageous things; and some of Rupert’s associates were quarreling with him for having got them into the mess. They had entirely forgotten how glad they were to get their share of the profits. And then this business about the Boston Elevated—had Cornelia been told about that?

“Not much, except what has been in the papers.”

“Well, they are going to make all the members of the legislature testify as to their stock investments, and they are looking up the loans they got from some of the banks. They will call it bribery, of course, but it was nothing in the world except that Rupert was trying to save the Elevated from bankruptcy, and the stockholders from ruin, and those vicious politicians were holding him up, refusing to grant any increase in fares. They wouldn’t vote until they got money to buy Elevated stocks. You can’t imagine what the politicians are!”

“My child, I know exactly what they are—they are trying to send two of my friends to the electric chair, unless we will raise forty thousand dollars to buy them off. Betty and Joe and I have been having to make that decision in the last few days, and I think the reason you got this letter is because we refused to pay.”

Deborah sat staring before her, her tall forehead wrinkled in thought. Her surrender was not indicated by throwing up her hands, but merely by beginning to talk sensibly. “Mother, I ought to meet that young man.”

“Of course you ought—that is, provided you will behave yourself, and understand that he is your son-in-law.”

“Is he—does he look like a gentleman?”

“He comes from an old Virginia family, and they think they are quite as good as we are—in fact, I understand they sometimes make fun of us, saying that we talk through our noses.”

“I suppose I’ll have to tell Rupert,” said Deborah. “He might get one of these letters, too. I’ll tell him to-night, and we’ll make some arrangement—I don’t know just what. I suppose this

—what is his name, Randall—ought to be invited to dinner.”

“Thank you, my dear, that is certainly sensible.”

“Well, if they are going to be married, we have to try to make it seem decent. I don’t want people to say that Betty married a man she picked up off the street.”

“No, it is not at all like that. You can tell people they met at the first session of the Third International in Moscow.”

VI

Priscilla Quincy Adams Thornwell had been a sufficient time in her grave for it to be proper for her grand-niece, Priscilla Thornwell Alvin, to be united to the young mountain of copper. So there was another of those stately ceremonials which mark the coming and going of the generations, and advertise their social importance. Out of this union there would proceed many copper hills and branch banks, bearing the sacred names of Thornwell and Quincy and Adams and Shaw and Cabot, shuffled into new combinations. Engraved invitations were sent to all members of the clans, and the hot-houses of the florists were emptied, and Trinity Church became a mid-winter bower, and the four organs played the Lohengrin march coming and the Mendelssohn march going, and there was a procession of two little “flower-girls,” and six young ladies with faces rigid and intense with the effort of keeping in step under the eyes of so many relatives. They wore drooping hats and carried large bouquets of roses, as white as the driven snow before it has been driven through the bituminous smoke of Boston. This symbolized the undoubted purity of the bride, and nowhere in the consecrated spaces of the brown-stone edifice was there a single red rose of adultery.

Except in the hearts of the supposed-to-be-happy parents of the bride, haunted by the cruel secret of their younger daughter’s shame. Rupert and Deborah were in the grip of a terror such as had never before attended a Thornwell wedding-service. Their imaginations played with a string of horrors, which might be perpetrated by a writer of devilish anonymous letters. After all, what limit could you set to the perversity of such a creature? A bomb in the church—say in the vestibule, where it would not kill any one, but would make a scandal heard round the world!

Or perhaps what was called a "stink-bomb," that would drive everybody from the edifice! Or foul whispers by an old gipsy woman, or poison-leaflets distributed in the pews—it had happened once in Boston history. There was a moment when the hearts of Rupert and Deborah jumped into their throats—when the rector pronounced the bold challenge: "If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace!"

A dreadful silence, during which Rupert and Deborah heard a voice shout out that the younger sister of the bride was living in adultery, and therefore the family was not "eligible." But no one else heard a sound, and the ceremony was completed; six immaculate ushers from Harvard marched out with the six bridesmaids, and the little flower girls carried the bride's train. The bride and groom were whisked away to the Alvin home, where an elaborate breakfast was served to the family and intimate friends. The bride, now attired in traveling costume, was kissed on both cheeks by relatives male and female—her pure white forehead was stained by the red lips of adultery, and she did not know it! Yes, Betty hugged and kissed her good old sister several times, and wished her all the respectable luck which so respectable a young lady was bound to have; and if there were tears in Betty's eyes, they were not tears of shame, because Betty was lost to shame, and only her poor mother had to blush for her, and weep for the dreadful hidden secret—and tremble, because the danger was not yet over—there might be poison-leaflets thrown into the departing bridal-car, in place of the rice and old shoes which Boston society had abandoned as undignified.

But again the fears proved baseless, and the young couple departed in blissful certainty that everything had happened exactly as it had always happened, and as it ought to happen—one and the same thing in Boston. They took the train to New York, and from there to Palm Beach, where they stopped at the most expensive hotel, and dressed themselves three times a day in the proper summer costumes, and innumerable attendants rushed this way and that to anticipate their needs, and no one embarrassed them by a smile or hint that they were suspected of not being entirely accustomed to the intimacies of holy matrimony.

So, in secrecy and retirement, a young creature who was to bear a string of honored names began his career; and the conscientious young progenitors had nothing in the world to worry about except the inescapable problem which dogs the footsteps of Boston blue-bloods en voyage—whom is it safe to know and whom not? If people hail from Seattle or Oshkosh, it may be rather amusing to talk to them, because they will not presume to expect to know you at home; but if they come from New England, then you have to speculate anxiously as to who they are, and wish you had Mother or Aunt Alice to advise you. Can they be the “right” Cabots? Do any of the “real” Lowells come from New Hampshire? Are the Adamses of Scituate the ones who are cousins of the Adamses of Concord, or can they be those dreadful people that were divorced some years ago? Better to walk the esplanade in solemn dignity by yourself, than take the risk of making such a serious misstep!

VII

An odd experience for Cornelia and Betty—to take part in this orgy of hand-shaking and kissing—to be dipped, as it were, into an ocean of propriety and perfume, to be transported to a fairy-land of white veils and roses, frock-coats and silk hats and kid gloves, crystal and silver and pearl and diamond wedding-presents—and then to step into a motor-car and be carried along the Back Bay and across the river, and find themselves within the gates of an ancient stone dungeon, stained dark by factory smoke, with steel bars on the windows and steel doors clanging, and faces of grim command, and faces of lowering hate, faces brutalized and degraded, marked by disease, fear, cruelty—a thousand evils which poverty, ignorance and neglect inflict upon the tormented human race. Church doctrine teaches that between heaven and hell there is an abyss across which none may travel; but Cornelia and her granddaughter crossed it at least once, and sometimes two or three times a week; they went back and forth between celestial and infernal regions, associating freely with both angels and devils—and finding them not so different one from the other as their fears and hates caused them to believe!

Bart came, with the coal-dust hastily washed from his face and hands, but not from his neck and wrists. He greeted them

with his smile of joy, and asked to sit near the window, in the sunshine, so rare in his life. He saw the white roses they were wearing, and learned that they were bridal roses; he traveled in fancy to the River Magra, where weddings meant fiddles and dancing and wine, in addition to flowers and white veils. Such lovely country, such happy people—if it were not for landlord, for padrone, for wicked go-vérnment, taking boys away from home to make soldier, to make cruel war!

They talked about the case, and Bart with tact and gentleness strove to convey to his dear friends the unhappiness which was tormenting him. Never had he thought it could happen that he would be the means of sending any human being to prison, a place of wickedness and suffering like this. "Is something should not be attempting, Nonna, it is not according with filosofia anarchica. Mrs. De Falco is criminal, yes, but is poor victim, is ignorant, is not blam-èd for what she do. It is principle for me—it is wrong ever to call law, to punish wit' judge and sooch thing."

"But, Bart, you told Lee you would leave it to his judgment."

"I know, I have shame for that. I am stranger, poor man, have not mooch knowledge. I think, friend have bring lawyer, he is educate, he onderstand, he try hard for helping—how can I make contraddizione? But then come Italian friend, they say, 'What is this, Vanzett', you are anarchista, you make woman be arrest? You have deny principle of whole living?' And I say, 'It is true, I have done wrong, I would better be convict of any crime in world!'"

"Well, Bart"—it was Betty speaking—"you should have an anarchist lawyer."

"Is not many soocha t'ing, Betty, is hard for be. Should not have no lawyer. Anarchista should stand in court, should say, 'Is wicked place, is wicked sistema. You have power, you have victim in hand, you can crush him, but you cannot crush his soul, his doctrine it live, will spread to whole umane kind.'"

"Then you really don't want to be saved, Bart?"

"I want for anarchismo be sav-èd."

"Joe has gone to Maine, to try to get the record of one of the witnesses for the prosecution, that we have heard has been convicted of crime. Now, if we find it is so, do you want us to use the fact? It will hurt the man's feelings, no doubt."

Vanzetti sat with brow furrowed in thought. "I not know. I have said always, it is good for speak truth. I think anarchista can speak what is truth."

"Yet you might be the cause of the man's being sent to jail again. It might turn out he is wanted by the police for something else."

Time was needed to answer that! It was a complicated world, and often it would happen that Vanzetti would agree to the proposals of Betty and Joe and Lee Swenson, and then think it over, or hear the protests of his comrades, and decide that it was not according to "*filosofia anarchica*." All he could say now, having brooded over the problem of Mrs. De Falco through long hours in his cell, was that he did not want her sent to jail, not even to save his life. Anyhow, he was sure the move against her would not help his cause; rather it would embitter the go-vérnment, it would make them redouble their efforts for a conviction. It was difficult to explain this in a foreign language, but Bart's idea was that the authorities would consider Lee Swenson was not playing the game. The law, from the point of view of a politician in power, was an opportunity for graft, and the most dangerous person in the world was not the bandit, but the man who threatened the graft system.

"He is not so mooch fraid for bandit, he know plenty bandit, is us-èd him, do plenty business with him. It is big bandit put up money for election him. But man what expose, man what tell newspaper, tell people, he is real nemico—what you say, enemy, he is one you musta keell. I think he keell me for teach Lee Swenson he cannot break graft in Massachusett."

"I am sorry if we have made things worse, Bart." It was Cornelia speaking, and her words brought tears into the prisoner's eyes. He laid his hand upon her arm, and begged her pardon for his bad way of saying things, it was hard to express these complicated ideas. He was not afraid to die, and whatever happened, they must not grieve. He was a poor, unknown man, he had talked for years unheeded; to be executed for his beliefs was perhaps the one way he could make them known. But he wanted to die with a clean conscience—not having caused a mother of several children to be sent to jail, for trying to get her pitiful share of that loot which the rich and powerful ones of the community tried to keep for their own.

VIII

Lee Swenson had obtained a postponement of the Sacco-Vanzetti case until the month of June, to give him time to prepare. The law of the Puritans, otherwise stern and parsimonious, would be prodigal only of delay. Sacco would sit in his cell in Dedham—when he grew bored with standing on his head or walking on his hands—and wonder by what malicious turn of fate it had happened that he who despised the law was tangled in a legal net, denied even the boon of swift, uncomplicated death. Now and then there would be papers he would have to sign on his own behalf; invariably he would refuse to sign them, and there would begin a campaign of diplomacy.

Visits from his wife, carrying the newly born infant, surely a reason to make a fight for freedom! Visits from committees of this "gruppo" and that, bringing messages and resolutions, a newspaper article, a cablegram from Italy. You could never tell what odd circumstance might turn the trick with Sacco: a bouquet of flowers, a chat about what was to be planted in the garden this spring, or questions as to what would be blooming in Torremaggiore at this time of year—and suddenly the hard shell of anarchistic principle would melt, and the tormented man would smile, and stretch out his hand for the paper, saying, "Is crazy t'ing, but you say it, I sign heem."

Meantime typewriters were clicking, and circulars and pamphlets going out, and a scrapbook filling with clippings about the case. Throughout labor and radical circles in America the names of Sacco and Vanzetti were becoming known as the latest victims of the "frame-up" system. Money was coming in, and several investigators were at work, and the busy brain of Lee Swenson was spinning counterplots like a nest of caterpillars in a pine tree. Under the law of the Commonwealth he had the right to a list of the witnesses to be used by the prosecution; and part of his preparation of the case was interviews with these persons, and efforts to get their stories from them, to break them down, to delve into their past and find out anything that would discredit them, or frighten them, or cause them to swing over to the other side.

Under this system, a legal case became a miniature war, a contest of sappers and miners, of spies and counterspies; some

witnesses would sell out more than once, and change their stories back and forth—one statement to the Pinkerton detectives, a different one to the friends of the defense, yet another to the district attorney, another to the lawyers of the defense—and which one finally got to the jury was a matter of price, or else of psychology. Some witnesses wanted money, and then more money; but there were others who had a secret spring of loyalty or prejudice, which, if you could touch it, might turn the trick for a few days or forever. One would do anything to help a buddy who had been in France, the next would do anything to oblige the Pope of Rome; one wanted to electrocute all Italians because he had been knifed by one in a street fight twenty years ago; another abhorred Yankees because a school-teacher had beaten him as a child.

A singular education for a daughter of the blue-bloods, to help in a job like this! An education which would surely not have won the approval of her theocratic forefathers, nor yet of the plutocratic trustees who supervised the curriculum of Radcliffe! But at least you could say it was an education based upon fundamentals, and getting to original sources. What was present-day New England actually like? What did its people really do and think and feel? What was its working governmental system, as distinguished from the one written on paper, and taught in schools, and glorified in Fourth of July orations and newspaper editorials? Surely these were matters worth knowing about, even if you did not get a sheepskin diploma, and three Greek letters on a key, and two Latin words at the end of your name!

Elizabeth Thornwell Alvin took two different trains and traveled into the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, and was bumped for ten or fifteen miles in a buggy over country roads deep with the soft mud of early spring, and in a ramshackle farmhouse, with the paint peeled off and the fence palings molded and rotten, she met a girl who had been working in the Rice and Hutchins shoe factory in South Braintree on the afternoon when the bandits had opened fire on the paymaster and the guard. This girl had a feeble chin and prematurely decayed teeth, and a baby due to make its entrance into a world of torment in a very few days. For some reason she got it into her weak head that Betty was there in the interest of the district

attorney's office, and she immediately became hysterical, bursting into tears and shrieking that she was in no condition to come to a trial, and could not be forced to testify; anyhow, she knew nothing, because when the shooting had started, she had hidden under a bench.

Betty soothed her, assuring her there was no wish to force her to do anything; so presently the girl calmed down and became communicative. Too bad she could not go, because two of her former shopmates were getting good pay to testify against those wops, and they sure ought to be run out of the country, coming in and taking honest people's jobs away, and fighting and all that, and it sure was up to we Americans to stand together against them. Later, by deft questioning, Betty drew from this patriotic young person the information that her mother had been an Irish peasant and her father a French peasant. A triumph of "americanization," and the speeding up processes of a machine age! Betty's ancestors, who had been tinnerns and carpenters and indentured servants, had taken three hundred years to acquire their superiority to the new immigrant workers; but here was a shoe factory girl who had managed it in one-tenth of the time!

IX

The case of Mrs. De Falco was set for trial in a Boston police court, and Betty and Joe turned their energies to this—digging into the records of public officials, and running down clews of graft. Shudders ran up and down the spines of persons high in political power, and rage seethed in their hearts against blue-blood intruders who were not content with the security which wealth and prominence conferred, but turned traitor to their own privileges, and attacked the bases of law and order. What did these high-hatted snobs want, anyhow? What was the matter with them that they could not be content with public officials who protected them, keeping them safe against bombers and blackmailers and burglars and pickpockets and a thousand such predatory creatures; making everything so comfortable, that they might be born, and grow up, and live long, and go to pieces like the one-horse shay, of old age and decrepitude, without

ever knowing a moment of danger or making a real effort in their lives?

The politicians and police might laugh at the blue-bloods, but they respected and feared them, because of very real powers they still held; not merely finance, utilities and the choicest real estate, but solidarity, knowledge, culture—the latter a far-off, mysterious thing, but awe-inspiring, like the power of a voodoo magician, who can cause your right arm to wither and fall off; or anyhow, he says he can, and how shall you be certain about it? The lower orders, having captured the city, were afraid of their captives, and dared not make use of their power; they stood, fierce-eyed barbarians, at the doors of the temples, and watched the priests, clad in frock coats and high hats, performing mysterious offices, impossible to comprehend or imitate. In the end the barbarians capitulated, and sent their sons to study in the temples, and become as much like the conquered caste as they could!

Politicians and police were used to many kinds of eccentricities on the part of rich persons. Those who had enormous powers and no duties necessarily had to work off steam. They dressed themselves in pink coats, and rode to hounds and broke their necks; they raced motor cars at high speeds, and learned to save themselves behind the steering-post when they crashed; they flew in airplanes and landed on top of houses; they built submarines and got stuck at the bottom of the sea; they worked in chemical laboratories and asphyxiated themselves, or invented explosives and blew themselves up; they went yachting to the North Pole to hunt walruses, or to the equator to collect baby chimpanzees for a psychological laboratory.

Hardly a millionaire estate without something weird and mysterious upon it: the largest collection of old pewter in the world, or a single-tax enclave, or an herbarium with Brazilian butterflies, or a laboratory for the investigation of ghosts, or a mausoleum prepared in advance of death, or a fireproof and bombproof shelter for safety against mobs! And now and then a more sinister case—a clergyman with a fondness for choir-boys, or an aged sybarite who must have fifteen-year-old virgins shivering in his arms; a young lady of fashion who frequented the "black and tan" cafés disguised as a man, or who taught the sex-lore of the Orient to her female intimates!

The police were used to all this. They even got used to the idea that now and then a rich eccentric would turn against his own and commit class-suicide. They knew that in the home of a dead poet in Cambridge, a shrine to which pilgrims traveled from all over America, the poet's grandson was upstairs entertaining syndicalists and communists, and figuring the easiest way to overthrow the capitalist system. That was treason, but it was treason to the rich, and the rich were the ones to deal with it. What worried the politicians and police was when these young fools took to hounding the politicians and police. That was the treason that really mattered, that was a stab in the back, and the most dangerous activity one could pursue in America.

And here was Betty Alvin quite blandly going to it, heedless of all warnings. So came a string of developments, distressing to a blue-blood family. Anonymous letters, more abusive and more widely scattered; telephone calls, with sinister voices pronouncing dooms; visits to Rupert from his banking associates, who talked about alarming rumors they had heard; a call from the Republican boss with whom Rupert did business, and who asked him if he didn't have troubles enough! So again Betty was summoned to her father's home, and went through the worst scene yet; she lost her serenity, and shed many tears, but she would not go abroad, nor give up either her lover or her anarchists. Again she was disinherited and disowned—whether in words, or actually upon paper, she had no way to know.

A heavy strain upon Rupert, and a strange freak of fate! Or could it be that there actually was some intelligence overseeing the universe, and that Betty's revolt was a punishment visited upon a great banker who had left undone those things he ought to have done, and had done those things he ought not to have done? Rupert could not escape this idea, because he had been brought up in Trinity Church in the City of Boston, and had heard it—not exactly preached, but skirted on the edge of, every Sunday morning for fifty years. He would have liked to ask his rector, or some other clergyman: could there be a God perverse enough to object to Rupert's having taken the felt-plants of Jerry Walker, which Rupert could finance and Jerry couldn't? Could any God have wanted him to let the Boston Elevated stay on the rocks and be pounded to pieces? Could any God be so silly as the fanatics and agitators who denounced

Rupert for having loaned money to legislators—when it was perfectly obvious that it was not Rupert who had elected these legislators, and that lending them money was the only way to get a raise of fares and make the stock of the Elevated worth anything? No, God was not going to punish the president of the Pilgrim National Bank for having protected the people who had trusted their fortunes to him! But then, how could God be letting Rupert's lovely young daughter be seduced by anarchist free love, and exposed to the furies of scandal, at such a trying moment of her father's life?

X

One by one the members of the family received "poison pen" letters. Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge came to her mother, incredulous of the scandal, because her maternal soul had never desired an impropriety. Alice Thornwell Winters came, elegant and precious, regarding her virtue as a hard-won possession, deserving of commensurate rewards. No use expecting others to live up to one's own standards—"though I do think, Mother, Betty is beginning rather young. I must say I am aghast at this new generation, they don't even trouble to apologize for their indiscretions. And I don't know what to make of you, Mother—I thought you believed in the old standards. I heard that these radicals practiced free love, but somehow I didn't think of it in relation to my own mother."

"Well, Alice," said Cornelia, "you must consider my life. I was faithful to the old standards, I lived my life without love, and where did it get me?"

The carefully cultivated features of Alice Thornwell Winters wore a puzzled look. Alice prided herself upon being sensitive to all ethical and esthetic values—they were the same thing, she always insisted—beauty was truth and beauty was goodness—but of course beauty must be recognized by a discriminating intelligence—it was something that could not be explained—it was a gift, very rare, but Alice had it. "Really, Mother, how can you feel that you have had such a hard life? Your children love you, and your grandchildren would, if they saw more of you. Josiah was saying to me only yesterday it was hard to

understand why you found so much in Italian anarchists, and so little in your own people."

"Well, my dear, perhaps I know the Harvard values too well, and have got bored with them. Tell Josiah to come to dinner, and tell me what new things he has learned and accomplished. That is, unless you are afraid to expose him to my free love ideas."

That was a nasty stroke of a cat's claws, and the sensitive Alice winced. For everybody in the family had heard about the "wild oats" of "Young Josiah," only son of Alice and Henry—known as "Josie" to his boyhood playmates, and as "Si" to the members of "Porcellian" and of "Alpha Delta Phi." Alice allowed for him, because he was a man, and that was the way men did, apparently; they got over it in time, and settled down. But nowadays the girls were doing it, too, and how would there be any esthetic standards, if the women did not maintain them? That was what shocked Alice in the episode of Betty and Joe—it was so unesthetic, to come to the apartment where Betty's grandmother lived! To which Cornelia answered that she had never been to a roadhouse, and could not judge, but it might be, of course, that some of them were fixed up esthetically. Look out for the cat's claws of this gentle-seeming old woman!

Alice went away, and Josiah Thornwell Winters called up, and made an appointment to dine with his grandmother, and tell her what he had learned and accomplished as a Harvard senior. But when he came, he did not mention the subject—because meantime the current of his thoughts had been diverted. The grandson and namesake of the stern old governor had fallen the newest victim to the calamities which were raining upon his conspicuous family.

Cornelia happened to drop in at the office of the defense committee, and Lee Swenson gave her the first news of the event. "I don't like to repeat gossip, Nonna, but my guess is, your latest family trouble is a result of what you and Betty are doing, so you need to know about it."

"What do you mean, Lee?"

"There's a story all over town—last night the political gangs were roaring drunk in their bootleg-joints, and when they had a round of drinks, they would say, 'Have one on Young Josiah!'"

"What has he done?"

"Well, they caught him in a hotel room with a woman. Undoubtedly she lured him there—it's a regular system they have. They took a flashlight photograph of him, and Henry Cabot Winters paid seventy-five thousand dollars to kill the story."

Cornelia, the "Red," was supposed to be lacking in shame; but now she looked down, instead of at her friend. "Can it really be true, Lee?"

"It is what is being told. You can find out, of course."

"They can do that kind of thing in Boston, and not be punished?"

"It's the punishers who are doing it, Nonna. It's a blackmail ring, and the district attorneys get a share of the loot. There is an aged millionaire in this town—perhaps you know him—old man Barbour?"

"I have met him."

"Well, they got him in the same kind of jam, and soaked him to the tune of three hundred and eighty-six thousand. You can hardly believe that, but I got the amount from one of his lawyers. And then young Searles—he inherited a fortune from his uncle, I think it was, and the gang got him in an apartment with a couple of girls and cleaned him out. Over in Woburn they got a bunch of moving-picture people in a roadhouse for a wild party, and it cost those celebrities a hundred and five thousand."

"One might expect it of people like that," said Cornelia. "But it is something new for the Thornwells, unless I am mistaken. I'm glad that my Josiah is not here to see what has become of his name."

XI

So it was that when Josiah Thornwell Winters came to dinner two or three days afterwards, his grandmother did not chat about the polite nothings of the Harvard curriculum and of "Porcellian" and "Alpha Delta Phi." Throwing aside those reticences which are supposed to be the crown of womanhood, she talked in plain language about unspeakable things—"man to man," as she put it. And "Young Josiah," who had never dreamed of such a thing from an old lady, turned pink to

the roots of his hair and looked as if he wanted to grab his hat and run; but after a while he got used to it, and found it a relief to talk about realities. He had come very close to shooting his head off, and neither the horrified grief of his pure mother, nor the withering scorn of his successful father had been of the slightest use to him.

He was twenty-two years old, and at the age of seventeen he had sprung up to the Thornwell height of six feet and more, but had never filled out his lean figure. His shoulders were stooped and his complexion pale, and his fingers yellow with nicotine; but he had the most elegant Harvard drawl, and a complete equipment of skepticism and boredom, applied to matters about which he knew nothing, as well as to those about which Harvard had taught him everything. His manner was "right," his clothing had the proper shade of carelessness, and his apartment on the "Gold Coast" contained shelves of exquisite smut, beginning with Petronius and ending with James Branch Cabell, in numbered editions at from fifteen to fifty dollars a volume.

But now all that solemn pose of maturity had fallen like a cheap actor's cloak, and Cornelia confronted a raw, weedy youth with vicious habits and a sick sense of shame. "I'm a rotter," he said, "but I could tell you things to show you it wasn't entirely my fault. The Pater gave me the razz—he all but told me I'd oblige him if I'd eat a chunk of cyanide—and I said nothing. But you must know, Grandmother, he hasn't been any saint."

"I know he keeps a woman," said Cornelia, grimly.

"More than that. There's a tradition on the crew—you know, after he was graduated, the Pater coached the crew for a couple of years—and he told the fellows they would have to go with prostitutes, or they'd lose their virility. That made the church crowd hot, and they got rid of him, but the story stayed on, and a lot of the fellows think he was right. Now, of course, the Pater says I've gone too far, but then, who is to do the measuring? It was my hard luck that I knew too much about both my father and my mother. Do you want me to talk about Mother?"

"I want you to tell me the truth."

"Well, Mother has wonderful emotions, but she's a little

short on brains, and I rarely got anything useful from her. When I was about fifteen, I heard a terrible quarrel between her and the Pater, they told each other all the dirt they knew. I was behind a curtain, and had to stay there, because I was ashamed to let them know I'd heard the beginning. You know Mother's way, she has platonic thrills, but she doesn't go the limit, so that makes it all right. The Pater had got a story on her—her friends were talking about how she had traveled to New York with one of her poets, and had lain in his arms all night in the sleeping-car berth, but not parted with her virtue; that was her remarkable spirituality, and the fellow was supposed to enjoy it, too. The Pater called her some rotten names, and then she told what she knew about him, and that was my introduction to the subject of love. It wasn't exactly helpful, was it?"

Cornelia accepted the plea.

"Well, when I was sixteen, I was visiting a fellow from St. Mark's. It was a place on the North Shore, and he had an aunt—one of these up-to-date ladies who had divorced one husband and was getting rid of another, and her lover was in Europe, and she was bored. She came from New York, and they are ahead of us—but not more than a year or two, I have found—perhaps because they get the new shows a season earlier. Anyhow, this was good family, a country club crowd, no end of money, and it seemed all right. She came to my room at night—all fixed up, very beautiful and sweet-smelling, and what chance did a kid stand against a proposition like that? She stayed around a while, and taught me a lot—until her lover came back from Europe, and then we said good-by. But it was only a week before a young widow took me on. You can't imagine how it is, Grandmother—I know it wasn't that way in your time. The women know what they want, and they just go to it."

"Are they trying to marry you?"

"Not often. Some have husbands, but they've been reading Freud, and have got the idea that all their troubles are repressions. And the young girls are worse."

"All of them, Josiah?"

"No, of course not—there are plenty of girls like Priscilla and Betty—I suppose they are straight. What happened to me was, I got a reputation, so I drew the wild ones. I was supposed

to be a lady-killer. I don't imagine I'm abnormally attractive, but family counts for a lot, and Harvard, of course—the high-hat stuff. Anyhow, I assure you I never had to do any seducing, and I never made any promises I didn't keep. I've spent a lot of money, but always in respectable ways, I mean entertainments and presents and so on. I never got stuck for blackmail but this once."

Cornelia smiled. "You remember Æsop's fable," she said, "about the lioness who had only one cub, but that one was a lion."

XII

Young Josiah skirted around the cage of this "lion" for quite a while. It didn't seem really decent to tell such "dirt" to one's grandmother. But Cornelia pinned him down. "I have other grandchildren coming along, and I need to know about my city."

"Well, it's a rotten hole," said the youth. "I think this blackmail business is a result of the fact that Bostonians have to pretend to be so much better than they can be. Or maybe it's the Irish, bringing us Yankees off our high horses."

"Who was the woman?"

"She belongs to what is known as 'Larry Shay's stable'—not a very elegant name, but you say you want to know Boston. She looked like a society girl, and I really thought she was."

"Where did you meet her?"

"I had seen her around Harvard Square for a week or two, and I thought she lived in the neighborhood—a neglected young wife or something. She can't be over nineteen; she was dressed up to the minute, and looked like springtime. I suppose she was watching me, finding out about my habits. Anyhow, she passed me now and then, and always looked willing, but not too eager. This time I was sitting in my car, waiting for a fellow, and she came along smiling, and naturally I was smiling, and she walked up and said, 'You are Josiah Winters, aren't you?' She said, 'I know your cousin, Betty Alvin, but I'm not a "Red" like her, so don't be afraid of me.' She had got posted about Betty, and of course I thought Betty knew lots of people that the rest of the family wouldn't know. I laughed, and asked her if she'd

like to ride, and she got in, and we rode all over, and I kissed her a few times, and she said she had never done anything like this before, and paid me a lot of compliments, but she wouldn't go to a roadhouse, and when we came back to town we had supper, and a little champagne, and—the upshot of it was, she knew a hotel where a girl-friend of hers lived, and she wouldn't be afraid to go there. So we went to a room; and about ten minutes after we got in, somebody put his shoulder to the door, and there were half a dozen men, and one of them held a camera, and another set off a flashlight, and they said they were county detectives, and I was under arrest, and the picture would be in the Boston 'Telegram' the next afternoon. The girl went into hysterics—she was a good actress, I must say—or maybe she liked me and was sorry—I'm fool enough to wonder, because she was so young. But there it was, and the Pater pungled up seventy-five thousand bucks, and took it out by telling me what he really thought of me. It took quite a while, and went into details."

Cornelia was moved to say, "You must allow for the financial strain."

"No, it is what he really thinks; he's been cherishing it up for a long time. He is disappointed in me, I'm a weakling, and he needs a strong man for his successor. He might stop and think, what has there been in my life to develop strength—assuming I had the possibility? When the Pater got through Harvard he had to pitch in and fight his own way; but I never had to, it was no good trying to fool myself with the idea that I was anything but a millionaire's son. Of course Mother's spoiling me was from affection, but that didn't change the result. I have enough of the Pater's brains to understand what happened. I never had to do anything but call somebody else. If the car was out of order, tell the chauffeur; if I wanted a bunch of flowers, tell the gardener. So many servants to wait on one kid; so many courtiers, to make you think you're the top of the heap—so why should you climb any higher? And then the women come, and after that, it is impossible to break through. I don't mean merely sex—I mean all the things they want to do—tea-parties and dances and motoring and yachting. Honest truth, Grandmother, except for things like this black-mail, there's nothing to choose between the fashionable girls

and the ones you pick up; they want to do the same things, and the only difference is where you go, and how much it costs. The one thing none of them will let you do is any serious work."

There was more to this revealing story, and Cornelia listened to it all and asked many questions. "I ought to have known these things many years ago," she said. "I might have helped you a great deal."

"Yes, of course. Nobody talks straight to us fellows. Mother doesn't know much that is real, and the Pater has been so busy making money—too busy to think what good it will do anybody. He must be pretty sick, because I show so few signs of solving the problem for him."

"Wouldn't you like to come and see me now and then? Perhaps Betty and I could bring you in touch with people who are doing worth-while things."

"Well, Grandmother, of course, I'll meet anybody you say, but I don't see much hope in that crowd of yours. The way it looks to me, you and Betty have got a little money, and family position, and they are using you for what you are worth."

"Yes, my boy," said Cornelia, gently, "but what I thought was, you might forget those Harvard ideas. I will take you to Charlestown prison and introduce you to one of my wops, who has never had either money or family position, and no education except what he picked up after washing dishes fourteen hours a day. He cannot express himself in English very well, yet he has managed to impress me as a very great man. It is possible he might impress you also, and make you realize what it means to men who lose the money that you get."

"I don't understand just what you mean by that," said Young Josiah from Harvard.

XIII

The trial of Mrs. De Falco came up in a Boston police court, and Cornelia extended her knowledge of the "blackmail ring" and its power. A long-haired Swede from the West had come into Massachusetts to tell them how to run their system of justice; a "Red" and an enemy of society, who would not play the game as other lawyers played it, but tried to throw sticks

into the machinery! Well, they would show him—and they did.

The magistrate was an Irish-Catholic, an ardent patriot, and these were the days of most bitter prejudice against anarchists, atheists and wops. The lawyer representing the defendant was an aggressive and loud-mouthed Jew, and the way he and the judge collaborated was a prophecy of an immortal drama of the emotions called "Abie's Irish Rose." When Felicani, and Lopez, a Spanish anarchist, explained their conscientious objections to taking an oath, the devout Hebrew gentleman went after them hammer and tongs, and the devout Catholic gentleman beamed with delight. After that, it ceased to be the trial of an alleged bribe-seeker, and became the trial of two self-confessed free-thinkers. The judge actually ordered Lopez under arrest, and it took a lot of persuading to change his mind.

The two stenographers took the stand, and the fact that one of them had served with the A.E.F. in France did not help them in the least. Did they know the voice of Mrs. De Falco? If not, how could they be sure that the voice they had heard over the dictaphone was the voice of Mrs. De Falco? To be sure, others had seen Mrs. De Falco talking in the room; but maybe these others were lying, maybe somebody had staged a performance to fool the stenographers and make them think they were listening to Mrs. De Falco, when in reality they were listening to some other Italian woman making a bribe proposition! Who could set a limit to the rascalities that atheists and anarchists might contrive, in order to discredit the legal system of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts?

And then Mrs. De Falco herself, an alert and capable young woman, whose wits had been sharpened by years of battle for life in the police courts. She sturdily denied every charge; and especially she denied any trace of connection between herself and any officials. The high officials of Norfolk and Plymouth counties were upright and honorable gentlemen, and never had made any proposition to let criminals escape for a money consideration, and never had the employment of a relative as counsel for accused criminals had anything to do with subsequent dismissal of proceedings against such criminals. That was, of course, the real issue being tried in this police court; to find the Italian woman guilty meant to find the great Com-

monwealth of Massachusetts guilty, and how could a patriotic judge do that? When the testimony about the officials began to come in, the judge ordered everybody out of the court-room except the witness and the counsel.

The defendant was acquitted; and Lee Swenson, feeling very blue, went off by himself, and sat down at a luncheon table in a restaurant—when who should come in but the aggressive and loud-mouthed Jewish lawyer! He was feeling good, naturally, and joined his victim at the table, and “kidded” him a bit, after the fashion of lawyers—and incidentally talked about the case, as one sensible man to another. Mrs. De Falco had hung around the courts for so many years, she of course knew both the high official and his brother, and she had tried to capitalize her knowledge and get some money out of the Sacco-Vanzetti defense. She knew the details of other court cases, enough to be able to make it appear that she was able to “swing” deals; she had gone to meeting-places with officials, to talk about other matters—knowing that she would be followed by the defense, who would thus conclude that she had a “pull.”

Maybe so, said Lee; but it seemed to him a little strange that a lawyer should be saying such things about his client, and making so elaborate a defense of two other persons who were not his clients! Could it be that any of the officials were paying for this legal victory? The lawyer denied it, and Lee smiled his patient Swedish smile. Of course, you could never be sure; it might be that it had all happened as the other said; sometimes truth really was stranger than fiction. It might be that the officials had happened in while Mrs. De Falco was there, purely as a coincidence; or again, it might be that all of them had met there to say their prayers.

The judge had been of that opinion, and the case was history. The one thing Lee Swenson had accomplished—he realized it, now that it was too late—was to exacerbate the prosecution, to give to all officials having anything to do with the Sacco-Vanzetti case a reason for bitter and personal animus. The name of Lee Swenson became a byword to all politicians and officials; the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee became a nest of active and dangerous foes, and the task of sending two wops to the electric chair became one with the defense of every

criminal-in-office in the entire community. Which was exactly as Vanzetti, lying through those endless hours in his prison cell, had figured out and predicted. Always it happened, sooner or later, that everything turned out as Vanzetti had figured out and predicted!

CHAPTER XII

SHADOWS BEFORE

I

SPRINGTIME in New England! Not all the giant factories with belching smoke, not all the dingy tenements, billboards, hot-dog stands and filling stations could conceal the fact that something magical was happening to the land. Even to prisoners in jail, there was a difference in the air which crept through the corridors. Just as boys know when to fly kites, with no outsider to remind them—so Nick Sacco knew it was time for the garden to be spaded, and when you went to see him, he would ask who was going to do it, and what was to be planted. It was good form to insist that he would be out in time to weed the garden, and to eat the first tomatoes.

Vanzetti, who spent fifteen and a half hours in a cell with only a slit in the top for light, and worked in a yard blackened with coal dust and smoke of near-by factories—even he knew that it was spring. You took a bunch of mayflowers when you went to see him, and the guard could not refuse to let you give him one. A pitiful thing, a frail blossom, but—"flower in the crannied wall"—it was a symbol, it meant a whole springtime; it meant those beautiful woods about Plymouth, and the walks which Bart had taken with Nonna and the children. "How happy we been, Nonna! We not know what happiness we have, till we los-èd him!"

He would talk about the things they had done and seen; it was all alive in his memory, it came like a vision, shining with a light that never was in any springtime. He fed his soul upon such memories, lying through the long hours in his cage. Friendship, kindness, beauty—he had had these "blassings" in his life; not a full share—but then, he had observed that people who had a full share did not appreciate so much their "blassings." "Plenty people go in sunshine, they not think. But I got

little time for seeing, I make notice!" He would move nearer to the window.

Betty had occasion to go to Plymouth, and she brought back Beltrando Brini in her car with her. Another kind of spring-time, a musical talent putting forth buds! The little boy came to the prison, and after Cornelia had interceded with the warden, he was brought into the big reception room, and unlimbered his fiddle and tuned it up. Bart sat watching every move, bursting with pride, as if he were the child's mother. Trando was scared, of course, for he was only thirteen and a half, and this was a terrible place, slouchy brown figures gliding here and there, watchers with hard faces and eyes. But he tucked the fiddle under his chin, and quavering notes stole on the air—"When you and I were young, Maggie"—the tune which Bart had heard him struggling to play, back in those happy days at home!

He had learned other tunes now—"Old Black Joe," and "Home, Sweet Home." He could almost play Drdla's "Serenade"—he would try it, if Bart would excuse mistakes; Bart sat with tears running down his cheeks, no use trying to hide them. The convicts stole to the doors of their cells and strained their ears; even the hard-faced keepers listened, and were reminded suddenly that they, too, were in jail, victims of the hatreds they themselves engendered. All the prison drew together, realizing its shame; the steel bars were melted—and the harder and tougher moods which had made the steel. Oh, man, how strange a fate—to make jails for yourself, and be led out by a little child with a magic wand—and then find yourself afraid, and obliged to run back and shut yourself in! A clock struck, and visitors must leave, and magic cease.

II

Such holidays of the spirit were rare in the life of Cornelia and Betty these days. For the most part their talk was about harsh reality. The trial loomed near, a portentous event, a battle of armies; no longer a mere matter of two wops accused of crime, but a contest over the good name and dignity of the august Commonwealth. A lawyer had come from the wild west and opened an office and started a propaganda campaign,

slandering the good name of Massachusetts all over the world. He was raising tens of thousands of dollars—no one could say how much, but they guessed high, and every dollar was a separate outrage and insult; a refusal to play the game according to the rules.

Lee Swenson knew the danger into which he had put his clients by the De Falco procedure, and this thought was a goad which gave him no rest. He was a cyclone of energy; writing circulars, or suggesting ideas for others to write; printing appeals, getting lists for mailing, writing to this person and that, to get information, to pull wires for publicity, money, or support; interviewing witnesses, hunting up new ones, probing this or that detail of their lives. He would come out to dine with Cornelia, and sit in her big Morris chair by the window, and fan himself and sigh with exhaustion; but in a few minutes he would be telling about a new idea, and before long something else would pop into his head, and out would come his notebook, and what was supposed to be a memorandum might turn into a new set of campaign plans.

Another lawyer had come, a friend of Swenson's from the west; Fred Moore, an Irishman, but a radical, and Swenson's aide in many a fight. Also there were two more journalists on the staff, John Nicholas Beffel and Eugene Lyons, devoted young fellows, passionately convinced of the justice of the cause, and writing newspaper and magazine stuff that went all over the world. As an investigator, there was Bob Reid, a Boston constable, gray old veteran who had been through the Ettore-Giovannitti case with Swenson, and could follow the trail of the authorities like an Indian hunter. If there was anything about Massachusetts police practice too dreadful for Cornelia to believe, all she had to do was to ask this man, and he would cauterize her doubts.

And then another figure, still more alarming to a lady who had lived a sheltered life; a figure out of the underworld, furtive-eyed, silent—a man whom Swenson or Moore usually saw alone, and with whom they made mysterious appointments. Lee, it appeared, was going to try the "stool pigeon" methods of the authorities. Somebody had actually committed the South Braintree crime, he insisted, and the Bridgewater one, too; the way to nail down the prosecution was to find the guilty men.

A rumor had come to Lee that in a city not far away from Boston there was a gang of real bandits who were driving an automobile which they called, jeeringly, "Sacco's car." Now the lawyers were spending money to trail this gang, and Cornelia began to hear whispers of dread names. Lee Swenson saw himself playing the "lead" in a fifth act, in which the prosecution would be confronted with the real evidence, so overwhelming that truth would be vindicated and justice done.

Lee was much of a boy, in spite of his forty years, and he managed to communicate this excitement to Betty and Joe and Cornelia. But he found it impossible to get the Italians of the committee to share his idea; as in the De Falco case, it was contrary to "*filosofia anarchica*." When you argued about it, you would meet shrugs of the shoulders; let the cops do their own dirty work. "We no raise money for sooch job." When you declared that here might be real bandits, there would be a still higher shrug of the shoulders, a wider sweep of the hands. "What if they did? Is poor feller, musta live. Is victim of wicked sistema, what right I got for punish?"

And when you took the question to Bart and Nick, you met exactly the same response. They would not be saved at the expense of any other human being; they would not compromise their principles, even to prove their innocence. The business of anarchists was to end the system of exploitation, after which crime would cease of itself. If you could live according to these principles, all right, then live; if you could not, then it was up to you to die. Such stubbornness was embarrassing to persons of Yankee upbringing, who believed in adjusting means to ends, and took "law and order" seriously. Also embarrassing to a lawyer, who had spent twenty years training himself to play a certain game, and now was expected to play it and not play it at the same time!

III

Day by day, as the work continued, the intricacies of the case developed. The list of witnesses for the prosecution numbered more than fifty, those for the defense close to one hundred. There were not investigators enough to run down all the clues, there were not cells enough in the human brain to hold

all the details. The crime had occurred in mid-afternoon, on a busy street, and there were many witnesses, each one a separate problem; the more you dug into him or her, the more extra problems you would discover—husbands, wives, sweethearts, children, employers—to say nothing of policemen and investigators and prosecuting officials who had been there before you! The witnesses were mostly persons of low social station, the neglected poor of America. To probe into their lives, to uncover their family skeletons, their vices and secret shames, their greeds and fears and vanities and hates—it seemed to Cornelia there was nothing so horrible being done in all the world. Except, perhaps, the work which a large force of Americans, guided by sentimentality and superstition, were now performing in France; digging up the dead bodies of soldier boys who had been slain in battle, and had been rotting underground for three years.

Take the soul of Lola Andrews. Cornelia lived with the soul of Lola Andrews for months, walked, talked, ate, slept, dined or fasted with Lola Andrews; because Betty took Lola for her task, consecrating her youth and beauty, her social charm, her faith, hope and charity, to the task of trying to persuade Lola to tell the truth. Naturally Betty, being new at the practice of psychopathology, not very well informed as to the diagnosis and treatment of hysteria, paranoia, hyperesthesia and all abnormalities, would bring her problems to Grannie, and the two would hold long consultations, and Cornelia would visit the famous Dr. Morrow and ask his advice.

Lola Andrews had begun life in the wilderness of Maine, as the hapless child of an Italian man and a Yankee farmer's daughter. Her mother died, her father disappeared, and she grew up, slim and small, black of eyes and hair, a kind of woodland sprite, used to the sneers of the world. At the age of seventeen, when she was married, her hair was such a mat of filth and vermin that her husband had been compelled to take her to a barber and have her head shaved close. This husband was a soldier returned from the Philippines; after a child was born, Lola began running out to dances, and he left her. During years of misery she made the discovery that by screaming and crying she could get people to pay attention to her; so she became an hysteric, and at any time during the investigation,

if anything happened that Lola didn't like, up would go her hands and forth would come a shriek. After which, she would calm down, and talk quite reasonably about her own interests.

At the time of the South Braintree crime Lola had been taking care of an elderly man who was bedridden, in the hope that he would leave her a part of his property at his death. Meantime, since he gave her nothing, she scrubbed floors, she went out and did washing—and of course was preyed upon. The police of the town knew about her life, yet in this case they would be willing to make use of her.

It was Lola's story that she had been walking down the street, four hours prior to the crime, and had twice passed what she thought was the bandit car. It was a great weakness of the prosecution that the crime had taken place at such speed, there had been only a minute or so for observation; but here was Lola, who had stopped and chatted with the bandits. One of the two men standing by the car was yellow-haired—and when Joe Randall heard this part of the story he said, "Look out, Lee Swenson, they are after you!" The other man had been under the car, doing something to the works, and this was the one Lola had made a special point to observe, and was willing to describe in any way that seemed most to the advantage of Lola.

So here was a problem in applied psychology; to explore the dark caverns of this tortured soul, to know more about her than she knew about herself, so that you could pull the strings and manipulate her to the ends of "joostice." But alas, it was easier to dream than to accomplish; the science of psychopathology is still in its infancy, and the few months' time allowed was insufficient to bring it to maturity. Lola would have moods of frankness; she was nearing forty now, her charms were gone, she was a poor wreck, and this was her chance to get what was coming to her; the world was a place of "dog eat dog," and why should she worry about a pair of wops who would never worry about her? Why should she worry about what she had said at preliminary hearings, or to newspaper reporters, or investigators, or any of the other people who had pestered her? All she had to do was deny it, and the district attorney would protect her, and the jury would believe her.

There was a secret spring by which the soul of Lola might be moved, but alas, the defense did not find it until after the trial.

The fates so willed it, that everything that was really significant in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was not found until after the trial. Lola's son was living up in Maine, under another name, and in the effort to keep his esteem, she would make sacrifices—for a few days. When confronted with this son, and his reminder of other cases where she had "staged a show," Lola broke down and admitted that she had lied, and that her identification had been "framed." She made affidavit to this in the presence of her son and several reliable witnesses. But under police pressure, she took it all back, and made another affidavit, with a lurid tale about how the defense had intimidated her. Subsequently she took that back also.

Such was Lola Andrews, who sat in the witness chair at the trial, and identified Sacco as the "dark-complexioned man" who had been under the car, and identified the car as the bandit car because, "when I heard of the shooting I somehow associated the man I saw at the car." And when the defense started to question her about her past life, she suddenly threw her much-tried fainting stunt, and Judge Thayer hastened to adjourn court. When she was asked the cause of her excitement, she said it was because she had recognized in the court-room a man who had assaulted her in a toilet in Quincy! And Judge Thayer, who had no more training in psychopathology than Cornelia and Betty, ordered all the doors of the court-room closed, while the officers attempted to catch the man whom Lola had recognized. Never had she had so much attention, never had she been such a heroine!

Along with this problem came Mrs. Campbell, the elderly woman who had been with Lola on the day of the crime, and had gone into the shoe factory with her to seek a job. It took fancy detective work to locate Mrs. Campbell, because she was not listed by the prosecution; when she was found, the reason was apparent—she completely wiped Lola out. The man they had spoken to was not the man under the car at all, but a man in khaki clothes standing near the factory; neither of them had spoken to any man who was working on an automobile. An investigator for the government had come to Mrs. Campbell, and hearing her story, had assured her there was no need for her to come to Dedham to testify, what she knew was of no importance, and it would cost too much money to bring her.

It would have added ten or twenty dollars to the seventy thousand which the great Commonwealth was spending to put two wops out of the way.

A topsy-turvy world, a lunatic's dream of a world, impossible to believe in, even when you saw it with your eyes and heard it with your ears! What could you make of a world in which you studied Lola Andrews for months, and came to know every quirk of her fantastic soul; in which you saw her exposed and discredited by witness after witness—even a policeman and a newspaper reporter to whom she had admitted that she did not see the faces of the men she thought were the bandits; and then, in the face of all this, you saw the Honorable Fred Katzmann, district attorney of Norfolk County, stand up to address the jury, and solemnly declare: "I have been in this office, gentlemen, for now more than eleven years. I cannot recall in that too long service for the Commonwealth that ever before I have laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews!"

IV

And then Carlos Goodridge! This man, the manager of a small music store, had happened to be in a pool-room near the scene of the crime. There were four other men in the room, and none of them had got a glimpse of the bandits, and to these others Goodridge had admitted that he could not identify the bandits. "If I have got to say who the man was, I can't say." But seven months later Goodridge and his wife were in court, charged with stealing several hundred dollars of money and goods from the music store. It so happened that Sacco was there at the same time, pleading to some motion, and Goodridge saw his opportunity, and told the authorities that he recognized Sacco and could identify him as one of the South Braintree bandits. Could a deal have been made? Impossible to say; but the case was "placed on file"—that is to say, Goodridge did not have to serve the sentence for his crime, but took the witness stand and swore to the guilt of another man.

And here was Lee Swenson, insisting to Cornelia and Betty and Joe that the prosecution would be able to "get away" with that! Judge Thayer would find some trick of the law to bar all

testimony to the effect that Goodridge had a sentence hanging over him; he would send the jurors from the room while the matter was argued, so they would never know they were listening to a criminal. Lee insisted that the only hope would be to "get something else" on that fellow! Lee's instinct, what he called his "smell for crime," told him that Goodridge had been in jail. But where? And how to prove it?

It was a matter to which the lawyer hung on with bulldog grip; they must follow this clew and that, they must get more investigators, spend more money. But they had only a few weeks, and the right clew came too late! After the trial they knew all about Carlos Goodridge—his real name was Erastus Corning Whitney, which in itself meant that he had committed perjury when he testified against Sacco. He had served terms in Elmira Reformatory and in Auburn State Prison, New York, and was now wanted in that state for grand larceny. He had had a number of wives, and Swenson collected a string of affidavits from these ladies, setting forth his habits of marrying under various names, of stealing everything in sight, and of lying freely. One added that he had been attacked by Italians whom he had cheated of their belongings, and had borne a grudge against Italians ever since.

Too late! Too late! The curse that lay upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case, that everything came too late! When the only thing you could do was to make another motion before Webster Thayer, and have that just and upright judge respond, "Motion denied!" Lee Swenson and one of his men tracked "Goodridge" to the little village of Vassalboro, Maine, and confronted him with his record, and he held out his wrists for the handcuffs. Later they had him arrested, but—strange solidarity of the rulers of America—New York State did not want him now, could not be persuaded to take him! When once a criminal has obliged the police in any part of the country, he has become a member of the gang, and is immune.

And stranger yet, the august judiciary will rally to his defense, and not permit him to be slandered by having his criminal record exposed! Webster Thayer, a Daniel come to judgment, would hand down his decision on the motion for a new trial, rebuking the defense for its pursuit of Goodridge, and

saying that he had done right to resist a lawyer's efforts to intimidate him. "Motion denied!"

V

Too late! Too late! Several times, in the midst of investigations for South Braintree, they turned up evidence concerning the earlier case. Evidence which would have saved poor Bart, if only it could have been got to the jury! New witnesses—Yankee witnesses—who had seen the Bridgewater shooting, and declared that the bandits did not look like Vanzetti! Witnesses who had stated this to the police, and been told to go home and keep quiet! Now this case was legally dead; Vanzetti's friends could not even have the poor pleasure of bringing the new evidence to the attention of Judge Thayer. No matter what happened at the coming trial, Bart would stay in Charlestown prison fourteen more years—save in the unlikely event that Massachusetts might elect a governor with a heart.

So now Cornelia heard those ghostly voices which on past occasions had shouted to her in vain! If only she had waited until that family which was away from home had come back! If only she had turned up this street instead of that! And of course these vain regrets brought terrors for the future; Cornelia and her friends began to hear, far off and faint, the ghostly voices warning them about the new case. They were like enchanted people in an old-time legend, living halfway between two worlds, holding communion with both. Lee Swenson, sitting in Cornelia's big chair, with his chin in his hand and his heavy brows knitted in thought, became some medieval magician, wrestling with spirits and demons he challenged, but could not command.

Creature of Flame, thou shalt not daunt me!
'Tis I! 'Tis Faust! Thy peer I vaunt me!

Many things this new Faustus demanded of the "busy spirit that ranges round the world." Find the man with a bullet hole in his overcoat! Again and again this clew turned up; there had been a man by the name of Roy Gould, who had been fired upon by the bandits, and the bullet had pierced his coat. But

nobody knew this man's address. Manifestly, the police would not have overlooked such a witness; and the fact that he was not listed by them made it sure that he had failed to identify Sacco and Vanzetti. Presently it was learned that he was a salesman of shaving paste; some one reported that he was in the habit of selling his wares to crowds at circuses and fairs, so it was a question of getting a list of all the circuses in New England!

Like all others, this mystery was solved too late. The man turned up, several months after the trial. The bandit car had passed within five or ten feet of him, and the bandit who was supposed to be Sacco had fired at him, and he said it could not possibly be Sacco. He would go down into history as the "Gould motion"; one of nine different appeals for a new trial, which would compel Judge Thayer to repeat nine times his celebrated formula, "Motion denied."

Also the witnesses who were to refute Louis Pelzer, a shoe cutter and dullard who had been in the Rice and Hutchins factory when the shots were fired, and had run to the window, and then dropped down out of sight. He had really seen nothing and had so stated to many persons; but the prosecution was to get hold of him, and drill him for a star witness. Deep in the soul of this Jewish boy was a reverence for authority, the buried memories of a hundred pogroms, when his ancestors had cowered in ghetto tenements and seen whole families brained before their eyes. When a blue uniform appeared in the room, when a prosecuting official frowned upon him, something inside Louis Pelzer gave way.

So he was going to say that one of the bandits was the "dead image" of Sacco; he would learn this phrase, and repeat it as often as desired. And where were the witnesses to break him? Three of them, fellow-workers, would be found by the defense; but the most important of them would be found too late. Four months after the trial, Louis was to make an affidavit, declaring that his testimony was false, the words "dead image" had been put into his mouth by the district attorney. Six months after that, he was to take it all back, and be safe with the police again!

But most loudly the ghostly voices shouted about the Pinkerton reports. The operative "H.H." had been on the scene

immediately after the crime, and his reports wiped out the most important of all the witnesses of the prosecution, Mary Splaine. Not merely had she identified other men, but she had told stories to the Pinkerton operative which in themselves discredited her. And all this was known to the prosecution—but not a hint of it to the defense! Most amazing circumstance of all—that detective was going to attend the trial, and take the stand and testify against a defense witness! Henry Hellyer, the “operative H.H.,” came to the court-room where Mary Splaine swore away the life of Sacco, knowing what she had told him, and what he had written and turned in to his employers! The mockery of it—the devilishness of it—that prosecuting authorities would play such a trick! And the ghostly voices would shout into the ears of Cornelia and Betty and Joe, and no one of them would hear a sound! Lee Swenson might sit with his chin in his hand, and bend his brows and torture his wits all night—but the “busy spirit that ranges round the world” could never be conjured to give him a hint of that secret!

VI

There was a fatality hanging over Cornelia. She had seen it coming—no way to stop it, yet she had pushed the thought away and refused to face it. But now the trial was only a week off, and there could be no more evasion. Lee Swenson telephoned, asking if he might come to dinner that evening; he wanted to be alone with her, he said—and she knew the time had come.

Lee looked very tired; there were deep lines about his mouth, and deep shadows under his eyes, and he hardly tasted his very good dinner. For a while Cornelia managed to divert him—asking for the news. A curious development in the case, ready-made for a detective romance: from a scrubwoman whom he had befriended, Lee had learned that detectives had hired the janitor of his tumble-down office building to deliver the contents of his trash-basket every night! He knew that they had their minds fixed upon the sixteen thousand dollars which they thought Sacco had buried; so the lawyer would divert his tired mind by drawing maps of buried treasure! He made a plot of Sacco’s garden: sixteen feet north from the southwest corner, twenty-two feet east—then dig! The next time Cornelia

went to Stoughton, she must find out if anybody had done so!

Dinner was over, and the maid dismissed, and the doors closed; the clouds came back to the lawyer's face. "Nonna," he said, "we are going to lose these boys!"

"Oh, Lee!" Cornelia's voice almost failed her.

"They have got us sewed up in a strait-jacket."

"Why do you think that?"

"Do you realize what lies ahead of this trial? We start on the day after Memorial Day, and then comes the anniversary of Belleau Wood, and then Bunker Hill Day, and before we get through it will be the Fourth of July! And all these dead soldier boys they are bringing home, all the weeping and praying and dedicating our lives to our country!"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"You ask me seriously? This is going to be the great peacetime service for heroes to render to the nation; a defense of our heritage against foreign anarchy and Bolshevism. And what have we got? Very few Yankee witnesses! A string of wops—worse than at Vanzetti's trial!"

The lawyer began to count on his fingers—the scores of witnesses he had been able to find. On the day of the South Braintree crime, Bart had been selling fish, and digging clams and bait in Plymouth, and had met few Yankees. He had stopped and chatted with one Yankee fisherman—but the jury would say this fellow had got mixed up on the date. Bart had bought some cloth from a Yiddish peddler, of whom Katzmann would make a monkey. For the rest, they would have to depend upon Alfonsina and Lefevre Brini, and Antonio Carbone and Angelo Giadabone—hardly the sort of names to impress a Yankee jury!

As for Nick, he had been in Boston that day, but talked to only one American he could remember. He had had lunch with Guadagni at Boni's restaurant, and later there had been two other Italians present; he had paid some money to an Italian grocer, and then gone to the consulate, to get his passport—but the man who waited on him there had gone back to Italy, and all they had was a deposition, not very convincing to a jury.

So much for the alibis. And then for the identifications; what perversity of fate that so many of them depended upon wops!

Why did it have to be that Goodridge had been working for an Italian at the time of the crime, and that his former employer was also an Italian? And the men in the pool-room, to whom Goodridge had declared that he could not recognize the bandits! Such names as Magazu, Arrigoni, Mangoni, D'Amato! And then a bunch of men who had been working on a trench in the street when the bandit car passed; a whole gang who would testify that they had seen the bandits in the car, and that none of them resembled Sacco or Vanzetti. But what good would it do? "It's just no use to put on a string of Italians, Nonna—three are better than thirty, because you bore the jury and get them cross. Fred Katzmman will make some playful remark—'What is this, a Columbus Day parade?'—and after that the jury will never stop smiling."

There was a long silence. "Remember, Nonna, this means death for both of them. There is no middle ground."

"I know it, Lee."

"And if we don't win the verdict, don't fool yourself about the future. Remember, so long as Web Thayer lives, he stays the boss of this case; the supreme court of Massachusetts has seldom reversed a verdict in a capital case—only two or three times in its entire history. So it's now or never."

"I know, Lee." Cornelia's voice was faint.

Again a silence. The lawyer's somber look was fixed upon her, and she could not meet it.

"Do you really want to save those boys, Nonna?"

"Of course I do!"

"Then why don't you do it? Why not testify for them?"

"You told me you couldn't use character witnesses."

"I don't mean that sort of witness, Nonna. I mean, why don't you let me fix you up a story, about how you went down to Plymouth on April fifteenth of last year, and spent the day with the Brinis, and had lunch with Bart, and later walked on the beach and saw him digging clams? That's the way to win this case, Nonna; it will end right there—a knockout!"

VII

What was it—some instinct buried deep in Cornelia Thornwell, something in the very fiber of her being, that made it

necessary for her to be shocked by these words—even though the idea had been haunting her mind for months? Nothing really new that Lee Swenson could say to her—yet she had to let him say it, and act as if she had never thought of it! “Oh, Lee, I couldn’t do it!”

“Why couldn’t you? Did you really never tell a lie?”

“Never one like that!”

“Little ones, Nonna, for little occasions. But this is a big occasion! This is life or death!”

Again a pause. When the lawyer resumed, his voice was grim, and he dropped the playful nickname. “I am not going to try to put pressure on you, Mrs. Thornwell, as I have on other witnesses in my life; for after all, it is your case—Bart is your friend, far more than he is mine, and why should I want to save him more than you?”

“Don’t put it that way, Lee!”

“But that is the way to put it! You have your friends, and you have your principles, and you must weigh them, and decide which you value more. We all have to make such choices—Bart made one, you remember, he lied for his friends. Those lies he told in the police-station were to save Boda and Orciani from sharing the fate of Salsedo. He will tell a different story on the witness stand, and whether it is the truth or not—judge for yourself!”

Another pause. “What is it, Mrs. Thornwell? Have you religious scruples about an oath? Do you believe God will blast you to eternity if you save these boys from the electric chair?”

“No, it isn’t that.”

“Is it patriotism? Do you think it will help your country to let a bunch of crooks kill a pair of idealists, as a means of frightening the others?”

“No, not that.”

“Then it’s just a matter of good form? It’s that you are a lady, and such things are not done!”

“No, not that, either. As a matter of fact, they are done all the time. My sons-in-law are lying in business, and they will lie on the stand to back each other up.”

“Exactly!” And to himself Lee Swenson thought, “She has been debating it with herself!” Aloud he said, “What is it, Mrs. Thornwell?”

"It is just—I wouldn't know how to do it!"

"But if that is all that troubles you, here's a thoroughly qualified expert to take charge. Put yourself in my hands, as if it were a surgical operation, and I'll guarantee we'll have Nick on the street before the Fourth of July, and we'll start a move to get Bart pardoned!"

"But Lee, how could I do such a thing?"

"If you mean it as a technical question, nothing more simple: you take the stand and swear that you were in Plymouth that day, and you recite the details of some other day when you were actually there. It can all be worked out, very easily. You were in the habit of going there off and on, nobody can dispute that. You remember the date, because of something that happened the day before or the day after. Perhaps there was a concert you had just been to, or there was to be one, and you had to leave in order to attend it. We can go back and find a public event to tie to; or perhaps you have a diary, or some letters."

"But suppose I did something in Boston on that day?"

"There'll be a way to get round it. You understand that, according to your story, you only had to remember back three weeks. As soon as you heard Bart was arrested, you naturally looked back, and realized that you had been with him the day of the crime. But anybody who is going to refute you has got to begin now, and remember back a year—which isn't apt to happen. If they have documentary evidence, like a letter—well, the trial will be over a day or two after you testify. There might be a scandal among your friends, but nothing serious, and anyhow, the boys will be free—you understand that when a jury has acquitted them, they can't ever be tried for South Braintree again."

VIII

Lee kept his promise not to put pressure on her. What he did was to go over the case, telling what each government witness would testify, and just how that testimony had been "made." As a piece of prophecy it was a miracle, but Lee claimed no occult powers. With bitterness he said, "If I want to know what the other side is doing, I figure what I would do myself."

He had talked with some of these witnesses; others, who had refused to talk to him, had become the subject of "reports." So he knew their motives, and how they would be controlled. When there had been need of "rough stuff," the police had done it. The more subtle work had been done by college-bred gentlemen of the district attorney's office, who had learned to manufacture in weaker minds like Mary Splaine and Frances Devlin what the psychologists term a "false memory." They would take these women to the jail again and again and show them Sacco and Vanzetti; they would present pictures of Sacco and Vanzetti, insisting that these were the bandits, these were the men whom the women had seen in the bandit car; until in the women's minds the prison memories and the photograph memories became superposed upon the bandit memories, so completely merged with them that they could no longer be separated.

There were a thousand tricks that successful prosecuting officials knew. They stood in with the political ring, they could promise favors—contracts and business, a job for a man who needed it, immunity from trouble with the police. "I am a friend of Mr. Jones, in the district attorney's office"—such a statement would tear up an auto tag, or suppress a liquor charge any day. "It is what we call power," said Lee Swenson, "and those who hold it know how to use it."

Like Virgil, leading Dante through successive stages of the infernal regions, Lee Swenson conducted the widow of Governor Thornwell into the interior of the Boston "ring." He knew the way, because in the Ettor-Giovannitti case he had had these forces to deal with, and other lawyers associated with the case had "put him wise." Indeed, the factional quarrels in the political gang had been such that one side had betrayed the other, and Lee had seen documents that would have entitled leading statesmen to spend the rest of their days in Charlestown prison. When you had listened to his stories for an hour or two, you understood Lola Andrews' statement that it was "dog eat dog"; you forgot the Emersonian notion of making truth count in Boston!

Cornelia, probing her own soul, confessed to a certain snobbery in her attitude toward perjury. It was a thing she associated with foreigners accused of crime, and with Irish politicians.

The City Hall belonged to the Irish, so it was called the "steal works"; but the State House with its golden dome was run by gentlemen, and was a sacred spot. Now, however, Lee Swenson declared there was ten times as much graft in the State House—the only difference was that it was legalized; such things as fixing up laws to enable great corporations to plunder the public. There under the golden dome you would encounter a blue-blood banker who wanted his attorney made into a supreme court judge, so that the banker would be safe forever after; or a state bank commissioner who wanted to become president of a bank; a great lawyer who wanted to use his inside knowledge of politics to plunder the clients of banks; a financier who was lending money to legislators, who were passing bills to multiply the value of his public utility holdings.

Cornelia understood all these references; Lee Swenson was attacking the Thornwell family, undermining its claims to moral superiority. He was pointing to scandals in which her family was involved—some that were in the public prints, others that were whispered in the gossip of the clubs. And she knew it was all true; she knew that Rupert Alvin and Henry Cabot Winters and John Quincy Thornwell were busy right now framing up their perjury in the Jerry Walker case. When an I.W.W. lawyer hinted this possibility, she did not rebuke him. She did not even protect her family dignity when he mentioned that her son-in-law had begun his legal career as counsel for the Boston streets railways, which meant that he had done most kinds of dirty work known to the legal profession.

"Believe me, Nonna, I can tell you," said the man from the wild west. "I began with the Great Northern Railroad, and spent my time gyping poor workers out of damages. I was paid five hundred a month, very nice for a young fellow, and I had the way clear before me, right up to the top, maybe a seat on the supreme court bench—that is how you get there. But it made me sick; I couldn't forget the faces of the men I had robbed, and their pitiful wives and children. I just couldn't look at myself in the mirror. So I threw up the job, and went in to try to help the workers; and what I saw—well, I have a simple formula, Nonna, I don't care what a man has done in the labor cause, he can never be so guilty as those who take dividends of his sweat and blood."

Said Cornelia: "Henry has talked to me a lot about the Sacco-Vanzetti case, trying to drag me out of it. The next time he broaches it, I'll ask him about some of these matters."

At which the lawyer smiled. "Well, get it straight. Don't ask if he pays bribes to witnesses; don't ask if he 'frames' them. Everything is done very carefully and decorously, in the office of a great Boston lawyer. When a witness comes in he doesn't see the chief, he sees a young subordinate. The witness says, 'I saw the man and he was wearing a blue hat.' The young lawyer interrupts him, 'Oh, surely you are mistaken, we have information that the man was wearing a red hat. Think it over and see if you weren't mistaken.' He sends the witness away, and next day the witness comes back, and meets another subordinate, and says, 'I saw this man and he was wearing a red hat.' 'That is right,' says the young lawyer. 'And he was walking,' says the witness, 'rather slowly.' 'Oh, surely you are mistaken,' says the lawyer, 'we understand he was running at top speed. Think it over and see if you don't realize that that is how it was.' So the witness goes away, and next time he comes he meets a third subordinate, and he says, 'I saw this man, and he had a red hat on, and he was running very, very fast'—and so on, until he knows exactly what happened. So then he meets the chief, and tells the chief what he saw, and the chief says, 'That is a very good witness, a dependable person.' When he presents the witness to the jury, he assures the jury this is a dependable person, and no one can possibly say the great and famous lawyer ever did a dishonorable action."

IX

"Lee, I just *couldn't* do it!"—those were Cornelia's parting words. He answered, "Think about it,"—knowing well that she would think about nothing else. Cowardice, weakness, false pride—she was willing to call it any bad name, but there was something in her that stopped dead when she tried to think of going upon the witness stand and swearing to a made-up story. How could truth ever exist in the world, if somebody did not stand by it?

Vanzetti came, as usual, to keep the midnight watch with her. "I am poor wop," said he. "But what you say if it was a

Thornwell?" Cornelia's fancy played with that theme. She saw her daughter Alice, in one of those ferocious quarrels which had marked the early stages of her marital disharmony; with jealousy gnawing her heart, Alice bought a revolver and shot Henry, and so was on trial, in danger of the electric chair. But no, it was absurd, the electric chair was not for Thornwells, there could be no such issue; they would adjudge Alice insane, and put her in a sanitarium, take a year or two to "cure" her, and then let her loose. But suppose, for the sake of argument, Alice was in danger, and Cornelia had to take the witness stand. If she told the truth her daughter would be executed, and if she lied her daughter would go free. Which would she do?

Right was right, and wrong was wrong, people said, and it sounded simple. But when you met a concrete case, you discovered that you could not live by formulas. To refuse to do a lesser wrong, and thereby do a greater—was that moral? On the other hand, if you said that the end justified the means, where would you stop? Every man would be a law to himself, and there would be chaos instead of order. There must be rules, something men could count on. But the moment you said that, you had a system, with high judges sitting on top, sentencing men to death for the convenience of the Boston aristocracy. Cornelia remembered Mr. Emerson, who had said that a good citizen must not obey the laws too well.

The cruelty of the dilemma lay here, that what was supposed to be justice was really class-greed. Bart and Nick were not going to be tried because they had held up a payroll; they were going to be tried because they were dangerous leaders of social revolt. That would be the real motive power behind prosecutor, judge and jury; that would be the thought in the minds of every one of them, at every stage of the trial. The rest would be pretense, a cloak of propriety. And that was the real lie—the real perjury: Fred Katzmänn's genial smile, veiling a sneer; Web Thayer's cold dignity, with a wink now and then to the jury. When Cornelia remembered what she had seen in the Plymouth court-room, it seemed to her that God would surely forgive any lies that served to thwart such knavery!

So she swung back and forth, from one point of view to the other, never satisfied with either. Lee Swenson said no more, but from that day his presence was a question. Bart's

picture on the mantel-piece was a challenge—what was friendship worth, it seemed to demand. You were not asked to give your life for your friend, but only your ethical code; your exclusiveness, your idea that you were something special, apart from the harsh, rough world—in short that you were “Boston”!

From first to last Betty never spoke about the matter; and that was surprising to Cornelia—it had the effect of putting her off by herself, as if in a museum, or a mausoleum. Betty and Joe were bound to have talked about the matter; everybody on the committee must have thought of it. “Mrs. Thornwell could save our boys, if she would!” To that Betty would make reply, “No use to put anything like that up to Grannie, she belongs to the old generation.” Cornelia wondered, would the new generation take the liberty of lying when it pleased? The issue did not arise, because Betty and Joe had been in Europe, and could hardly invent a special trip back, in order to be with Bart on the day of the South Braintree crime!

x

If Cornelia could not face the thought of perjury, neither could she face the other alternative. When she thought of the electric chair, and Bart and Nick strapped into it—no, no, it was too horrible, it simply *could* not happen! So each skirmish in this war of conscience served to start Cornelia into new activity. In spite of aching back she would write more letters, in spite of tired limbs she would set forth to a committee meeting, or to speak to a group of women, to assault the ears of the heedless and drag them away from a bridge party to a murder trial.

She had the idea now that she could help the cause by persuading a group of ladies of good family to go to Dedham and watch the proceedings. They would move to the town for a month, and invade the court-room in a phalanx, and sit like the “tricoteuses” of the French revolution, doing fancy work! They might frighten “Web” Thayer into a semblance of impartiality, and possibly even restrain Fred Katzmans’s crude wit at the expense of wops. The courts were supposed to be immune to outside influences, but Cornelia knew her Boston too well for that.

In one way or another, several ladies of social standing had

become interested in the case. There was Mrs. Lois Rantoul, who was a Lowell, than which nothing could be more impressive in a court-room. And Mrs. Jessica Henderson, well-to-do—though she had hurt her social position by getting arrested, along with Cornelia and Betty, the day President Wilson had been welcomed to Boston. Mrs. Henderson and her daughter Wilma had spent the night in that old Joy Street police station, and had fed their blood to the vermin—a modern form of initiation into a sisterhood of social justice.

And then Mrs. Evans, still earlier on the ground. Elizabeth Glendower Evans was the widow of a young lawyer who had died before he had ever had a case. She had become a charity worker, through youth and middle age. Now she was gray-haired—and what a relief to Cornelia to have some one else who was elderly and respectable, to help bear the brunt of criticism! Mrs. Evans had got her social awakening during the Lawrence strike of two years ago; she had gone, with others, to see fair play, and instead had seen an unresisting striker felled to earth by three husky policemen, and shoved into a patrol wagon like a dead log. Next morning she saw the man, with head cut and plastered, arraigned for assault, and she arose and told the court what she had seen. Said His Honor: "Your testimony would be important if the police were under accusation"—and thereupon he sentenced all the strikers. Mrs. Evans spoke again, saying, "I go bail for all these prisoners,"—which was very picturesque, and made a front-page story in the papers.

"Old Boston" again, you see! She was a stockholder in the Lawrence mills, which made it still more picturesque, and shocking to the mill masters. To go to strike headquarters, and say to I.W.W. leaders, wops and dagoes and guineys and such riffraff, "I don't know whether the wages you ask are reasonable, but I do know that you are persecuted by the authorities, and denied the legal rights to which you are entitled, and to that extent I am with you"—to say that was to become, in the columns of the press, leader of the revolution and commander-in-chief of the picket line.

Now Mrs. Evans was interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti defense, and was going to the trial at Dedham, to watch Web Thayer and Fred Katzmann, and be horrified like everybody

else. And maybe her testimony would have been important, if Thayer and Katzmman had been on trial. But that time had not come, and would not come for five or six years.

XI

Captain John Quincy Thornwell, Jr., Cornelia's grand-nephew, oldest son of the president of the Fifth National Bank of Boston, had been an officer in Battery A, the fashionable militia organization, in which the young blue-bloods dashed about expensively. Tall, golden-haired, haughty, he had looked so "fetching" in his fancy uniform that he had fetched a wife who would some day own ten per cent of the electric light industry of New England. "Captain John" was a director in his father's bank, a builder of airplanes, and of anything else which had to do with killing—so sure of his own superiority he was.

Never would Cornelia forget the day when he and his unit had departed for France. She had gone with the heartbroken young wife to see them off; a dreadful experience—all the Boston blue-bloods there in their expensive limousines, many of them stuck in a swampy field alongside the Ipswich River, caught by a sudden deluge of rain, and an ear-splitting thunderstorm; all social influence, all family connections set at naught by the irreverent elements—it was quite like being at war—blue-bloods actually struck by lightning and killed! And these refined and delicately nurtured young Harvard men, dressed in water-soaked khaki plastered with mud, standing at attention for the "Star-Spangled Banner"; then struggling with exasperated horses, to get very real and bloodthirsty cannon dragged out of mudholes!

"Captain John" had ridden off, like many others, forever; in the desperate fighting in the Argonne Forest he had disappeared from human ken. But in the process of digging up the remains of American soldiers in France there was found a seal ring with one of the bodies, and this ring was sent to Boston, and mentioned in the papers, and "Captain John's" mother went to inspect and identify it. So now the family had a corpse in an air-tight coffin, over which to be publicly sentimental for the glory of their country. A famous sculptor was designing a monument, and meantime there were to be parades and muffled

drums and prayers and salutes—and one of the street intersections most frequented by the wealth and fashion of Boston was to be christened "John Quincy Thornwell Junior Square." All over the city and in the suburban towns they were doing this; so that future generations of tourists would walk down Jones Street, looking for the corner of Jones and Smith, and would be perplexed to discover that there was no such place, but that a quite ordinary crossing with a drugstore, an undertaking parlor, a grocery and a delicatessen shop, was known as "Michael Callahan O'Grady Square."

These ceremonies were to take place on May 29th, two days before the opening of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial at Dedham; and the event was the subject of a vehement discussion between the great-aunt of the hero, and his cousin, Elizabeth Thornwell Alvin. Unthinkable that any relative should fail to attend this ceremony! Cornelia was going, because she was always hoping to keep peace with the family; but Betty declared that she preferred to attend a circus, in a last effort to trace the man with the bullet hole in his overcoat! When Cornelia argued that "John did give his life for his country," the new generation answered, "Don't talk like a legionnaire! He gave his life for Father's bonds. I didn't want them and I'm not going to get them, so I can't see that I owe any reverence to my military cousin."

"He is dead, Betty—"

"Exactly, and we aren't helping him by parading behind his corpse. We are doing it for our own glory, and especially for the young fellows—so that when Father wants them to protect his bonds again, they'll think they are being glorious. It is vicious propaganda for militarism, and if you who call yourself a pacifist do anything to help it along—it will simply mean that you're old and tired, Grannie dear!"

XII

Was it accident, or was it the playful malice of fate, that Memorial Day fell on a Monday, so that the patriots had two whole days, preceding the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, to rouse the population against the Reds? On that Sunday and Monday it was estimated that at least two hundred thousand Bostonians,

one-fifth of the whole population, took part in ceremonies. The governor and the mayor were busy all day long, making speeches at breakfasts, luncheons and banquets, with parades in between, and dedications and unveilings. Senators and congressmen, councilmen and district attorneys took a double holiday from stealing, and delivered eloquent praise of the flag, and denunciations of its foes, the vicious and malicious "radicals." There was high mass in hundreds of Catholic churches, with parades of the Knights of Columbus, and speeches by the biggest and most successful rascals in Massachusetts. There were memorial services in Forest Hills Cemetery, with nine hundred veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic decorating graves. There were religious services in Fenway Park, with veterans of three wars forming in Copley Square, and loud-speakers installed so that huge throngs might hear. The Park Street Church unveiled a tablet, with names of the members who had given their lives in the World War. The Elks paraded, and had a bugler sounding taps. The oldest veterans, too feeble even to put wreaths on graves, were taken in launches, to strew flowers on the bay in honor of the unknown dead.

All over the Commonwealth the same thing went on; no community too small to have its heroes and its memories. Flag poles were set up and monuments unveiled. Quincy, the largest city in Norfolk County, from which the Sacco-Vanzetti jury was to be drawn, dedicated three squares to its dead. One man had been killed in the Spanish War, another in an uprising in the Philippines; many years they had spent in the land of the shades without distinction, but now they were called up—on the day before two anarchist bandits went to trial! The first Quincy boy killed in the Civil War was resurrected for honors—sixty years he had been forgotten! In Bridgewater, scene of the crime for which Vanzetti was in prison, the remains of a World War veteran brought back from France were buried with solemn ceremonials; in Braintree, scene of the second crime, another body was buried, with the whole population in attendance—a parade, and speeches by officials, with the selectmen and other great persons standing by with bared heads. Another in Quincy, another in Weymouth—with banners furled, and muffled drums, and soldiers firing a salute over the grave.

A storm of patriotic fervor, a torrent of eloquence, in support

of America, and in denunciation of her foes; hundreds of thousands of patient people, standing reverently in the spring sunshine; millions of the same kind reading about it in editions of a dozen great newspapers; and only one circumstance to mar the perfection of the double holiday—the fact that the papers were obliged to print details of several scandals then in the midst of exploding with a frightful stink. The attorney general of the Commonwealth had just filed charges against the district attorney of Middlesex County, just across the river from Boston, charging him with having blackmailed a group of leading moving picture producers of something over a hundred thousand dollars, the price of immunity for a “Nero’s Circus” which they had held in a roadhouse. The papers were full of lurid details about naked girls dancing the highland fling; they said that several leading politicians and criminal lawyers of Boston had shared in the loot.

Also the state bank commissioner was digging into the matter of the bribery of legislators revealed by the recent bank failures; and it was an embarrassing fact that many patriotic orators of this double holiday had been sharing in such graft. The public did not know it, but the orators knew it, so they pounded the rostrum, and waved their arms until their faces grew purple and the sweat dissolved the starch in their collars; the loud-speakers bellowed, and the parks and public places, the churches and temples and banquet halls resounded with sentiments of seraphic idealism, voiced by persons whose social functions were those of hogs in a trough.

XIII

It was not so bad at the ceremony which Cornelia attended; because that was Thornwell, and you may be sure the clan saw to it that no person tainted with scandal did any orating at John Quincy Thornwell Junior Square. The clan knew—for were they not the paymasters? The mayor of the city happened to be a blue-blood that year—a rare interval of respectability. And if the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth was to go directly from the governor’s chair to the vice-presidency of one of Rupert’s banks, and soon after having appointed two of Rupert’s very good friends to the supreme judicial bench—

well, that was a scandal of such colossal proportions that it became respectable. Men could not face the implications of it, so it was not discussed, except by a few insiders, and members of the rival banking group, who knew what Rupert was after.

A grand stand had been built, and flags and bunting made the consecrated square into a child's dream of peppermint candy. Lines of ropes and policemen kept the throngs back; and there came "Captain John's" own Battery A, khaki-clad, with rumble of guns and tramp of horses, and fluttering of pennants, red field, with figures in yellow. And the infantry, known as the "Cadets," in long blue trousers with yellow stripes. There came a hundred Grand Army veterans, pitiful old boys in every stage of decrepitude, carrying their tattered battle flags, and wearing their faded blue uniforms, covered with medals and decorations. There came khaki-clad veterans of American Legion posts, and the Boy Cadets, their faces newly washed and shining. There came automobiles full of great personages in braided broadcloth suits and shiny top hats, and ladies in costly chiffons and new spring bonnets.

A beautiful show; with rolling of drums and blowing of bugles, and standing up and sitting down again, and baring heads and bowing them, while the rector of Trinity Church in the City of Boston offered an invocation to the God of Battles, and His Son, the Prince of Peace. War and Peace were thus mixed up in the ceremony, so that nobody could tell at any moment which was which. The orators declared that the way to insure peace was to prepare for war; upon which program the nations had just led themselves into the greatest war to end war in all history, and now were spending several times as much money to prepare for an even greater war to end war.

It would be safe to say that in that vast throng of cheering and singing and reverently listening people, these traitor-thoughts found lodgment in only one head, that of the little old lady who sat in the front row, among the highest of the high-up dignitaries. She, the widow of a former governor, a Thornwell, and the great-aunt of the hero, could not have been denied her proper place without making a scandal, and emphasizing the dreadful rumors that she had been seduced by the enemy within our gates, and turned into a friend of bomb throwers and bandits. So nice to look upon, with her hair now almost white,

and her little round face much wrinkled, but still jolly, and her new spring costume selected and presented by her daughter Alice of impeccable taste; so gentle in manner, so quiet and lady-like—it was impossible to believe what everybody knew about her, that she was actually going down to Dedham the next day, and face all the uproar and notoriety, and lend her sanction to the defense of desperate anarchists on trial for their lives.

She watched with tears in her eyes, while her great-grand-niece, the little daughter of the dead hero, came forward to draw the veil from the bronze tablet. The bugles blew, and the audience rose and bared its head, and the bands started to play "America," and everybody sang—a sublime moment. The lovely young widow of the hero had to hide her face in her hands, and even the stolid James Scatterbridge and the cynical Henry Cabot Winters and the stately Rupert Alvin were not ashamed to be moved. Cornelia's tears were right and proper, and she kept her traitor-thoughts to herself. No one guessed that she was weeping for other heroes who were still to die. For the little boys in their khaki uniforms, lifting their shining faces to the orators and the beautiful waving flags! For the mothers who brought them there, to be consecrated and pledged to future slaughters! For the great humble masses who packed the streets in every direction, and stood bareheaded and trusting, gazing up to the great ones, and believing every word the loud-speakers told them!

A sharp division in that audience, between the many who believed, and the few who knew. To the former the name America, and its symbol, the flag, meant liberty and justice for all mankind; while to the few it meant private property in land, machinery and credit, and the exploitation of labor based thereon. By means of this system, the knowing ones had brought the lesser nations and weaker peoples into debt to them; so America and the flag meant battleships and guns and airplanes and poison gas to collect this tribute to all eternity. That was the reason these busy gentlemen took two days off from business, and built stands and tacked up decorations, and set up loud-speakers to carry the words of politicians and priests and preachers to crowds in the public squares. That was why you heard no patriotic address which failed to mention the "enemy within our gates," the vicious and criminal "Reds" who refused

to love America and appreciate her ideals, but wanted to overthrow the greatest government in the world, and repudiate all the debts, and nationalize all the women, and make America a vassal of what the orators called the "Bolshevikis," or sometimes, like Judge Webster Thayer, the "arnychists."

